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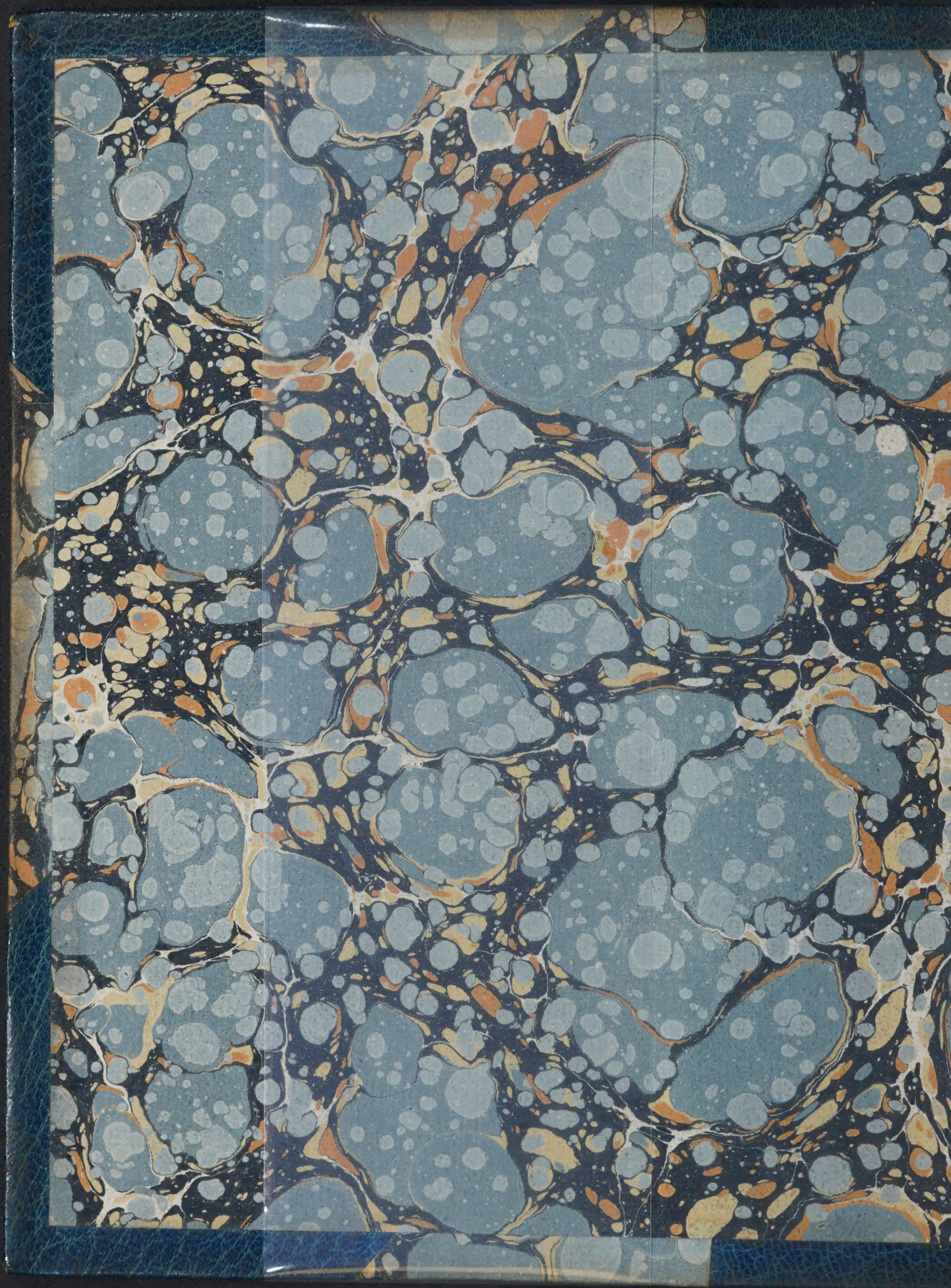
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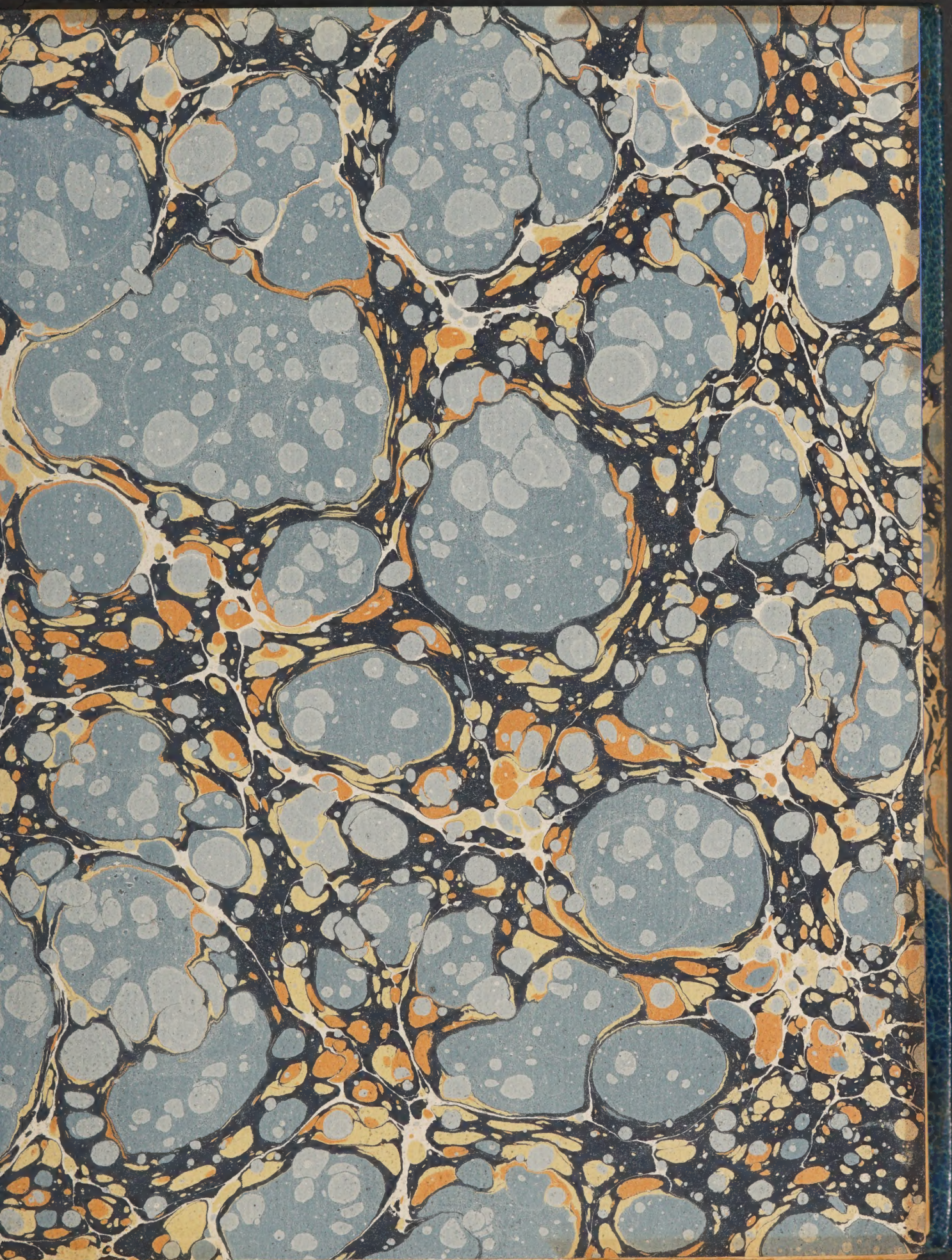
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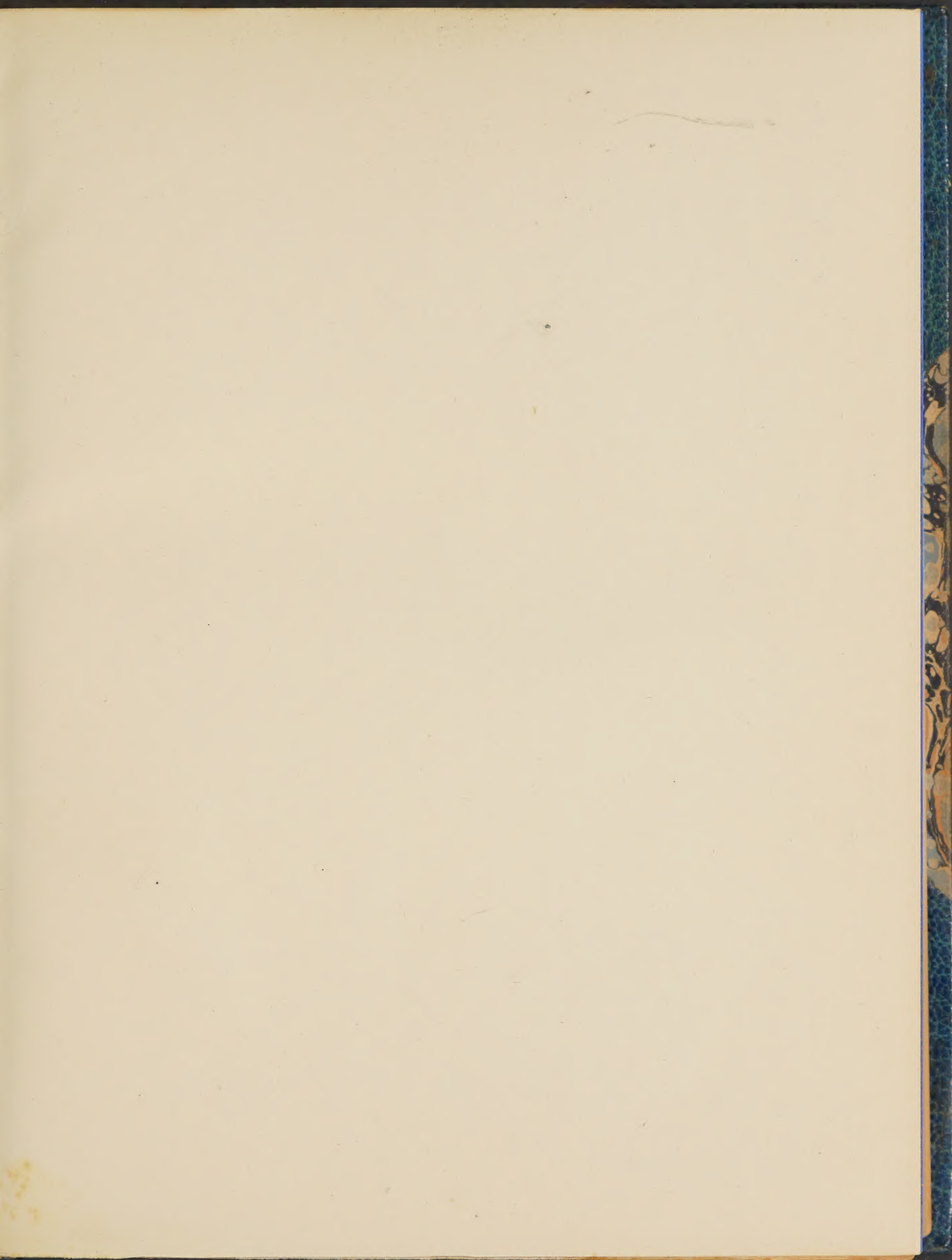


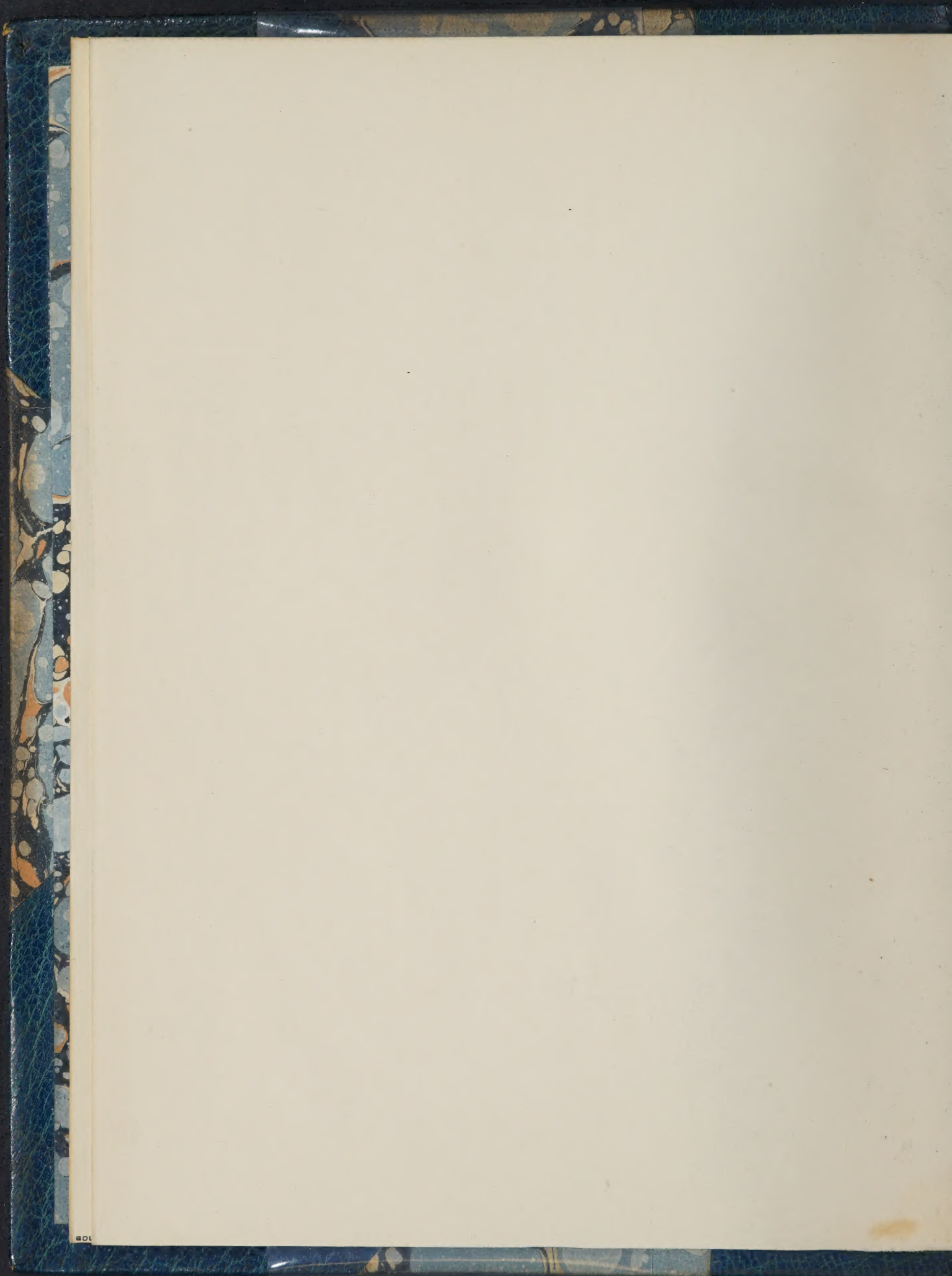










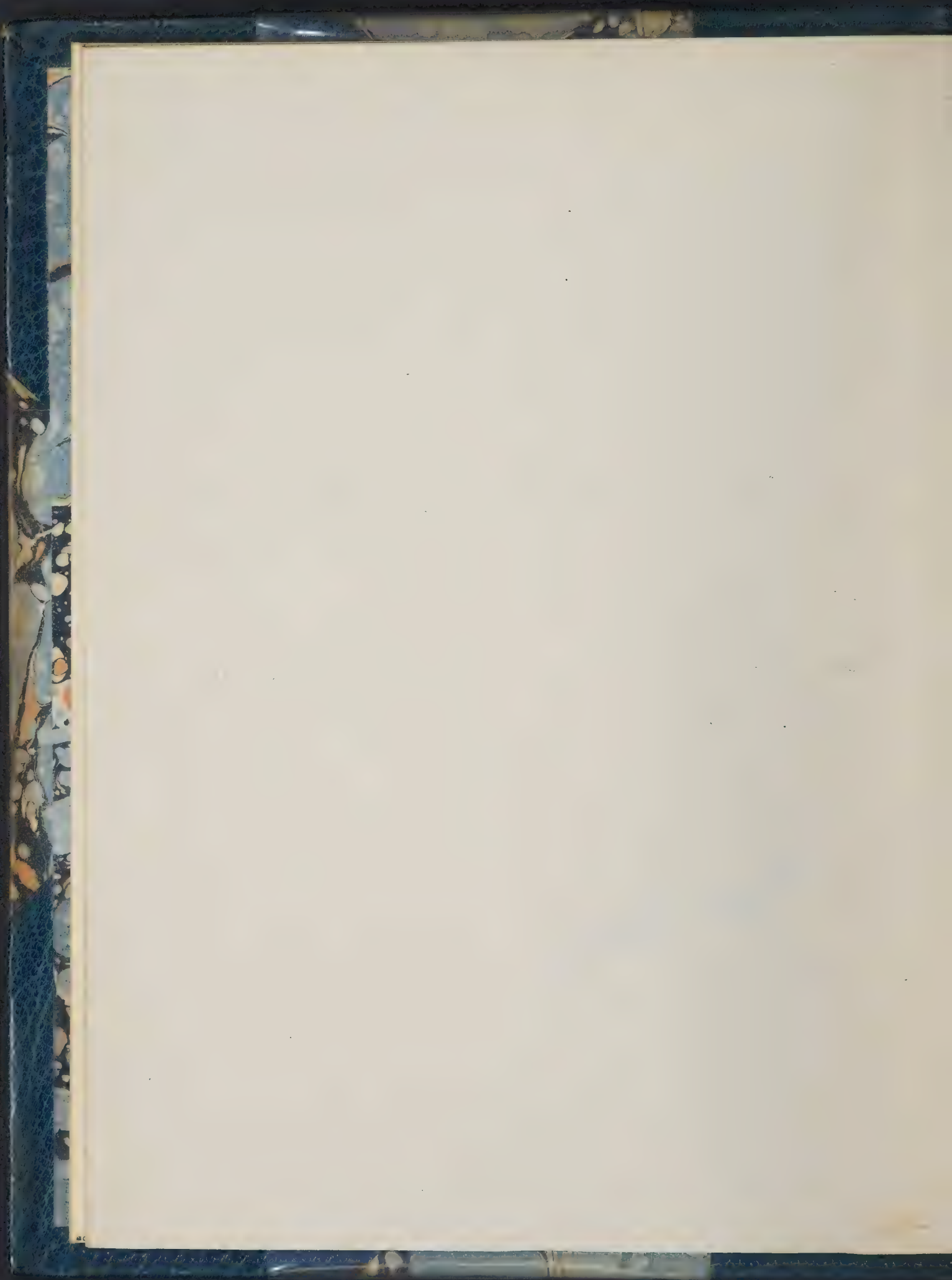


MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

BY

Thomas Churchyard.

1579.



ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
Early English Poetry.

EDITED BY
J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. III.



LONDON :
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1866-70.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE small poems here reprinted are historical, and therefore of importance and interest. The author, Thomas Churchyard, in these and other productions, can assert but humble claims as a writer of verse; but inasmuch as he had served as a soldier in most of the countries to which this Tract refers, and had witnessed not a few of the scenes he describes, his evidence is valuable. He speaks, as regards Flanders, France, Ireland, and Scotland, very much from experience; and it is only in the case of Portugal and the famous, but unfortunate, Battle of Alcazar that he appears to have relied upon the information of others: it occurred about a year before Churchyard wrote, and we have little doubt that the two dramas, founded upon the event and upon some of the incidents of the life of Thomas Stukely, were acted while the subject was fresh in the recollection of the auditory: one play was the authorship of the celebrated George Peele, then young; the other, much inferior, was the work of an anonymous dramatist.

With regard to "The Troubles of Scotland," we may observe that in this part of his tract Churchyard deals more in generalities than when in 1575, as we have seen in his "Chippes," he spoke

distinctly of acts and circumstances within his own knowledge, and in which he bore a not unimportant part. When he contrasts "the blessed state of England" with the condition of other kingdoms, it is evident that we must make allowance, not merely for poetical hyperbole, but for the desire on the part of the author to flatter those in authority at home. He dedicates his production to the Queen; and we may perhaps conclude, from the date of the entry at Stationers' Hall, January 1579, that it had been presented to her Majesty as a new year's gift: the allusion, on p. 31, to the cheerful singing of Christmas Carols may afford another proof of the precise time of year when the tract appeared. We have never seen more than two copies of it, and those are both in public libraries: a fragment of a single leaf has been long in the hands of the Editor, and it was some years before he could ascertain to what publication it had belonged.

In this small work, perhaps more than in any other by Churchyard, the unsettled grammar of the period, and of the individual, is illustrated: the author is seldom particular as to the concord between the verb and its nominative case. He afterwards became somewhat less inattentive to such matters.

J. P. C.

A gorgeous Gallery
of gallant Inventions.

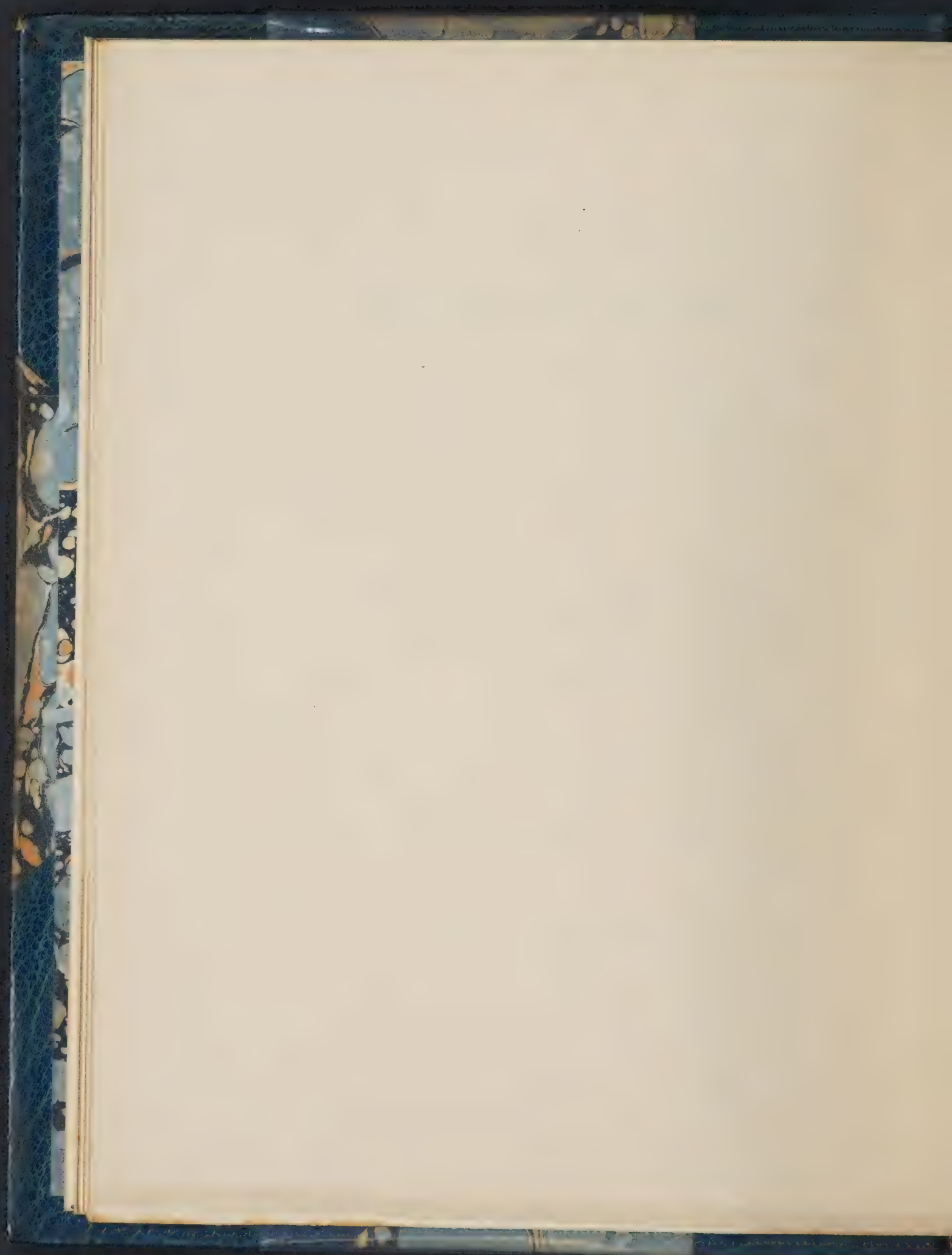
Garnished and decked with diuers
dayntie deuises, right delicate and delightfull,
to recreate eche modest minde
withall.

First framed and fashioned in sundrie formes,
by diuers worthy workemen of late
dayes : and now, ioyned together
and builded by :

By T. P.

¶ Imprinted at London,
for Richard Iones.

1578.



A. M. Vnto all yong Gentilmen,
in commendation of this Gallery *
and workemen therof.

SEE Gallaunts, fee, this Gallery of delightes,
With buyldings braue, imboft of variant hue :
With daynties deckt, deuifde by worthy wights,
(Which) as time serude, vnto perfection grew.
By studies toyle with phrafes fine they fraught :
This peereles peece, filde full, of pretty pith :
And trimde it (with) what skill, and learning taught,
In hope to please your longing mindes therwith.
Which workemanfhip, by worthy workemen wrought,
(Parusde) leaft in obliuion it fhould ly :
A willing minde, eche part togeather fought,
And termde (the whole) *A gorgeous Gallerye* :
Wherin you may, to recreate the minde,
Such fyne Inventions finde, for your delight :
That, for defart, their dooings will you binde,
To yeelde them prayfe, so well a worke to wright,

FINIS.

A. M.

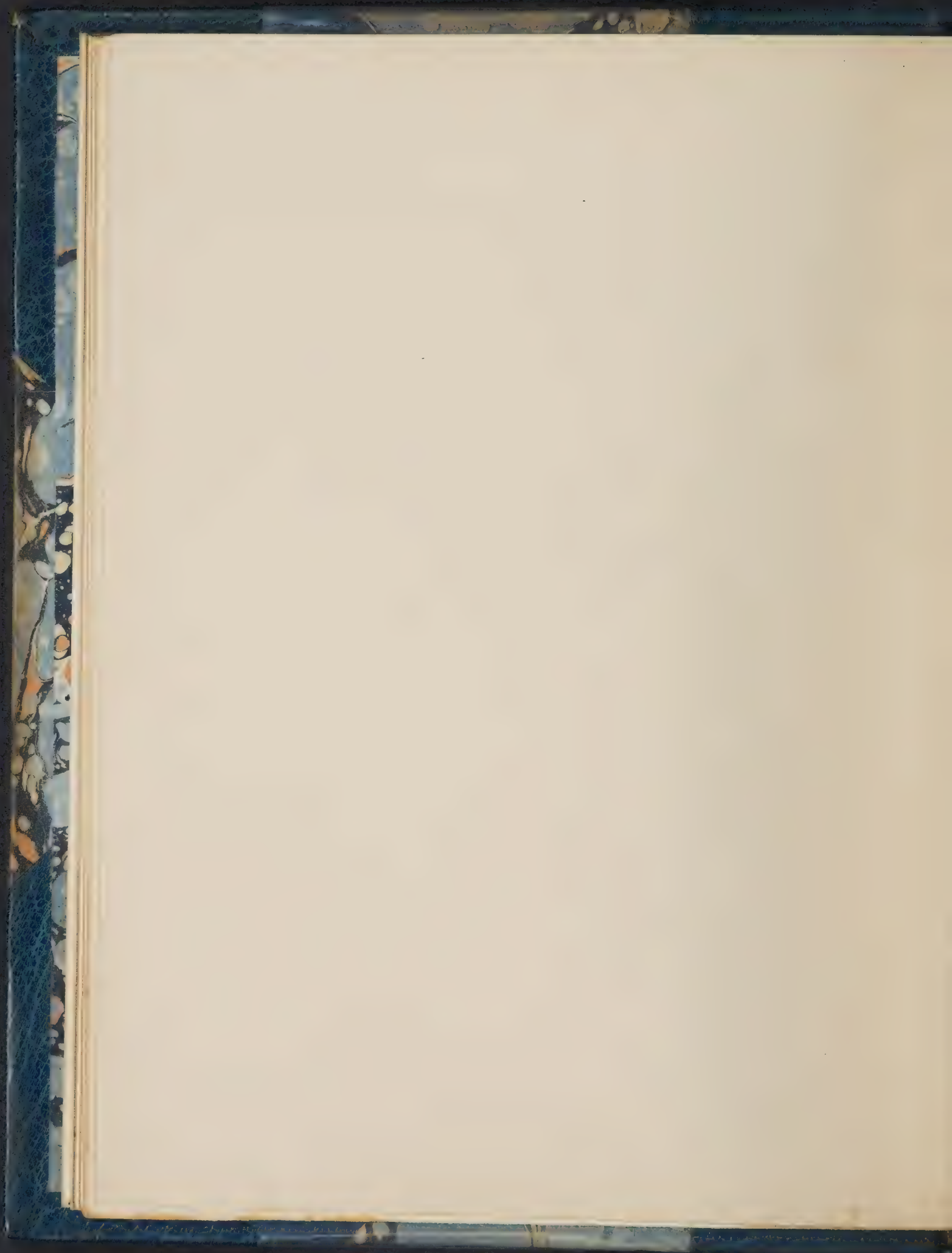
Owen Roydon to the curious
company of Sycophantes.

The busie Bees whose paynes doo neuer misse,
 But toyle their time the winters want to wielde :
 And heape in hiues, the thing that needfull is,
 To feede their flocke till winter bee exilde :
 Sometimes the Drones the Hony combes do eate,
 And so the Bees must starue for want of meate.
 The drowfie Drones doo neuer take such toyle,
 But lye at lurch, like men of Momus minde :
 Who rudely read and rashly put to foyle,
 What worthy workes, so euer they doo finde :
 Which workes would please the learned forte full well,
 But Sicophantes will neuer cease to swell.
 Though (learnedly) themselues be voyde to write,
 And haue not knowen the height of Hellicon :
 Yet, carpingly, they needes must spit their spite,
 Or els their former force (they iudge) is gon :
 Who only liue, the feelly Bees t'annoy,
 And eate the meate, wheron the Bees should ioy.
 (Depart from hence) that cursed kinde of crew,
 And let this Booke, embrace his earned meede :
 Which was set forth (for others) not for you,
 What likes them best, that only for to reade :
 And let the rest, without rebuke to passe,
 And helpe t'amend the thing that blamelesse was.
 (Appelles) might suffise, to warne you wel,
 (Who) while hee was a paynting in his Shop :

Came in (a Sowter) who began to fwell,
 And viewed his Image all from toe to top :
 And scofte at this, and did mislike at that,
 Of many a fault the Champion gan to chat.
 At length (Appelles) angry with his man,
 Dislyked much and gaue him answeare so :
 (Talke thou of that, wherein some skill thou can)
 Vnto the flipper (Sowter) only go.

The faucye (Sowter) was abasshed much,
 And afterward, his talke was nothing fuch.
 So? (Momus thou) no further then thy marke,
 And talke no more, then skill doth giue thee leaue :
 But in thy hart, there is a burning sparke,
 And (whiles thou liues) that sickenefse will thee greaue :
 But doo thy worst, and doo no more but right,
 The learned route, wil laughe at thy despight.

FINIS. O. R.



THE GALLERY *of gallant Inuentions.*

*To a Gentilwoman that sayd: All men be false,
they thinke not what they say.*

SOME women fayne that Paris was,
The falsest loue that could bee :
Who for his (life) did nothing passe,
As all the world might playnly see :
 But ventred life and limmes and all,
 To keepe his freend from Greekish thrall :
 With many a broyle hee dearely bought,
 His (Hellen) whom hee long had fought.
For first (Dame Venus) graunted him,
A gallant gifte of Beauties fleece :
Which boldely for to seeke to win,
By furling Seas hee sayld to Greece :
 And when he was arriued theare,
 By earnest sute to win his Deare :
 No greater paynes might man endure,
 Then Paris did, for Hellen sure.
Besides all this when they were well,
Both hee, and shee, array'd at Troy :
Kinge Menelaus wrath did swell,
And swore, by sword, to rid their ioyes :
 And so hee did for ten yeres space,
 Hee lay before the Troyans face :

With all the hoste that hee could make,
To bee reueng'd for Hellens fake.
Loe? thus much did poore Paris bide,
Who is accounted most vntrue:
All men be false it hath bin sayd,
They thinke not what they speake (say you)
Yes Paris spoke, and sped with speede,
As all the heauenly Gods decreed:
And proou'd himfelse a Louer iust
Till stately Troy was turnd to dust:
I doo not reade of any man,
That so much was vnfaythfull found:
You did vs wrong, t'accuse vs than,
And say our freendship is not found:
If any fault bee found at all,
To womens lot it needes must fall:
If (Hellen) had not bin so light,
Sir Paris had not died in fight.
The falsest men I can excuse,
That euer you in stories reade:
Therefore all men for to accuse,
Mee thinkes it was not well decreede:
It is a signe you haue not tride,
What stedfastnesse in men doth bide:
But when your time shal try them true,
This iudgment then, you must renue.
I know not euery mans deuise,
But commonly they stedfast are:
Though you doo make them of no price,
They breake their vowes but very rare:
They will performe theyr promis well,

And specially where loue doth dwell :
Where freendship doth not iustly frame,
Then men (forsooth) must beare the blame.

FINIS. O. R.

*The lamentable louer abiding in the bitter bale of direfull
doubts towards his Ladyes loyalty, writeth vnto her as
followeth.*

Health I thee fend, if hee may giue, yt which himself doth
misse :
For thy sweet breft, doth harbor whole, my bloody bale or
blisse.
I neede no scribe, to scry my care, in restlesse rigor spread :
They that beholde, my chaunged cheare, already iudge mee
• dead.
My baned limmes, haue yeelded vp, their woonted ioy to
dye :
My healthles hand, doth nought but wring, & dry my
dropping eye,
The deadly day, in dole I passe, a thousand times I craue
The noyfome night : agayne I wifh, the dolefull day to
haue.
Eche howre to mee, most hatefull is, eche place doth vrge
my wo :
No foode mee feedes, close vp mine eyes, to gasty graue
I go.
No Phisickes art, can giue the salue, to heale my paynfull
part :
Saue only thou, the salue and fore, of this my captiue hart,

Thou art the branch y^t sweetly springs, whose hart is found
& true

Can only cheare mee wofull wight, or force my want to
rue.

Then giue to mee, the fap I thirste, which gift may giue
mee ioy,

I mean thy firme, & faythful loue, whose want breeds
mine annoy,

Remember yet sure freendship had, ypast betweene vs
twayne

Forget him not, for loue of thee, who fighes in secret
payne.

I oft doo seeme in company, a gladfome face to beare,
But God thou knowst my inward woes, & cares y^t rent
mee there :

And that I may, gush out my greefe, in sacret place alone,
I bid my freends farewell in haste, I say I must be gone.

Then haste I fast, with heauy hart, in this my dolefull case :
Where walkes no wight, but I alone, in drowsie defart
place,

And there I empt, my laden hart, that fweld in fretting
mone :

My fighes and playnts, and panges I tell, vnto my selfe
alone.

What shall I say? doo aske me once, why all these forowes
bee ?

I answere true, O foe or freend, they all are made for thee.
Once knit the lynck, that loue may last, then shal my
dollors cease

It lyes in thee, and wilt thou not, the yeelding wight
release ?

I would to God, it lay in mee, to cure such greefe of thine :
Thou shouldst not long, be voyd of helpe, if twere in power
of mine,

But I would run, & range in stormes, a thousand miles in
payne :

Not fearing foyle, of freends to haue, my coūtenance whole
agayn

And wilt thou then, all mercyleffe, more longer torment
mee ?

In drawing backe, fith my good helpe, is only whole in
thee ?

Then send mee close, y^e hewing knife, my wider wound to
stratch :

And thou shalt see, by wofull greefe, of life a cleane dif-
patch.

When thou shalt say, and prooue it true, my hart entirely
lou'd,

Which lost the life, for countnance sweet frō whō hee
neuer mou'd

Write then vpon my wofull Tombe, theseserues grauen
aboue,

Heere lyes the hart, his truth to trie, that lost his life in loue.

Loe, faue or spill, thou mayst mee now, thou sitst in iudg-
ment hie,

Where I poore man, at Bar doo stand, and lowd, for life doo
cry.

Thou wilt not bee, so mercyleffe, to flea a louing hart :

Small prayse it is to conquer him, that durst no where to
start,

Thou hast the sword, that cut the wound, of my vnholpen
payne :

Thou canst and art, the only helpe, to heale the same
agayne.

Then heale the hart, that loues thee well, vntill the day
hee dye :

And firmly fast thy loue on him, thats true continually,
In thee my wealth, in thee my woe, in thee to saue or spill:
In thee mee life, in thee my death, doth rest to worke thy
will.

Let vertue myxt, with pittie great, and louing mercy saue
Him, who without thy saue, so sicke, that hee must yeeld to
graue,

O saue thou then, my secret sore, with health in thee dooth
stay :

And graunt wth speed, my iust request, whose want works my
decay

Then shal I blesse, the pleasāt place, where once I tooke
thy gloue,

And thanke y^e God, who giues thee grace, to graunt me love
for loue.

FINIS.

*A louing Epistle, written by Ruphilus a yonge Gentilman,
to his best beloued Lady Elriza, as followeth.*

Twice hath my quaking hand withdrawen this pen away
And twice againe it gladly would, before I dare bewray
The secret shrined thoughts, that in my hart do dwell,
That neuer wight as yet hath wist, nor I desire to tell.
But as the smothered cole, doth wast and still consume,
And outwardly doth geue no heate, of burnyng blaze or
fume :

So hath my hidden harmes, been harbred in my corpce,
Till faintyng limmes and life and all, had welnigh loft his
force :

Yet stand I halfe in doubt, whiche of these two to choose,
To hide my harmes still to my hurt, or els this thraldome
loofe.

I will lay feare aside, and so my tale beginne :
Who neuer durst assaile his foe : did neuer conquest win.

Lo here my cause of care to thee vnfolde I will :
Help thou Minerua, graunt I pray, some of thy learned
skill.

Help all you Muses nine, my wofull Pen to write :
So stufte my verse with pleafant wordes, as she may haue
delight,

With heedyng eares to reade my greeif and great vnrest :
Some wordes of plaint may moue perhaps, to pittie my
request.

Oft have I hard complaint, how Cupid beares a fway
In brittle youth, and would commaund : and how they did
obay.

When I with skorning eares did all their talke dispise :
But well I see the blinded boy : in lurking den hee lies,
To catch the careles forte : awayting with his Darte :
Hee threw at mee when I vnwares, was wounded to the
harte.

To speake and pray for helpe, now loue hath mee con-
ftrainde :

And makes me yeelde to serue the forte, that lately I dif-
dainde.

Sith beggars haue no choyce : nor neede had euer law
The fubiecte Oxe doth like his yoke : when hee is driuen
to draw.

That Ruphilus this wrote : thou wonder wilt I know,
Cause neuer erst in louinge vearse : my labor I bestowe,
Well, woful love is mine, and weeping lines I wright,
And doubtfull wordes with driery cheere : befeemes a care-
ful wight.

O thou Elrisa fayre, the beuty of thine eyes
Hath bred such bale within my brest, and caus'de such
strife to ryse,

As I can not forget : vntill deuouring death
Shal leaue to mee a fencelesse goast : and rid my longer
breath,

Or at the least that thou : doo graunt me some releefe
To ease the greedy gripes I feele, and end my great mis-
cheefe.

As due to mee by right, I can no mercy craue,
Thou hast the power to graunt mee life : refuse not for to
saue.

Put to thy helping hand, to salue the wounded fore,
Though thou refuse it for my sake : yet make thine honour
more,

Too cruell were the facte : if thou shouldst seeke to kill
Thy faythful freend that loues thee so : and doth demandaund
no ill.

Thy heauenly shape I saw : thy passing bewty bright,
Enforst mee to assay the bayt : where now my bane I bight
I nought repent my loue : nor yet forthinke my facte,
The Gods I know were all agreed : and secretly compacte,
To frame a worke of prayse : to shew their power deuine
By good aduice this on the earth : aboue the rest to shine.
Whose perfect shape is such : as Cupid feares his fall,
And euery wight that hath her seene, I say (not one) but all

With one consent they cry : lo here dame Venus ayer,
Not Danae nor thee dame Lede : was euer halfe so faire.
Though Princes sue for grace : and ech one do thee woo,
Mislyke not this my meane estate : wherwith I can nought
doo.

As higheft seates wee see : be subiect to most winde,
So base and poore estates we know, be hateful to the minde.
The happy meane is mine : which I do haply holde,
Thy honor is to yeelde for loue : and not for heape of
golde.

If euer thou hast felte : the bitter panges that stinges
A louers brest : or knowest the cares, that Cupid on us
flinges.

Then pittie my request : and wayle my wofull case,
Whose life to death with hasty wheelles : do touble on
apace.

Vouchsafe to ease the paine : that loue on mee doth whelme,
Let not thy freend to shipwracke go : fith thou doost holde
his helme.

Who yeeldeth all he hath, as subiect to thy will,
If thou commaund hee doth obey, and all thy heastes fulfill.
But if thou call to minde : when I did part thee fro,
What was the cause of my exile : and why I did forgo
The happy life I held, and lost therewith thy sight,
Well mayst thou wayle thy want of troth : and rue thy
great vnright.

If thou be found to fayle thy vow that thou hast sworne
Or that one iot of my good will, out of thy minde be worne.
Or if my absence long : to thy disgrace hath wrought mee
Or hindring tales of my back freends : vnto such state hath
brought mee.

I can and will accuse the cause of my ill speede :
But well, I hope, my feare is more : then is the thing
indeede.

Yet blame mee not though I doo stand somewhat in feare
The cause is great of my exile, which hardly I do beare.
Who hath a sternles ship amidst the trustles Seaes,
Full greedely desires the porte : where hee may ride at ease.
Thy bewty bids mee trust, vnto thy promise past,
My absence longe and not to speake : doth make mee doubt
as fast.

For as the sommers sonne, doth make eche thing to spring :
Euen so the frosen winters blast, as deadly doth them wring.
Vnsuer thus I liue in dreade I wot not why
Yet was there neuer day so bright, but there be cloudes in
fky.

Who hath of puer Golde, a running streame or flud
And is restrained for comming nigh, this treasure great and
good,

Hee must abide a time : till Fortune graunt him grace,
That hee haue power by force to win : his riche desired
place.

I neede not thus to doo : not yet so much mistrust,
I know no time can change thy minde : or make thee bee
uniust.

No more then water soft, can stir the stedfast rocke :
Or feely flyes vpon their backes can beare away a blocke.
Eche beast on earth we see : that liuing breath doth draw,
Bee faythfull found vnto their mates : and keepes of loue
the law.

My wretched life to ease : when I doo feke to turne,
Thy bewty bright doth kindle mee, in greater flame to
burne.

No day, no night, nor time, that geues mee mirth or rest,
Awake, asleape, and at my meales, thou doost torment my
brest.

Though weary lothsome lyfe : in care and wo haue clad mee,
Remembrance of thy heauenly face, giues cause again to
glad mee.

Thus Joyfull thoughts a while, doth lessen much my payne
But after calme and fayer tides, the stormes do come agayne,
And I in cares doo flame, to thinke of my exile,
That I am barred from thy fight: I curse and ban the while.
Would God I had the craft a Laborinth to frame,
And also had a Mynotaure: inclosed in the same :
And that our enemies all, might therin take some paine,
Till Dedales line I did them bringe, to helpe them out againe.
Then should my sorowes seace, and drowne my deepe dis-
paire,

Then should my life be blest with Joyes: and raifde aboue
the ayre.

But as the mazed birde, for feare dare skantly fly,
When hee hath scape the Falcons foote: euen so I know
should I

Scarfe able be to speake, or any word to fay,
Least Argus wayting ielous eyes, might haply mee bewray.
But oh Elrifa mine, why doo I stir such war
Within my selfe to thinke of this: and yet thy loue so far?
Why rather should not I: giue vp the life I haue
And yeeld my weary wretched corps: vnto the gaping
graue.

If I hopte not that thou with faith didst binde thy life,
This hand of mine with bloody sworde, should stint my
cruel strife.

No length of lingring time : no distance can remooue,
The fayth that I haue vowed to thee : nor alter once my
loue.

Beleeue this to bee true, that streames shall foner turne,
Or frozen Ice to fier coales, on blasing flame to burne,
Then I will feke to change : or alter once my minde,
All plagues I pray may fall on me, if I be found vnkinde.
Or if I meane to fwarue while I haue liuing breath
God graunt my end then may be such as Agamemnons
death.

I wish thy life no harme : but yet I woulde thou knew
The wofull ende that Creffed made, because shee was vntrue.
Those angry gods or men, asonder that doo fet vs,
Shal neuer pearce our mindes in twaine nor eke to loue can
let vs.

As well they may deuide the fier from the flame,
And euery beaft that now is wilde, as foone shall be made
tame.

Let not this pistle long, my fute with thee deface,
Who pleadeth for his life thou knowest : at large must tel
his case.

And all these wordes I write, to one effect do tende,
I am all thine, and not mine owne : and herewithal to ende.
I pray thee to regarde : thy health and my request,
And that my loue doo neuer fleet out of thy secret brest.

FINIS.

*Narfetus a wofull youth, in his exile writeth to Rosana his
beloued mistresse, to assure her of his faithfull
constancie, requiring the like of her.*

To stay thy musinge minde: hee did this piftle frame,
That holds thee deere, & loues thee most: Narfetus is his
name

Would God thy frend had brought: y^e health y^t here he
fendes

I should haue seene my lacking ioy, and heale that hart
that rendes,

And redy is eche hower: to funder still in twaine,
Saue now this piftle that I write: doth lessen wel my paine,
And helps mee to vpholde a lingring lothsome life,
Awaiting still the blisfull hower, when death shall stinte
the strife.

What dooth it mee preuaile: to haue king Cresus wealth,
Or who doth ioy in golden Giues, imprisoned with his health,
I sweare by Ioue to thee, whose godhead is aye iust,
These wordes I write are not vntrue: then do mee not
mistrust.

Thy selfe shalbe the iudge: and if thou list to vewe,
The bared bones, the hollow lookes, the pale and ledy hew,
The stealing strides I draw: the wo and dreadfull feares
The boyling brest with bitter brine, the eyes be sprent with
teares

The skant and hungry meales: the seldome slepe I take,
The dainty dames that others joy, no iest to mee do make
These hated hatefull harmes: when I them feele to greeue
mee,

Remembrance of thy beuty bright, doth straigh again
releeue mee

And then I cal to minde, thy shape and cumly grace,
Thy heauenly hew thy sugred words, thy sweet entising face
The pleasant passed sportes : that spent the day to ende,
The lothsome lookes that liked not to leue so soone thy
freend.

Sith froward fortune hath, my Mystresse thus bereft mee,
Perforce I yeeld and am content, to like the lot is left mee.
If Pyramus were fad, when hee found Thisby slayne,
If Cressids craft and falsing fayth : did Troylus turne to payne,
Eneas traytor false : oh treason that hee did,
With bloody woundes and murdering sword, Queene Didos
lyfe hath rid.

If these haue won by death and end of pyning payne,
And I aliue with torments great in dying deathes remaine.
The sound of instruments : or musickes pleasant noyce,
Or riches rule, or proude estate, doth cause mee to reioyce,
Or Venus damfels deere, do please mee euen as well,
As dying bodies ioy to here, for them a passing bell,
The greefes that gripe my hart, and dayly do me slay
It lessen would much of the smart, if thou vouchsafe to say :
God graunt his weary life : and forrowes to assuage,
God yeeld him health and happy dayes with honor in
his age.

These wordes would win my life, dispaired now to death,
Thou should but saue that is thine own, while I haue
liuing breath.

What heapes of haples hopes, on mee shall chance to fall,
So thou doo liue in blisfull state : no force for mee at all.
Amid my greatest greefe, the greatest care I haue,
Is how to wish and will thee good : and most thy honour saue.

Bee faythfull found therefore, bee constant true and iust
If thou betray thy loving freend, whom hensforth shall
I trust?

When shal I speake with thee? when shal I thee embrace?
When will the gods appease their wrath? when shal I
haue futch grace?

Hath Ioue forgotten dame Lede for loue: and how hee
prayed her,
Transformed like a swan at length: the feely foule hee
trayde her.

When faire fresh Danae was clofed vp in tower:
Did hee not raine himselfe a drop, amidst the golden shower
And fell into her lap: from top of chimney hie?
The great delight of his long loue: he did attaine thereby,
What cruell gods be these? what trespassse haue I doone?
That I am banisht thus from thee, what conquest haue
they woon?

I know their power deuine: can for a while remoooue mee,
But whilst I liue, and after death, my soul, shall likewise
loue thee.

Not Alcumena shee, for whom the treble night
Was shaped first, can well compare with thee for bewty
bright

Not Troylus sifter too, whom cruell Pirrhus slew,
Nor shee, the price of ten yeeres wars, whom yet the
Greekes do rew,

Nor shee Penelope, whose chaftnes wan her fame,
Can match with thee Rosina chaste: I see her blush for
shame.

The childe of mighty Ioue, that bred within his braine
Shall yeeld the palme of filed speeche, to thee that doth
her ftaine.

And euery wight on earth : that liuing breath do draw,
Lo here your queene sent from aboue, to kepe you all
in awe

But nowe I fine my talke, I finde my wits to dull,
There liueth none that can set forth thy vertues at the ful.
Yet this I dare well say, and dare it to auowe,
The Gods do feare Rosinas shape : and bewty doth alowe.
In Tantalus toyle I liue : and want that most I would,
With wishing vowes I speake, I pray : yet lacke the thing
I should.

I fee that I do want : I reach, it runnes mee fro :
I haue and lacke, that I loue most, and lothest to forgo.
But oh Rosanna dere : since time of my exile
How hast thou done ? and doost thou liue : how hast thou
spent the while ?

How standeth health with thee ? and art thou glad of
chere ?

God graunt those happy restful dayes, increafe may still
each yere.

If any greefe or care, do vex thy wofull hart,
Then God I pray to giue thee ease, and swagement of the
smart.

Yet this I doo desire, that thou be found to abide
A freend : euen such as shal mislike, with sodaine change
to slide.

If pleasure now thou hast, to spend the dreiry day,
Read then this pistle of my hande, to driue the time away.
If all thy freendes aliue : would from thy frendship swarue,
A thousand deathes I do desire, in wretched state to starue.
If I amongst the rest, should alter so my minde,
Or thou shouldest charge I promise brake, or els am found
vnkinde.

Though Argus ielous eyes : that daily on vs tend,
Forbid vs meat and speech also, or message for to fend,
A time will come to passe, and thinke it not to long
That thou and I shall ioyne in ioy, and wreake vs of our
wrong.

Which time I would abide : though time too long doth
try mee.

In hope againe when time shal serue, thou wilt not then
deny mee.

Thus hope doth mee vpholde : for hope of after blisse,
And lose therby my present ioy, in hoping still for this.
I doo commend to thee : my life and all I haue,
Commaund them both as thee best likes : to lose or els
to faue.

I am no more mine owne, but thine to vse at will
The same is thine without desert, if thou mee seke to kill.
Bee glad thou little quere, my mystresse shall thee see
Fall flat to ground before her face : and at her feet doo lie :
Haste not to rise againe, nor doo her not withstand
If of her bounty shee vouchsafe, to rayse thee with her hand.
Say thy maister sent thee, and humbly for me greete her,
Thou knowest my selfe doth wish full ofte : to be in place
to meete her.

If any worde in this, hath scape and doo her greeue,
A pardon craue vpon thy knee, and pray her to forgeue
A giltles hand it wrote, thou mayst be bolde to tell :
No minde of malice did mee moue, her self doth know
it well.

Thou canst and I deferue : make glad my wofull sprite,
I craue no answer to thy payne : nor force thee for to write.
It should suffice if thou : vouchsafe to reade the same,

This pistle then if thou mislyke, condemne it to the flame.
 But now there needes no more, I will this pistle ende,
 Esteeme Narfetus alwayes well : that is thy faythfull freend.

FINIS.

*The Louer forsaken, writeth to his Lady
 a desperate Farwell.*

Euen hee that whilome was : thy faithful freend most iust,
 That thrife three yeeres hath spent and past, reposing all
 his trust

In thy bewayling wordes, that seemed fugar sweet
 The selfsame man vnwillingly : doth with these lines thee
 greet.

I can not speake with thee : and speaking is but paine,
 To speake and pray and not to speede : too fruitles were
 the gayne.

Inforste therfore I write, and now vnfolde my minde,
 I loue, and like as erst I did, I am not yet declinde.
 Though time that trieth all, hath turnde the loue you ought,
 No changing time could alter mee : or wrest awry my
 thought.

And fure I doo mislike, that wemen choose to change,
 Vngratefull folkes I do detest, as monsters foule and strange.
 Sith first I did you know : I neuer spake the thing
 That did intend you to beguile, or might repentance bring.
 Thrife hath my pen falne downe : vpon this paper pale,
 And scantly can my hart consent : to write to thee this tale.
 Least hasty Judgmentes might, misdeeme my gittles minde,
 To charge that malice moues my speech, or some new
 frend to finde

The gods I vouch to ayd: who knowes the troth I ment,
To fwarue or fleet from that I vowed, was neuer my
intent.

But as the Courfer fearce, by pearcing spur doth run,
So thy desertes enforce mee now: to see this worke begun.
Would God I had no cause to leaue that I did loue,
Or lothe the thing that likt mee so: nor this mishap to
proue.

But fith no thing in earth: in one estate can bide,
Why striue I then against the streame, or toyle against
the tide?

And haue you now forgot, how many yeeres I fought,
To get your grace with whot good will: how dearly I it
bought.

There is no one aliue, that nature euer made
That hath such giftes of vertues rare, and such vntroth
doth shade.

If fayth might haue bin founde, within a womans brest,
I did belecue within thy hart, shee chose her place to rest.
Vnskilful though I bee, and cannot best deferne,
Where craft for troth doth preace in place, yet am I not to
learne.

And I did thinke you such: that litle knew of guile,
But seemings now be plaste for deedes, and please fulwel
the while

Why doo I wunder thus? to thinke this fame so strange,
Who hath assayed and knoweth not? that wemen choose
to change.

Haue you thus sone forgot, the doutes and dreads you
made,

Of yongmens loue how litle holde, how sone away they fade.

How hardly you beleued? how often would you fay,
My wordes were spoken of the splene: and I as oft denay.
How oft did you protest with handes vpstretcht to skyes?
How oft with othes vnto the Gods? how oft with weep-
ing eyes?

Did you beseech them all, to rid your spending dayes?
When that you thought to leaue your freend: to dy with-
out delayes.

Mee thought in heauen I faw: how Ioue did laughe to
skorne,

To see you sweare so solemly, and ment to be forsworne.
But as the Sirens singe, when treason they procure,
So smyling baytes the harmles foules: vnto their bane
alure.

Thy fawning flattering wordes, which now full false I finde,
Perswades mee to content my selfe, and turne from Cref-
fids kinde.

And all the sorte of those: that vse such craft I wish
A speedy end, or lothsome life, to liue with Lafars dish.
Yet pardon I do pray: and if my wordes offend,
A crafed ship amid the streame, the Marriner must mende.
And I thus tost and turnd: whose life to shipwracke goes
Complaynes of wrongs thou hast mee don, and all my
greefe forth shoves.

And could your hart consent? and could you gree therto?
Thus to betray your faythful freend, and promis to vndo?
If nought your wordes could binde, to holde your fuer
behest,

Nor ought my loue ne othes you fware, could bide within
your brest,

Yet for the worldly shame, that by this facte might rise,

Or for the losse of your good name, for dealing in this wise.
Or thus to see mee greeu'd : tormented still in payne,
Thy gentil hart should haue bin pleasde such murder to
refrayne.

But through thy cruell deede : if that vntamed death,
With speedy dart shall rid my life, or leaue my lyuing
breath.

The gods then can and will : requite thy bloody acte,
And them I pray with lowly sute, for to reuenge thy facte.
God graunt the earth may bring : nought forth to thy
auayle,

Nor anything thou takest in hand, to purpose may preuayle.
Thy most desired freend, I wish may be most coy,
Wherin thou doost thee most delite : and takest the great-
est ioy.

That same I would might turne : vnto thy most mischeefe,
That in thy life thy hart may feelee, the smart of others
greefe.

But sith no good can come : of thy mishap to mee,
I graunt some blame I doo deserue, that thus desire to see
Thy blisfull life so changde, from weale to wretched state,
When freendes do breake the bonde of loue, then is their
greatest hate.

Thy deedes do sure deserue, much more reuenging spight,
Then hart can thinke or tongue can tel, or this my pen can
wright.

The bewty bright is futch, that well it would inuade
A hart more hard then Tigar wilde : and more it can
perfwade.

Then Tullyes cunning tongue : or Ouids louing tale,
Well may I curse and ban them both, that so haue brewed
my bale.

I feare to praife to far : leaft haply I begin,
To kindle fier that well is quencht, and burne mee all
within.

For well I may compare : and boldly dare it fay,
Thou art the Queene of women kinde, and all they ought
obay.

And all for fhame doo blufh, when thou dooft come in place,
They curfe ech thing that gaue thee life, and more difdain
thy face,

Then any liuing wight : doth hate the Serpent foule,
Or birdes that finge and flies by day, abhors the fhrikyng
Owle.

Oh that a constant minde : had guided forth thy dayes,
I had not then affayd myfhap : nor pen fpoke thy difprayfe.
Decreed fith that thou art, for euer to forfake mee,
In forrows sweete I wil mee fhriue : till death fhall lift to
take mee.

Bewayle O woful eyes, with fluds of flowing teares,
This great mifchaunce thy lothfome life, that all ill hap vp
beares.

Since parted is your ioy, refigne likewise your fight,
I neuer will agree to like, or looke on other wight.
Nor neuer fhall my mouth consent to pleafant found,
But pale and leane with hollow lookes : till death I will
bee found.

And you vnhappy handes : with lyking foode that fed mee,
Leaue of to labor more for mee : fince forrow thus hath
fped mee.

Lament vnluftie legges : be lame for euer more,
Sith fhee is gone for whom you kept : your willing pace in
ftore.

O hatefull heauy hart : bewayle thy great vnrest,
Consume thy selfe or part in twaine : within my blouddy
brest.

And fee my fences all : whose helpe was aye at hand,
To length the life that lingreth now, and lothfomely doth
stand.

Yee sonne, ye moone and starres : that gyues the glad some
light

Forbeare to shew your force a while : let all be irkesome
night.

Let neuer foyle bringe forth, agayn the lusty greene
Nor trees that now dispoyled are, with leafe be euer seene.
Let neither birde nor beast : posses their wonted minde
Let all the thinges that liues on earth, be turned from
their kinde.

Let all the furies forth, that pine in Hell with payne,
Let all their torments come abroad : with lyuing wightes
to rayne.

Let peace be turnd to war, let all consume with fier,
Sith I must dye that once did ioy, and loose that I desier.
I hate my life and breath, I hate delighting food,
I hate my greefe I hate my death : I hate that doth
mee good.

I hate the gentill hart : that rueth on my payne,
I hate the cruell stubborn forte, that doth my life disdayne
I hate all fortes of men, that haue their life in price,
And those I hate that folow death, esteeming them vnwife
I hate those carefull thoughtes that thinke on my sweet fo,
I hate my selfe then twice as much : if I forget her fo.
I hate, what would you more, I wot not what I hate,
I wish her dead and layed in graue : I wish her better state.

Come wilde and sauadge beastes, stretch forth your cruell
pawes,

Dismember me, consume my flesh: imbrew your greedy
iawes.

Within your entrayles: see a coffin ye prepare,
To tombe this carefull corpes that now, vnwillingly I bare.
Come lingringe slothful death: that doost the wretch deny
To shew thy force and ridst the riche, that list not for to dye.
Is this the recompence? is this the due reward?
Doth loue thus pay his seruants hier? and doth hee thus
regard?

And doth he vse to set, the harmles foules on fier,
With faire sweet intisinge lookes: to kindle their desier?
Fye false loue that hast so decte, with bewty bright,
A Lady faire with such vntroth, to worke such cruel spight.
And ye that doo pursue blinde loue with speedy pace,
Restraine your steps example take, of this my wofull case.
Let this alone suffise, that in few wordes I say,
Who can beware by others harmes, thrice blest and happy
they.

Beleeue this to bee true: that now too true I proue,
But little troth in womens breast: and fleeting in their loue.
God graunt each wight on earth, that serues with faythfull
minde,

A better hap and that hee may, a truer Mystrisse finde.

FINIS.

The Louer in distresse exclaymeth agaynst Fortune.

How can the criple get, in running race the game?
Or hee in fight defend himselfe, whose armes are broken lame?

How can th' imprifoned man whose legs be wrapt in
chaynes,

Thinke this his life a pleafant time, who knoweth nothing
but paines ?

So how can I reioyse, that haue no pleafant thing,
That may reuiue my doulfull fpirits, or caufe me for to finge.
My legs be lame to goe, mine armes cannot embrace,
My hart is fore, mine eyes bee blinde, for lacke of For-
tunes grace.

All this is Fortunes fault, that keepes thefe fences fo,
Shee may aduaunce them if fhee lift, and rid them of
this wo.

It is her cruell will, alwayes on me to lower,
To kepe frō mee her pleafant giftes, to make me know her
power.

Alas, alas, fie Fortune, fie : why art thou fo vnkinde,
To mee that fayne would bee thy fonne, and euer in thy
minde ?

Now doo I thee befeech, with pleafures mee to frayght,
To temper this my wofull life, or els to kill mee ftrayght.

FINIS.

An other complaint on Fortune.

In doubtfull dreading thoughts, as I gan call to minde,
This world, and eke the pleafures al, that Adams children
finde,

A place of pleafant hew appeared to my thought
Where I might fee the wonderous works which nature for
vs wrought.

All things of any price, approched to my fight,
And still me thought that each man had that was his most
delight.

The riche man hath his ioy : his riches to imbrace,
So hath the huntelman his desire, to haue the Hart in chace.
An other haue their sporte to see the Falcon flee,
And some also in Princes court : in fauor for to bee.
The warring Knight at will, an horse doth run his race,
And eke the louer, in his armes, his Lady doth embrace.
When that I see eche man enioy his whole delite,
Saue I alas poore cursed man whom Fortune doth so spite.
I fall straight to the ground, amazed with much grieve,
With blouddy strokes vpon my brest, I strue to rid my lief.
And thus I thinke, how can fayre pictures those delight :
Whom nature from their tender age, defrauded of their fight.

FINIS.

*The louer beeing newly caught in Cupids snares, complayneth
on the Gods of loue, and compareth his greefe
as followeth.*

The hugie heape of cares, that in this world I finde,
The sodayne fighes that fore molest my hart
The foolish fanfies that still run in my minde :
Makes mee to lay all ioy and myrth apart,
Lamenting still the causes of my smart.
But oh, alas, the more I weepe and wayle,
The more my greefe to mee seemes to preuayle.

The more I seeke my pinching panges to fwage,
By diuers wayes, such as I thinke be best

The more it frets, the more it gins to rage,
So that my fencelesse head can take no rest:
Ah feely wretch, what doth thee thus mollest
Or what doth thus perturbe thy restlesse braynes,
And from thy hart all worldly ioye detaynes.

Alas what this should bee I can not tell,
My youthfull yeares can skill of no such change
But if some vgly shape of fury fell:
Or wicked wight that in this world doth range
Hath witched mee with this disease so strange.
Or Cupid with his force of cruell dart,
Hath stricken mee and wounded thus my hart.

Hath Cupid then futch power on mortall wightes?
And strikes the blinded boy his dart so sure?
That no man can auoyd his subtill flightes,
Nor ought agaynst his fury may indure?
Hath Venus force men thus for to allure?
And why then? doth shee not her sonne commaund
To shoote alike and strike with equall hand?

Is this the guife of powers that raigne aboue,
Vs feely foules in snares thus for to trap
And care they not to yeeld vs death for loue?
Joy they in woes our corfes for to trap?
And passe they not what vnto vs doth hap?
Can Gods aboue to man beare any hate,
Or doo they mocke and iest at our estate?

Ah foolish foole? what fancy rules thy head.

Or what doth cause thee now this talke to moue?
What fury fell doth thee poore wretch now lead?

To rayle on all the Gods doth it behooue?
Sith it is only Cupid God of loue.

That guiltlesse shee with stroke of golden shafte,
Hath wounded thus, and thee of ioyes berafte.

Euen as the slender Barke that long is toft
By furling waues cast vp from deepest seas:
And Saylars still in daunger to be lost,
Doo hale and pull in hope to take their ease:
When stormy fluds begin once to appease.
Euen so fare I beeing in Cupids power
In hope at last to see that happy hower.

Wherin I shall my wished ioyes obtayne,
And placed bee within her gentill hart,
Then shall I take my sorrowes all for gayne,
When I haue her that causeth now my smart.
Then farewell Cupid with thy cruell darte
And welcome shee that pearst mee with her fight,
Shee is my Joy, shee is my hartes delight.

FINIS.

*The Louer extolleth, aswell the rare vertues of his Lady
beloued, as also her incomparable beautie.*

Desire hath driuen from mee my will,
Or Cupids blase hath bleard mine eyes:
Knowledge mee fayles, my fight is yll:
If kinde or cunning could deuise

Nature to paynt in better plight
To fet her forth with red and white :
Or if men had Apelles arte,
Who could her mend in any parte ?

Her face declares where fauor growes,
And telles vs heere is Beauties grace :
Her eyes hath power to binde and lose,
Her countenance may freendes embrace.
Her cheekes be dectē with bloud full fayre,
Her collour cleare as is the ayre :
Her haire, her hand, her foote also,
Hath wonne the praise where euer shee go.

Her lookes doo seeme to speake alone,
When that her lips remoooue no whit
Her inward vertues may be knowen :
By vñge of her sober wit.
Her iestures also cumly are,
My tongue lackes skill them to declare :
The rest of hir that are vnnamed,
In perfect shapes are lyuely framed.

Now though that kinde hath fet her forthe,
And natures workes shee hath possēst,
Theese goodly giftes are little worth :
If pittie dwell not in her brest.
Oh, God forbid such flowring youth
Should bee mislyked for lacke of ruth,
For I with other might say then :
Lo, this is shee that killeth men.

FINIS.

*The Louers farewell, at his departure, perswadeth his
beloued to constancie in his absence.*

Though Fortune cannot fauor
According to my will :
The prooffe of my behauor :
Shall bee to loue you still.

Entending not to chaunge,
Whiles that my life doth last :
But still in loue to raunge :
Till youth and age be past.

Though I bee far you fro,
Yet in my fantacie :
I loue you and no mo :
Thinke this assuredly.

Your owne both true and iuste,
Always you shall mee finde :
Wherefore of right you must,
Haue mee likewife in minde.

And doo not mee forsake,
Though I doo tarry longe :

But take mee for your make,
I will not chaunge my fonge.

Though absence now a while,
Doo vs part thus in twayne :
Thinke neither craft nor gyle,
For I will come agayne

The fame man that I went,
Both in my woorde and deede :
Though some men doo relent,
And grudge that I should speed.

But if you doo remayne,
And do not fro mee starte :
My hart you doo attayne,
Till death vs two depart.

And thus farewell adew,
And play an honest parte :
And chaunge mee for no new,
Seeing that you haue my hart.

FINIS.

A propper Dittie. To the tune of lusty Gallant.

The glyttering shoves of Floras dames
Delightes not so my carefull minde,
Ne gathering of the fragrant flames :
That ofte in Floras Nymphes I finde.
Ne all the noates of Birdes so thryl
Mellodiously in woods that finge,

Whose solemne Quires the fkyes doth fill :
With noate on noate that heauenly ringe.

The frisking Fish in streames that springe
And sporte them on the riuers side,
The Hound the Hauke and euery thinge :
Wherin my ioyes did once abide,
Doth nothinge els but breede my wo
Sith that I want which I desier,
And death is eke become my fo :
Denying that I most requier.

But if that Fortunes freendly grace
Would graunt mine eyes to take the vew,
Of her whose porte and amorous face
My senses all doth so subdew.
That raunging too and fro to gayne
The pray that most delighteth mee,
At last I finde that breeds my payne :
Shee flyes so fast it will not bee.

Then in my felfe with lingering thoughts
A sodayne strife begins to gro,
I then doo wish such Birdes at noughts :
That from their louers flyeth so.
At last I see the Fowlars gin,
Prepared for this Birde and mee
Then wisht I lo his hed therin :
So that my birde and I were free.

FINIS.

*The Louer perswadeth his beloued, to beware the deceites
and allurements of strange futers.*

Be stedfast to thine owne
As he is vnto thee,
Regard not men vnknownen
But loue thine owne truly
For oft deceyts are sownen
By them that vnknownen bee
Wherefore cast of the rest
And thine own loue thou best.

For though that their false suite
Seeme pleasant in thine eare,
Thou knowst oft times ill fruit
A pleasant tree doth beare.
If thou chance to repute
A rotten Apple cleare,
Better to loue thine owne
And forsake men vnknowne.

Thou doost well vnderstand
These wordes not spoken feilde
More fuer a birde in hand,
Then twenty in the feild.
Thou knowest thine owne fure band
And how that it hath helde
Then change it for no new :
But loue him that is trew.

If futers doo thee moue
Or dayly to thee write,
Yet graunt to them no loue
Their paynes for too requite.
But thinke it doth behoue
Thee alwayes to doo right
Then must thou loue thine own
And forsake men vnknowne

This coufayle I thee giue
As farforth as I can,
As I that whiles I liue
Wilbee thine onely man.
For fure it would mee greeue
To see thee out of frame
Or chaunge at any time :
Thine owne not to bee thine.

Thus written by thine owne
To thee with all his harte,
Defiring the vnknownen
Of thee may haue no part.
For if futch chaunge bee sownen
No doubt thou killest my hart
Wherefore I say beware :
Alwayes the vnknown snare.

FINIS.

*The Lady beloued exclaimeeth of the great vntruth
of her louer.*

Would god I had neuer seen,
The teares of thy false eyne
Or els my cares full deaf had bin
That herd those words of thine

Then should I not haue knowne
Nor chosn to my part :
So many euils in one
To kill my poore true hart.

As now in thee I finde
Who bidst mee from thee go :
As false and full vnkinde,
Alas why doost thou so ?

Was neuer man so false of othe,
To none as thou to mee
Was neuer woman of more troth
Then I haue ben to thee.

And thou to leaue me so,
And canst no iust cause tell :
But wilt thou spill with wo,
The hart that loues thee wel.

Mee thinkes that for my part,
I may speake in the fame,
I say me thinkes thou art,
Euen very much to blame.

Pardy, it is but litle praise,
To thee that art a man :
To finde so many crafty wayes
To fraude a poore woman

At whom all women smile,
To see so fonde on thee :
And men although they wayle,
To see how thou vnest mee.

To lure me to thy fist,
To ease thy feigned payne :
And euer when thou list,
To cast mee of agayne.

The wretched hound that spends his
And sereth after kinde : [dayes,
The Horse that treadeth y^e beaten
As nature doth him binde [ways

In age yet findes releefe,
Of them that did him wo :
Who in their great mischeefe,
Disdayne not them to know

Thus they for wo and smart,
Had ease vnto their paine :
But I for my true hart,
Get nought but greefe agayne.

The weary and long night
Doth make mee dreame of thee,
And still me thinks with fight,
I see thee here with mee.

And then with open armes,
I strayne my pillow softe :
And as I close mine armes,
Mee thinkes I kisse thee ofte.

But when at last I wake
And finde mee mockte wth dremes
Alas, with moone I make
My teares run down like streames

All they that here this fame,
Wyll spit at thy false deede :
And bid, fie on thy curfed name,
And on thy false seede.

That shewest so to the eye,
And bearest so false an hew :
And makest all women cry,
Lo, how ye men be vntrew ?

But yet to excuse thee now,
To them that would thee spot :
He say, it was not thou,
It was mine owne poore lot.

FINIS.

*The Louer declareth his paynfull plight
for his beloued sake.*

Since needes ye will mee finge, giue eare vnto the voyce,
Of mee pore man your bond feruant, y^t knoweth not to
reioyce.

Confider wel my care, my paine and my vnrest :
Which thou with force of Cupids Dart haft grafted in
my brest.

Heale, and withdraw from mee, the venim of that Darte
Haue pittie, and release this wo, that doth confume my hart :
The greatnes of my greefe, doth bid mee seeke release
I seeke to finde to ease my payne, yet doth my care
encrease.

I cease not to beholde, that doth augment my payne :
I see my selfe I seeke my wo, yet can I not refrayne.
That should my wo release, doth most encrease the fame,
The colde that should acquench the heat, doth most enrage
the flame

My pleasure is my payne, my game is most my greefe
My cheefe delite doth worke my wo, my hart is my releefe
Sutch haps doth hap to them, that happeth so to loue,
And hap most harde: so fast to binde, that nothing can
remooue.

For when the harme is fixed, and rooted in the hart,
No tongue can tell, nor pen may write, how greuous is the
smart

I haue thought loue but play, vntill I felte the fore,

The Gallery of gallant Inuentions.

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But now I felte a thousand greefes I neuer felt before.
To tell what paynes I bide, if that I could deuise,
I tel the truth, beleue mee wel, the day will not suffice.
Graunt now therfore some rest, since thus thou hast mee
 bound,
To be thine owne, til body mine, lye buried vnder the
 ground.

FINIS.

*The Louer hauing his beloued in Iuspition
 declareth his doutfull minde.*

Deeme as ye list vpon good cause
 Yee may, and thinke of this or that,
But what, or why, my selfe best knowes,
 Wherby I thinke and feare not.
Wher vnto I may wel like
 The doubtful sentence of this claufe
I would ye were not as I thinke
 I would I thought it were not so.

If that I thought it were not so,
 Though it were so, it greeued mee not,
Vnto my hart it were as tho
 I harkened and I heare not.
At that I see I cannot winke,
 Nor for my hart to let it go
I would it were not as I thinke
 I would I thought it were not so.

Lo how my thought might make mee free,
 Of that perchance it reedeth not
 For though no doubt in deede I fee,
 I fhrinke at that I beare not.
 Yet in my hart this worde shall finke,
 Vntill the prooffe may better bee
 I would it were not as I thinke,
 I would I thought it were not.

FINIS.

*An excellent Sonet, Wherin the Louer exclaymeth agaynst
 Detraction, beeing the principall cause of all his
 care. To the tune, when Cupid scaled
 first the Fort.*

Passe forth in doulfull dumpes my verfe,
 Thy Masters heauy haps vnfolde :
 His grised greefe each hart well perce,
 Display his woes, feare not, bee bould.
 Hid hole in heapes of heauineffe
 His dismale dayes are almost spent,
 For fate, which forgde this fickleneffe
 My youthly yeares with teares hath spent.

I lothe the lingring life I led
 O wished death why stayest thy hand,
 Sith gladfome Joyes away bee fled :
 And linkte I am in Dollors bande.

In weltring waues my ship is toft
 My shattering sayles away bee shorne,
 My Anker from the Stearne is loft
 And Tacklings from the Maynyards torne.

Thus driuen with euery gale of winde
My weather beaten Barke doth fayle,
Still hoping harbor once to finde
Which may these passinge perrils quayle.

But out alas, in vayne I hope
Sith Billowes prowde, assault me still
And skill doth want with Seas to cope
And licour false my Keele doth fill.

Yet storme doth cease: but lo at hand
A ship with warlike wightes addrest,
Which seemes to bee some Pyrates band:
With Powder and with Pellets prest.

To sinke or spoyle my brused Barke
Which dangers dread could not daunt,
And now the shot the ayre doth darke:
And Captayne on the Deke him vaunt.

Then Ignorance the ouerseer proude
Cryes to Suspicion, spare no shot:
And Enuy yelleth out aloud,
Yeeld to Detraction this thy Boate:

And as it is now Sea mens trade
When might to coole the foe doth lacke,
By vaying foretop signe I made
That to their lee I mee did take.

Then gathering winde to mee they make,
And Treason first on borde doth come
Then followes Fraud like wily Snake:
And swift amongst them takes his rome.

These binde mee Captiue, tane with band
Of carking care and fell annoy,

While vnder Hatches yet I stand
 Therby quight to abandon ioye.

Then hoyfting fayles they homeward hye
 And mee present vnto Difdayne,
 Who mee beheld with fcorning eye
 The more for to encrease my payne.

As Lady thee commaunded ftrayght
 That to Difpayre they mee conuay,
 And bid with skilfull heed hee wayght,
 That Truth bee bard from mee away.

Madam (quoth I) let due defart
 Yet finde remorse for thefe my woes,
 Of pittie graunt fome ease to smart
 Let Troth draw neare to quayle my foes.

But all for nought I doo complayne
 For why the deafe can moue no noyfe,
 No more can they which doo difdayne:
 But will in harte therat reioyce.

Wherefore twixt life and death I ftay
 Til time with daughter his drawe nye
 Which may thefe furious foes difmay:
 Or els in ruthfull plight I dye.

FINIS.

*The Louer in bondage looketh for releasement and longeth
 for the releefe of his wedding day.*

When fhall reliefe releafe my wo?
 When fhall defert, difdayne digeft?
 When fhall my hap, hap to mee fo?
 That my poore hart may come too reft.
 When fhall it fo? when fhall it fo?

When shall long loue bee looked vpon?
When shall tried truth bee homeliest?
When shall hope haue that hope hangeth on?
That my poore hart may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

When shall I see shee see the right?
When shall I heare shee heareth mee best?
When shall I feele, shee feeleth delight?
That my poore harte may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

When finte all stormes that thus agreeue?
When finte all stayes that wrong hath wrest?
When finte all strifes right to releue?
That my poore hart may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

When right shall see right time to bofte?
When right shall aright vnright oppresse?
When right shall raigne and rule the roste?
Then my poore harte shall come to rest.

Then shall it so? &c.

When shall I watch the time to see?
Now shall I wish the time possesse,
Now shall I thinke each day yeeres three
That my poore harte may come to rest.

When shall it so? &c.

Now farewell harte, most smooth most smart,
Now farewell hart with hart hartiest,
And farewell harte, till hart in harte:
By harty harte may come to rest.

God graunt it so. &c.

FINIS.

A fine and freendly Letter, of the Louer to his beloued.

Like as the Hauke is led by lure, to draw from tree to tree,
So is my hart through force of loue, where euer my body bee
The Hauke to pray doth double wing, her flight is fled in
vayne

I make my flight in wafte of winde, my hope receyueth no
gayne.

Haukes that be high it hurtes to light, two flightes w^tout
reward

My flight is two, and three againe, alas Mistresse regarde :
The hauke brought low, is foone made high, by feeding on
warne foode

Your mouthes breath fettes mee aloft, there is nothing
so good.

Good Lady then strain forth y^e strings, whose tune may
mee reuiue

And with straūg tongue do not prolong, my ioyes thus to
depriue.

Within your brest my hart is hid, your will and it is one,
Regard my smart, the cure is yours, and losse, when I
am gone.

Thus all your owne, I recommend mee wholly to your grace,
As seemeth you best for to reward, my plight and wofull
case.

Which plight if you do counterpaife, with ioyes, as doth
belonge,

My hart for ioy would tune accorde, to finge some pleasant
songe.

FINIS.

The Louers fata[l] farewell at his death.

Al wealth I muſt forfake, and pleaſures eke forgo,
My life to ende in wo and greefe, my deſteny is ſo
For where I had prefixt, with fute to win my ioy,
I found I had right ſpeedy death, all welth for to diſtroy.
Whofe Image lo I am, though lyuing I appeare,
Both body and ſoule be ſeperate. my heauen it is not here.
My harte I haue beſtowed, wheras it is not found
Thou body thē depart thou hence, why pleaſureſt thou the
ground?

And Death draw thou mee neare, O Death my deareſt
freend,

Then with thy dart, ſhoot through my hart, my ſorrows ſo
to ende.

And when that death did heare the thing that I did craue
Hee weighed mee, euen as I was, a man fit for the graue.
Come follow mee ſayth hee, thou man bee not agaſt,
Hee that delighteth in earthly things, ſhal feele theſe
panges at laſt

All yee then that liſt to loue, this leſſon learne by mee,
Or yee begin, noate well, the ende, is payne and miſery.

FINIS.

*The Louer complayneth of his Ladies vnconſtancy
to the Tune of I lothe that I did loue.*

Yyou graues of griſly ghoſts

Your charge from coffins fend

From roring rout in Plutoes coſts

You Furies vp aſcend.

You trampling ſteades of Hell

Come teare a wofull wight,

Whofe haples hap no tonge can tell

Ne pen can well endight.

I hate this lothfome life
 O Atropos draw nie,
 Vntwist y^e thred of mortall strife
 Send death, and let mee die.

For Beauties taynted trope
 Hath made my cares affay,
 And ficklenes with her did cope :
 To fordge my whole decaye

My fayth alas I gaue
 To wight of Cressids kinde,
 For stedfast loue I loue did craue
 As curtesy doth binde.

Shee likewise troth doth plight
 To bee a constant loue,
 And proue her selfe euen maugre spight
 A faythfull turtle Doue.

But in a womans minde
 Cloakt hole in deepe deceyt
 And driuen with euery gale of winde,
 To bite at fresher bayt.

For when bewitch shee had
 My minde that erst was free,
 And that her cumly beauty bad
 My wounded hart agree.

And fixt on Fancies lore,
 As world can witnesse beare,
 No other faynct I did adore :
 Or Idole any whear

Ne will, no wo, or smart
 Could minde from purpose fet,
 But that I had a Iasons harte
 The golden fleese to get.

You gallant youths therfore
 In time beware by mee

Ne for my part I fwere
 By all the Gods aboue,
 I neuer thought on other fere
 Or fought for other loue.

In her the like consente
 I saw ful oft appear,
 If eyes be iudge of that is mente
 Or eares haue power to heare.

Yet woordes be turnd to winde
 A new found gest hath got
 The Fort, which once, to vndermine
 And win I planted shot.

Her freend that ment her well
 Out of conceyt is quite,
 While others beares away y^e bell
 By hitting of the white.

In this our wauering age
 So light are womens mindes,
 As Aspen leafe y^t stil doth rage
 Though æole calme his windes.

No place hath due defart
 No place hath constancy
 In eueri mood there mindes back start
 As dayly wee may see.

What paps did giue them food
 That weue futch webs of wo
 What beaft is of so cruell mood
 That countes his freend for fo :

Yet women doo reward
 With cares the louing wight
 They constancy no whit regard,
 In change is their delight.

Take heed of womens subtil lore,
 Let mee example bee.

FINIS.

*The Louer, hauing sustayned ouermuch wrong at his
Ladies hande wisheth speedy death.*

To feeble is the thread
That holdeth mee in life,
That if it bee not succoured
Short end shal stint the strife.

For though the spindle ronne
To draw the thread on length,
Alas therby what hold is wonne
If it be weake of strength

Or how can it haue ayde
Since rigor is so rife,
In her whose handes to cut the thread
Gaue cruelly the knife.

Whose edge of Enuy hard
In Venus forge hath wrought,
Wherby his deth is thus preferd
Whose life offended nought.

But fithe thy cheefe delite
My cheefe delightfull fo,
Is with such wrong to work the spite
With speed come end this wo.

And when my death hath done
My duty at her will,

A greater greefe be not begonne
To last thereafter still.

For after death, if strife
Should still my life pursue,
What then doth death but breed a life
Of mone & mischeefe new?

Wherefore if needes thou wilt
Thy spindle spin no more,
But yt this thred with spoyle bee spilt
Which led my life before.

Prouide then for the nonce
Prouide for mee the best,
That I may dye at once
From all thy mindes vnrest.

And let not presente death
Prefer an after paine,
But let the paines pas with my breath
And not reuiue againe.

For thus by this you shall
Two thinges at once fulfill,
I shalbe free that haue bin thrall:
And you shall haue your will.

FINIS.

*The Louer exhorteth his Lady to bee constant. To the
Tune of Attend thee go play thee.*

Not light of loue lady,
Though fancy doo prick thee,

Let constancy possesse thy hart :
Well worthy of blamyng :
They bee, and defaming,
From plighted troth which backe do start :
Deare dame :
Then ficklenesse bannish,
And folly extinguish,
Bee skilfull in guiding,
And stay thee from slidinge
And stay thee. &c.

The constant are prayfed
Their fame high is rayfed
Their worthynesse doth pearce the skye,
The fickle are blamed :
Their lightiloue shamed,
Theyr foolishnesse doth make them dye :
As well,
Can Cressid beare witness,
Forge of her owne distresse,
Whom Leprosy painted
And penury taynted :
And penury. &c.

Still Muses are busie
To tell vs of Thisbe
Whom stedfastnesse doth much commend
And Camma is placed
To blame the defaced
That light of loue doo fende.
Phedra,

I checked most duly
Because that vntruly
Forst therto by loue light
 Shee flayeth Hippolite.
 Shee flayeth. &c.

A spring of annoyance,
And well of disturbance,
New fanglenesse in loue hath bin :
It killeth the Master,
It poysons the taster,
No worldly wight by it doth win.
 Therefore,
Good lady bee constant,
So shall you not bee fhent,
But woorthely prayed,
 As you haue deserued,
 As you haue, &c.

FINIS.

*The Louer wounded with his Ladies beauty craueth mercy.
To the Tune of where is the life that late I led.*

If pittie once may mooue thy hart,
 To rew a wofull wight ?
If curtesy can force thy minde,
 To vew my doulfull plight ?
Sith I cannot deuise
 To quench this raging fier,
With trickling teares I craue of thee
 Attend to my desier :

Whom Venus fethered boy
Hath crasde with deadly dart,
Sent from the rayes of those thy eyes
Which bread my wo and smart.

In viewing thee I tooke futch ioy
As wofull wight in rest
Vntill the blinded boy I felte
Affault my captiue brest.
And since that time alas
Such pinching payne I taste
That I am now remedileffe
If mercy make not haste.
For hid in deepe dispayre
My teares are all my ioy,
I burne, I freefe, I sinke, I swim
My wealth is mine annoy.

Like as the tender turtle Doue
Doth wayle the losse of mate,
In mourning weed, so spend I tyme
Lamentinge mine estate.
The night renewes my cares
When weary limmes would rest,
And dreadfull dreames abandon sleepe
Which had my greefes represt.
I drench my couch with teares
Which flow from gushing eyes,
A thousand heapes of hidden thoughtes
In minde I doo deuise.

Full often times it dooth mee good
To haunt and vew the place,
Where I receiued my wound, alas
By vewing of thy face.
Full oft it ioyes my hart
To kisse that clot of clay
From whence thou shot those louing lookes
Which bred my whole decay.
O bleffed place I cry
Though woorker of my payne,
Render I craue most hartely
To mee my loue agayne.

Not wofull Monfier dom Dieg
Or Priams noble fonne,
Constrayned by loue did euer mone
As I for thee haue donne.
Sir Romeus annoy
But trifle seemes to mine,
Whose hap in winning of his loue
Did clue of cares vntwine.
My forrowes haue no ende
My hap no ioy can spie,
The flowing Fountayne of my teares
Beginneth to waxe drie.

Let pittie then requyte my payne
O woorker of my woe,
Let mercy milde possesse thy harte
Which art my freendly foe.
Receiue the hart which heare
I yeeld into her hand,

Which made by force a breach in Fort
 Which I could not withstande.
 Thou haft in Ballance payfd
 My life and eke my death,
 Thy loyalty contaynes my ioy
 Disdayne will stop my breath.

If constant loue may reape his hire
 And fayth may haue his due,
 Good hope I haue your gentill hart
 My griflie greefe will rue.
 And that at length I shall
 My hartes delight imbrace :
 When due defart by curtesie,
 Shall purchase mee thy grace.
 Vntill which time, my deare
 Shall still increafe my payne,
 In penfue thoughtes and heauinesse
 Because I shall remayne.

FINIS.

*A Caueat to yongmen to shun the snares of
 Cupids crafty sleightes.*

If euer wight had caufe to mone
 or wayle with bitter teares,
 His wretched life and wofull plight
 that still in languish weares.
 Then haue I caufe that late haue lodgde
 fuch loue within my hart,

With greefe, with payne, with pyning panges
my body boyles in smart.

O earth why doost not thou
my wofull plight sustayne?
O furing Seas with swallowing gulfe
release mee of this payne.
For languishing loue with dolefull doomes
hath layd my hart in brine,
O wofull wretch, O wicked wight
that so for loue doth pine.

The Sonne that shines with golden beames
and dries the dewie flowers,
Doth cause mee wretch with blubbering eyes
to gush forth extreame showers.
The hermony of chirping birdes
that ioyes with siluer songes,
Eche lyuing wight, doth cause my cares
to fill my hart with thronges.

Eche gladfome ioy of mundaine glee
That glads the worldly minde,
Doth heape vp cares on carefull corps
agaynst all course of kinde.
And so eche thing that ought delight
and rid the minde from pause,
Contrariwise agaynst all right
a thousand cares doth cause.

For when that I in sugred sleepe,
most sweetly should take rest,

Then doo I wring my wofull handes
and beate my dolefull breft.
And if I chaunce on sleepe to fall,
a thousand dreames I haue :
And doo suppose I her embrace,
whose want will cause my graue.

And then with gladfome hart I ioy
thus cleane depriued of wo :
But (oh alas) when that I wake,
I finde it nothing so.
And then my fighes from fobbing harte
doth reauue my breft in twayne,
And teares that run from blubbered eyes
doth more encrease my payne.

And when I should sustayne my lyfe
and feeble corps with foode,
Vnfauory seemes it vnto mee :
each thing should doo mee good.

Amidst the nipping frostes I broyle,
in pearching heate I freefe
And thus agaynst all course of kinde :
for loue my life I leese.
Wo woorth the time that first I lodgde
thy spoyling loue in harte,
You yonge men al bee warnd by mee
and shun blinde Cupids Darte.

FINIS.

The aged Louers noate, at length to learne to dye.

Why askest thou the cause
Wherefore I am so fad
Thou knowst when age on draws
No creature can bee glad.

Like as the harte of Oke
By time doth rot at last,
Like time doth age prouoke
With time my hart doth braft.

And since thee hath mee rested
And threatned mee to die :
Therefore I am sequestred
All mirth for to denie.

Lo thus by course of time
My youth is gone and past,
And now the turne is mine
Of bitter death to taste.

And now with feeble age
The rest of all my dayes,
My countenance must be full sage :
Since that my life decayes.

And noate that I haue sayd
The cause wherof and why
My youthfull partes be playde
And I must learne to die.

FINIS.

*The desperate Louer exclaymeth his Ladyes cruelty
and threatneth to kill himselfe.*

My ioyful dayes bee past,
My plesant yeres be gone,
My life it may not last
My graue and I am one.

I see that thee doth see
And yet thee wilt be blinde,
I see in healing mee
Shee seeketh and will not finde.

My mirth, and all is fled
And I a man in woo,
Desireth to be dead
My mischeefe to forgoe.

I see how thee doth wrye
When I begin to mone,
I see when I come nye
How fayne thee would be gone.

I burne and am a colde
I freeze in midst of fire,
I see thee doth with hold
That most I doo desire.

I see thee knoweth my harte
And how I doo complayne,
I see thee knoweth my smarte
Shee seeth I doo not fayne.

I fee my helpe at hand
 I fee my death also,
 I fee where thee doth stand
 I fee my cruell fo.

I cannot liue by stoncs
 It is to hard a food,
 I would be dead at once
 To doo my Lady good.

I fee, what would you more ?
 Shee would mee gladly kill,
 And thee shall see therfore
 That thee shall haue her will.

Shee shall haue her request
 And I will haue mine ende,
 Lo heere my blouddy breft
 To please her most vnkind.

FINIS.

*The Louer beeing blinded with the faythlesse loue of his
 Lady is contented to remit her fault vpon
 promis of amendment.*

Since that thou diddest mee loue
 When lust did thee prouoke,
 And that thou doost well proue :
 That I cannot reuoke,
 My freendship fast, my loue nor my good will,
 Shew some releefe, least in dispayre I spill.

How well I was content
 Alwayes to follow thee ?
 How well I did assent,
 Thy thrall aye for to bee
 Thy selfe can iudge to whom I doo appeale
 By sentence lo, to yeeld mee wo or weale.

But if thou mee forfake,
 As Cressid that forgot,
 True Troylus her make,

And that thy hart is whot
On him whom fhame did force thee once his fayth to flie,
I fee no hope but y^t hee muft yeeld forth himfelf to die.

And though thou thinke that I,
Am loth thee too forgoe,
Yet fhall I rather die
Then liue and please my foe :
But hindre him in loue, all others doth refrayne,
Whofe treafō once did mee purchace thy due difdain.

FINIS.

*A worthy comparifon of Vertue agaynft all
worldly pompe.*

When that I way with wit, and eke confider now,
The tickle ftay of her, that Fortunes wheele doth bow
And turne euen at her will, fuch luck, loe, as fhee lift,
No thread fo furely fponne, but that fhee may vntwift.
I can but aye lament, and wayle the lacke of them,
That in her holde doo truft, weighing they are but men
For if I were a Lorde, and come of high degree,
And had all thing at will, as beft contented mee :
My Prince therwith well pleased, that nothing might offend,
And all my deedes fo done, that eche man might commend.
My parent of great ftate, and eke of worthy fame,
That worldly men did wifh, the honor of his name :
My friends and mine allyes fo worthy in eche preffe,
That I neede beare no wrong, that I could not redrefse.
Of courage and of ftrength, fo doughty of my hand,

That Ladyes might mee loue, that dwell in forrayn land.
 And enemyes might mee dread, for feare of ouerthrow,
 And that all this were true, eche worldly wight did know.
 Yet were I but a man, and mortall in this earth,
 For death doth not accept, the worship of my byrth :
 Since so I holde it best, that eche man should contend,
 So to directe himselfe, that after this liues ende,
 Yet vertue might remayne, that foundes a Trompet, loe,
 A comfort to a freend, a wound vnto a foe.

*As some to simple turne from sage,
 And ouerthrow with euery winde,
 Some eke correct with rigorous rage
 Whom wealth could neuer foord good minde,
 Hath wonne in prison such a feelde,
 As liberty could neuer yeelde.*

FINIS. Virtute nulla possessio maior.

Of a happy wished time.

Eche thing must haue a time, and tyme doth try mens
 troth,
 And troth deserues a special trust, on trust great frenship
 groth :
 And freendship is full fast, where faythfulnesse is found
 And faythfull thinges be ful of fruiete, and fruitful things
 be found.
 The found is good in prooffe, and prooffe is Prince of prayse,
 And woorthy prayse is such a pearle, as lightly not decayes.
 All this doth time bring forth, which time I must abide,

How should I boldely credit craue? til time my truth
haue tried.

And as a time I found, to fall in Fancies frame,
So doo I wish an happy time, at large to shew the fame.
If Fortune aunswer hope, and hope may haue her hire,
Then shall my hart possesse in peace, the time that I desire.

FINIS.

*The Louer perswadeth him selfe to pacience agaynst
Enuie and slanderous tongues.*

If only fight suffise, my hart to loose or binde
What cause haue I to mooue debate, wherby no peace I
finde?

If that my restlesse will, by payne doth still renue,
What force haue I? but shue consent, my fo for to subdue?
To yeeld and suffer then, I thinke it for the best,
And by desert as time shall serue, to purchase quiet rest.
Let ielous enuy lowre with browes, and visage bent,
I know the worst, no shameles tongue, shall alter myne
intent.

The Dice of Loue are throwen, god speede the doubtfull
chaunce

Misdeeme who lyst, so shue at last, my seruice will aduaunce.
To aske and to obtayne, that Fortune were so swifte,
Sith trauaill is the ready way, vnto eche noble gyfte.
And feeble is the ioy, that lightly is begonne,
As tender Flaxe can beare no streffe, before that it bee
sponne.

Wherfore with sad aduice, in hope my harte shall dwell,

And all the tale that I confesse, in filence will I tell
 Vnto her selfe alone, whose fauour I require,
 None els shall know her name for mee, to constre my desire.

FINIS.

*The Louer greeuously complayneth agaynst the vniust
 dealing of his Lady beloued.*

Since thou vniust, haft caught a lust,
 To plough in barrayne ground:
 Who long thee loue, hee shall thee proue,
 Mutch better lost then found.

A brickle clay, in Winters day,
 That in the frost is wrought,
 So doo I finde, thy double minde,
 Mutch better folde then bought.

It is as eefe, a broken Syue
 Should holde the dropping rayne:
 As for to binde, thy chaunged minde,
 That nought can doo but fayne.

So may I fay, both night and day,
 Cursing the time and place:
 Where I profest, to loue thee best,
 Whose troth I finde so fceace.

Whose lyinge wordes, and faigned bourdes,
 Did mee so far enchainne:

When thou didst flyt, by chaunged wit,
That I could not refrayne.

But of my hart, to ease the smart,
The best redresse I know :
Is to vntwinde, my constant minde,
And let futch fanfies goe.

For thoughe I serue, vntill I sterue,
I fee none other boote
Such doubleness, thy hart doth presse,
And croppes it by the roote.

Yet will I pray, euen as I may,
That Cupid will requite,
Thy froward harte, with such a smart,
As I haue by thy spite.

For to bee fed, with wake a bed,
And fast at boorde among :
Till thou confesse, ah pittilesse,
That thou hast doone mee wrong.

On bush and brier, may it appeare,
Wherby most men doo pas,
Thy faygned fayth, how nere my death,
It hath me brought alas.

That they vncaught, may once bee taught,
By reason to refrayne :
Their crafty wiles, and subtill smiles :
That so in loue can fayne.

A due vniust, fith that I must,
Of force declarè thee fo,
The fault is thine, the payne is mine :
And thus I let thee go.

FINIS.

*The Louer in great distresse comforteth himselfe
with hope.*

O heauy hart whose harmes be hid,
Thy healpe is hurte, thy hap is hard,
If thou shouldest braft, as God forbid,
Then should I dye without reward.
Hope well to haue, hate not sweet thought,
Ofte cruell stormes faire calmes haue brought :
After sharp showres, the sunne shyneth faire,
Hope commeth likewise after dispayre.

In hope a Kinge doth go to warre,
In hope the Louer lyues full longe,
In hope the Marchaunt fayles full farre,
In hope most men doo suffer wronge :
In hope the Ploughman soweth much seede,
Thus hope helps thousands in their neede.
Then faynt not hart amonge the rest,
What euer chaunce hope thou the best.

Though wit biddes will to blowe retrayte,
Wyll canot worke as wit would wish
When that the Roche doth taste the bayte :
To late to warne the hungry fishe.

When Cities bren of firy flame,
Great Ryuers scarce will quenche the same:
If Will and Fantasie bee agreed
To late for Wyt to bid take heede.

FINIS.

In the commendacion of faythfull loue.

The faithful cannot flye, nor wander to nor fro,
Fayth only they holde them bye, though that the fickle go.
A Piller of more force, then Marble layd with hand,
With Pickaxe may deuorce, and lay it flat on land.
Th' other so deuine, that no arte can remoue,
Once layd cannot decline, th' only Piller loue.

FINIS.

*The Louer wisheth himselfe an Harte in the Foreste,
(as Aëteon was) for his Ladyes sake.*

I would I were Aëteon, whom Diana did disguise,
To walke the woods vnknown, wheras my lady lies :
A hart of pleasant hew, I wish that I were so,
So that my Lady knew, alone mee, and no mo.

To follow thicke and plaine, by hill and dale alow,
To drinke the water fayne, and feede mee with the floe :
I would not feare the frost, to lye vpon the ground,
Delight should quite the cost, what payne so that I found.

The fhaling nuts and maft, that falleth from the tree,
Should ferue for my repaft, might I my lady fee :
Sometime that I might fay, when I faw her alone,
Beholde thy flaue alone, that walkes thefe woods unknowen.

FINIS.

*An Epytaph vpon the death of Arthur Fletcher
of Bangor Gent.*

Ye grifly ghoftes which walke below in black Cociftus
Lakes,
Mids Ditis dennes, Erebus Dames, with heare of vgly Snakes
Medufa with thy monftrous mates, affift mee now a while,
In dyre wamenting verfe to shew, and drierie dolefull ftile.
The fayre vntimely fatall ende of Fletcher, now by death,
Vnto the Ayre his foule with Ioue, refigne his lateft breath :
Whofe life full due wee muft commend, as it deferues
the fame,
And conuerfation to eche one, did feldome meryt blame.
A faythfull freend to eche hee was, to none an oppen foe,
Vnto his Prince a fubieft true, till fates had lodgd him loe.
His aetes did tend to no mans harmes, no Parasite to prayfe,
For greedy gayne but ftill the troth, mayntaynd at all
affayes.
His time he fpent in Vertues lore, as feemd his ftate full wel,
By ferious ftudy what hee could, hee fought for to excel.
But what of all this fame? the fates no wight in time wyll
fpere,
Whē gaftly death hath pearft in earth, thē muft our bodies
weare

In age aswell in youthes, in youthes aswell in age
No certayne time wee haue to bide, when death with vs
will wage.

No thing can still abide, but comes to nought in ende,
The craggy Rocks the sturdiest okes: starke rotten once
is rend.

And so hath Fletcher, now to death payd his due,
What hee is now wee must bee all, his Funerall then vew.

FINIS.

*A Lady writeth vnto her Louer wherein shee most earnestly
chargeth him with Ingratitude.*

O wretched wight whom hensfoorth may I trust
All men both false and fell I will them painte,
If thou (vnkinde) bee cruell and vniust
Whom I alwayes so faythfull held and quaint :
What cruelty? what trustles treasons iust?
Was euer hard by tragicall complaint?
But lesse then this, my merit if I may,
And thy defart in equall ballance lay.

Wherefore (vnkinde) since that on liue?
A worthier wight of prowes ne beauty,
Ne that by much to thee that doth ariue,
In cumly porte ne generositie.
Why doost thou not tweene these thy vertues striue,
It may be sayd thou hast ferbillitie:
Then say that who of fayth is holden stable:
There may to him none els bee comparable.

For write ye not that vertues haue no grace
Wheras this trust and stablenesse doth want,
As other things, though much of cumly face :
Cannot be seene, where gladfome light is skant.
A mayd to false for thee, an easie case,
Whose Idol, Lord & God thou werst most puissant
Whom with thy wordes it easily had bin donne,
To make beleue both colde and darke the sonne.

Cruell, what offence hast thou for to bewayle,
The killing of thy loue if thou not repent ?
If yee accompt so light of fayth to fayle :
What other finne can make thy harte lament ?
How treate you foes, if mee ye doo affayle ?
That loues thee so, with such cruell torment :
The heauens iustles, I will say to bee,
In case they show the iust reuenge of mee.

If of offences all, that monstrous vice
Ingratitude, do most a man offend,
And if for that, an Angell of great price,
Was forced to Hell, from heauen to diffend :
If great offence, great chastisement entice
When to reforme, the hart doth not him bend,
Take heed sharpe skourge that God on thee not send
Thou are to mee vnkinde, and doost not mend.

If these also, besides some other spot
I haue (vnkinde) wherof thee to accuse,
That thou my hart with holdst, I meane it not,
I speake of thee that madest thee myne by lot,

And robbest mee since, against reasō which I must
Restore (vnkinde) for well thou wottest it playne
They shalbe damned that others goods retaine.

Vnkinde, thou hast forsaken mee, but I will
Not will thee willingly for none assayes
Yet this hard hap, and trouble for to flie,
I can and will, ende these my wofull dayes :
In onely way, in thy disgrace to dye,
For if the Gods had graunted by their payes
My death, geuen then, when I stoode in thy grace,
No wight had dyed in halfe so happy a case.

FINIS.

*The Louer vnto his Lady beloued, of her
disdaynfulnesse toward him.*

For beauties sake though loue doth dread thy might,
Aud Venus thinks, by fute to proue thy dame :
Though Pallas striues, by hope of equall right,
For Wisdoms watch, as daughter thee to claime.
Though Mercury would entitled be thy Syre,
For thy sweet talke, so sweetly blazed forth :
Though all the Gods, do burne in like desire,
Thy graces rare, in heauen so much worth :
Yet lo, thy prooffe I know, the trusty waight,
Of Tygars milke, thou fostred wert from molde,
And Cipres Well with dainfull chaung of freight,
Gauē thee to drinke infected poyson colde.
But yet beware, least loue renew in thee,

The dreadfull flame Narciffus whylom felt,
With eger moode, and fight to feede thine eye.
Of thine owne, from others flame to swell :
For loue doth loue with hot reuenge to wreake,
The ruthles Iron hart, that will not breake.

FINIS.

*The Louer in the prayse of his beloued and
comparifon of her beauty.*

Not shee for whom prowde Troy did fall and burne,
The Greekes eke flaine, that bluddy race did runne :
Nor shee for spight that did Acteon turne,
Into an Hart her beauty coye did fhunne :
Nor shee whose blud vpon Achilles Tombe,
Whose face would tame a Tygars harte :
Nor shee that wan by wife of Paris dome,
Th' apple of Golde for Beauty to her parte :
Nor shee whose eyes did pearce true Troylus brest,
And made him yeeld, that knew in loue no law,
Might bee compared to the fayrest and the best,
Whom Nature made to keepe the rest in awe :
For Beauties fake, sent downe from Ioue aboue,
Thrise happy is hee, that can attayne his loue.

FINIS.

*In the prayse of a beautifull and vertuous Virgin,
whose name begins with M.*

Beholde you Dames y^t raigne in fames, whose lookes mens
harts do leade

And triumph in the spoyle of those, vpō whose brefts you
trede.

A myrror make of M, whose molde, Dame Nature in
disdayne,

To please her self, & spight her foes, in beauty rayfd to
raigne :

Whose funny beames & starry eyes, presents a heauenlyke
face,

And shewes the world a wonderous worke, futch are her
giftes of grace

In forhed, feature beareth, brunt in face doth fauor guyde,
In lookes is life, in shape is shame, in cheekes doth coulour
hyde :

In boddy seemelynesse doth shew, in wordes doth wif-
dome shade,

All partes of her doth prayse deserue, in temperance is
her trade.

In humble porte is honor plaste, in face is maydens fmyles,
Her life is grafted with Golden giftes, her deedes deuoyd
of gyles.

And as the Star to Marriners, is guyde vnto the Port,
So is this M, a heauenly ioy, to Louers that resort :

Who run and rome with inward wounds, & folded armes
acroffe,

And hide their harms with clokes of care, & feed their
hope w^t losse

Her lookes doth lift aboue the fkyes, her frowns to Hel
 doth throw
 All fues to her, she seekes on none, that daily prooffe doth
 show:
 Wherfore her faying late fet forth, shee burnt and could
 not flee,
 Though ment in prayfe, yet far amis, I take it written bee.
 Shee is none fuch as if shee would, that any would difdayne:
 But for the fmarres of others greefes, of pittie shee did
 playne,
 As one moft lothe of any lyfe, for loue of her bee lofte,
 Or that with blud or cruell deedes, men write her beauties
 bofte:
 For mercy is in M, her brest, and modeft is her life,
 A courtuous mayd, and like to prooue, a constant worthy
 wife.

FINIS.

*The Louer deceyued by his Ladyes vnconflancy,
 writeth vnto her as foloweth.*

The heat is past that did mee fret,
 The fier is out that nature wrought
 The plantes of youth that I did fet,
 Are dry and dead within my thought
 The Frost hath flayne the kindly fap,
 That kept the hart in liuely state:
 The sodayne storme and thunder clap:
 Hath turned loue, to mortall hate.

The myft is gon that bleard mine eyes,
The lowring cloudes I fee appeare,
Though that the blinde eate many flyes,
I would you knew, my fight is cleare :
Your sweete deceyuing flatteryng face
Did make mee thinke that you were white :
I mufe how you had fuch a grace :
To feeme a Hauke, and bee a kyte.

Where precious ware is to be folde,
They fhall it haue, that giueth moft :
All things wee fee, are woon with Golde,
Few things is had, where is no coft.
And fo it fareth now by mee,
Because I preace to giue no gyftes :
Shee takes my fute vnthankfully,
And driues mee of with many dryftes.

Is this th' end of all my fute,
For my good will, to haue a fkorne ?
Is this of all my paynes the frute,
To haue the chaffe in fteade of corne ?
Let them that lyft, poffeffe fuch droffe,
For I deferue a better gayne :
Yet had I rather leaue with loffe,
Then ferue and fue, and all in vayne.

FINIS.

A true description of Loue.

Aske what loue is ? it is a paffion,
Begun with reft, and pamperd vp in play :

Planted on fight, and nourished day by day,
 With talke at large, for hope to graze vpon,
 It is a fhort ioy, long fought, and foone gon :
 An endles maze, wherein our willes doo ftray :
 A gylefull gaine, repentance is the pay.
 A great fier bred of fmall occafion,
 A plague to make, our fraylty to vs known,
 Where wee therby, are fubiecte to their lay :
 Whose fraylty ought, to leaue vntill our ftay,
 In cafe ourfelues, this cuftome had not known.
 Of hope and health, fuch creatures for to pray,
 Whose glory refteth cheefly on denaye.

FINIS.

*The Louer to his beloued, by the name of
 fayre, and false.*

O Cruell hart with falfehood infecte, of force I muft
 complayne,
 Whose poyfon hid, I may detect, as caufe doth mee
 conftreyn :
 Thy name I fhryne within my brest, thy deedes though I
 doo tell,
 No minde of malice I proteft, thy felfe doth know it well.
 If thy deferts then bids mee write, I cannot well reuoke it,
 I fhall not spare to fhew thy fpite, I will no longer cloake it :
 As Troylus truth fhall bee my sheeld, to kepe my pen
 from blame,
 So Creffids crafte fhall kepe the feeld, for to refound thy
 shame.

Vliffes wife shall mate the fore, whose wishly troth doth
shine,

Well Fayre and False, I can no more, thou art of Helens
lyne :

And daughter to Diana eke, with pale and deadly cheare,
Whose often chaunge I may well like, two moonthes within
the yeare.

FINIS.

*The Louer describeth his paynfull plight, and requireth
speedy redresse, or present death.*

The flaue of seruile fort, that borne is bond by kinde,
Doth not remayne in hope, w^t such vnquiet minde :
Ne tossed crafid Ship, with yrkfome furling seas,
So greedily the quiet Port, doth thirst to ride at ease.
As I thy short returne, with wishing vowes require,
In hope that of my hatefull harmes, the date will then
expire :

But time with stealing steps, and driery dayes doth driue,
And thou remaynst then bound to come, if that thou bee
aliue.

O cruell Tygars whelpe, who had thy hand in holde ?
When, y^t with flattering pen thou wrotst, thy help at hand
behold ?

Beleeue it to bee true, I come without delay,
A foole and filly simple soule, yet doost thou still betray :
Whose mooueles loue and trust, doth reason far surmount,
Whom Cupids trumpe, to fatall death hath sommond to
accompt

My fayth and former life: fed with fuch frendly fier,
Haue not of thee by iuft reward, deferued fuch falts hyer.
I promeffe thee not mine, but thy cafe I bewayle,
What infamy may greater bee, then of thy fayth to fayle?
How ofte with humble fute? haue I befought the fonne,
That he would fpur his Courfers fearce, their race more
fwifte to ronne?

To th'end with quicker fpeed, might come the promifed day,
The day which I with louing lookes, and weary will did
pray.

But thou art fure difposde to glory in my death,
Wherfore to feede thy fancy fond, loe, here I ende my
breath.

I can not fighe nor fob, away by playnt I pine:
I fee my fatall fainting file, ye Sifters doo vntwine,
The Feriman I finde, preft at the Riuer fide:
To take mee in his reftles Boate, therin with him to ride.
And yet although I fterue, through thy difpitous fault:
Yet craue I not in my reuenge, that harme fhould thee
affault,

But rather that thy fame, eternally may fhine:
And that eche to thine auayle, abundantly encline.
That eche thine enterprife, hath luckye lot and chaunce,
And ftable fortune, thine eftate, from day to day aduaunce,
That Sun, that Moone, that ftarres and eke the plannets all,
The fier, the water, and the earth, may freendly to thee fal.
That many quiet yeres, thou number may with reft:
Voyd of all annoyes and greeues, as may content thee beft,
And if that foraine loue, torment and vexe thy harte:
God yeeld thy weary wanting wifh, and fwagement of thy
fmart.

With froward flearing face, at mee if Fortune frowne,
Thou doost reioyce and I not so, but ioy thy good renowne:
And if I thee offend, for that I doo thee loue,
Forgiue it mee: for force it is, I can it not remoue.
For I in secret fort, these lines to thee did I write,
My weakned wearied hand hensforth, shall cease for to
 endyte:

That letters to receiue from mee, thou neede not muse:
The messenger that next of all, of mee shal bring the newes.
Dissolued from the corps, shalbe my dolefull spright:
That first (vnheatd) shal passe to thee, when he hath
 vewd thy fight,

Contented hee shal go, vnto the heauens aboue,
In case that ioyed rested place, may gayne it any loue.
And now for that my death, thy name may spot and stayne:
If that the flying fame therof, to others eares attayne,
I will not it were red, or knowen by other wayes:
That thou art only cause, I thus in ruthe doo ende my dayes.
Wherefore this Letter red, condemne it to the flame:
And if thou doo thy honnor forse, I know thou wilt the
 fame,

And if in lingring time, vnwares they chaunce to come:
Wherin the entrayles of the earth, shall hap to bee my
 tombe.

At least yet graunt mee this, it is a small request:
O happy wythered pyned corps, God send thy foule good
 rest.

FINIS.

*The Lady beloued, assureth her Louer to bee his owne,
and not to change, while life doth last.*

Deare hart as earst I was, so will I ftill remayne,
Till I am dead, and more if more may bee :
Howfoeuer loue do yeeld mee ioy or payne,
Or Fortune lyft to smyle or frowne on mee
No chaunging chaunce my fast fayth may constrayne,
No more then Waues, or beating of the Sea
May stir the stedfast rocke, that will not ply,
For fayre nor fowle one inche, no more will I.
A file or knife of lead, shall sooner carue
The Diamant vnto what forme you will :
Ere Fortunes dynte, compell mee for to swarue,
Or the ire of Loue, to breake my constant will.
Yee sooner shall, the law of nature starue,
When Ryuers take their course agaynst the hill,
Ere sodayne hap, for better or for worse,
Disturne my thoughts, to take a better course.

With hartes consent, my loue you doo possesse,
A surer holde may chaunce, then many weene :
The fayth by othe, that subiectes doo confesse,
To their new prince, is seldome stronger seene :
No fyrmer state than that, which loue doth sure expresse,
Of Kinge ne Keyser hitherto hath been :
So that you neede not fortifie your hould,
With Towre or Ditch, least others win it should.

For though you set, no Souldiers for defence
For all assaults, this one may yet suffice :
It is not goods can alter my pretence,
No gentle hart, yeeldes to so vile a prise.
Though crowne and septier, few would dispise,
Not beauty meete, to moue a wauering minde,
Yet more then yours, I wot not where to finde.

And feare you not, what forme my hart once tooke,
Least any new print, shall the same deface :
So deepe therin, ingraued is your looke,
As neuer may bee wyped from that place :
My hart like Waxe, so lightly did not brooke,
More then one stroke, ere Cupid brought to passe
One splint of skale, therof to take away,
The best referued, your Image to pourtray.

That like as what stone, it selfe best defendeth,
And hardiest is with toole to bee graue :
Doth sooner breake in peeces, then it bendeth,
To looze the stampe, afore my hand it gaue :
Euen so the nature, of my hart contendeth,
As hard is this, as any stone you haue :
Though forse do breake it, vnto peeces small,
Those peeces somewhat, you resemble shall.

FINIS.

*In the prayse of the rare beauty, and manifold vertues
of Mistres D. as followeth.*

If Chawcer yet did liue, whose English tongue did passe,
Who sucked dry Pernassus spring, and raste the Juice
there was :

If Surrey had not scalde, the height of Ioue his Throne,
Vnto whose head a pillow softe, became Mount Helycon :
They with their Muses, could, not haue pronounst the fame,
Of D. faire Dame, lo, a flaming stock, the cheefe of natures
frame.

They would but haue eclipsed, her beauties golden blast,
Nor Ouid yet of Poets Prince, whose wits all others past.
Olde Nestor with his tongue, and flowing dew so sweete,
Would rather haue berefte her right, then pend her praifes
meete.

In Helens heauenly face, whose grace the Greekes bought
deare,
For whose defence prowd Troy did fal, such forme did not
appeare.

In Hectors sifter loe : who Pirhus Father rapte,
Did not abounde futch beauty bright, as now to D, hath
hapt :

For D, doth passe as far, Dame Venus with her prise,
As Venus did the other two, by doome of Paris wife.
If shee had present been, within the walles of Ide,
They would not had such discord then, nor Paris iudgd
that side.

In minde all voyd of doubt, they straight agreed would,
That D, should of good right, the Aple haue of Golde.
Whom as I must beleeeue, that nature did create,
To rob the hartes of noble Kings, and courage stout to mate :
Her forehead seemely spaste, wherein doo shine her eyes,
No whit vnlike to starres by night, or beame when Phebus
ryse.

Her haire that shines like golde, her shoulders couer whight,
To which no snow on Mountayne highe, may be compared
right :

Her mouth well compast small, in smylings vtters forth
A treasure riche of Orient Pearle, therto no Golde more
worth,

I feare much Promethius fall, dare no further wade,
Whom loue embraced with the shape, that hee so finely
made :

Yet this I dare presume, one thought of her may draw,
A harte of Iron, and it subdue, vnto blinde Cupids law.

I forrow to recite, the bitter teares that flow :

Within the eyes of other Dames, that beauty know.

I weepe to wayle in minde, the burning flights that flame :

In troubled hartes of Natures case in spreading of her fame,

They all doo curse themselues, of Nature makes complaynt,

That shee on them had smal regard, that did her thus
depaynt.

Of her doth nobles spring, and futors sue for grace

And Fountaines eke of sugred speech, where voice can take
no place,

Here Pallas should haue lost her prayse, for wisdom great,

Who gendred was of Ioue his braines, wher wisdom toke
his feat.

Here wife Vliffes wyfe, whose chastnesse brued her fame :

Should matched bee, ye mated eke, in ventring of the fame.

Prowde Tarquin with his force, which Lucreffe did defile :

Could not have spoyled faire D. so, with neither found
nor gyle.

This Dame I thinke bee such, that heauen can vndermine,

And lifte the earth vnto the skyes, eche stone a star
to shine.

If passed time (alas) might now returne agayne,

And all the wittes that euer was, would herein take the
payne :

They could not at the ful, no due giftes expresse,
 A wight vnfit to bee in earth, in heauen no such goddesse.
 Whose name shall flourish still, though Atropos with spight :
 In running from her deuellish Den, bereaue vs of this light,
 Though Thesiphon do cut, her time of life away :
 Her cankred Swoord cannot assaile, her fame for to decay.
 For wee in these our dayes, our selues may better quight :
 To geue to her the cheefest prayse, then Paris which did
 right.

Lesse hatred cannot want, though power for to reuenge :
 Our stately house as they did Troy, their force doth fayle
 to fenge.

Their might if it were like, these verses wee should rew,
 With no lesse payne then Ouid did, whose greefe by Muses
 grew.

FINIS.

Pretty parables, and Prouerbes of Loue.

I spake when I ment not, in speeding to gayne,
 I fought, when I sped not, but trauaile in vayne :
 I found where I feard not, would writh w^t the wind,
 I losse where I lou'd not, nor fordid to finde.
 Nothing in which, truth is not trustie,
 But double is such, and beauty but rustie :
 I coole with the colde, I leue that I like not,
 I know not the olde, that rotteth and ripen not.
 I fauor no such, that fondly doth fauor,
 I care not to much, for such fory fauor :
 I taste or I try, in parte or in all,
 I care not a flye, the losse is but small.

I labor at leasure, I pricke without payne,
In vsing for pleasure, beates in my brayne :
I spare not in byrding, to beat well the bush,
Nor leaue not in stryking, as long as they rush.
I try ere I trust, nought wasting but winde,
Before I finde iust, they know not my minde :
I iet not with Geminie, nor tarry with Tawre
In bluttring who bleares mee? I leaue them with Lawre.
For fier who fyndeth, in burning to bight,
The wife man hee warneth, to leape from the light :
For seeing the weede, and losing from bandes,
The plowing in Sea, and fowing in Sandes.

FINIS.

Of patience.

A Soueraygne salue there is for eche disease :
The cheefe reuenge for cruell ire
Is pacience, the cheefe and present ease,
For to delay eche yll desire.

Of lawlesse lust.

An euerlasting bondage doth hee choose,
That can not tell a litle how to vse :
Hee scant ynough for shame puruayes,
That all alone to lust obayes.

Of will, and reason.

I count this conquest great,
That can by reasons skill :
Subdue affections heate,
And vanquish wanton will.

Of three things to be shunned.

Three thinges, who seekes for prayse, must flye,
To please the taste with wine
Is one : another, for to lye
Full soft on fethers fine.
The thirde and hardest for to shunne,
And cheefest to eschew,
Is lickerous lust, which once begun,
Repentance doth ensue.

Of beauty, and chastity.

Chastity a vertue rare,
Is feldome knownen to run her race :
Where cumly shape and beauty faire,
Are seene to haue a byding place.

Of wisdom.

Who seeketh the renowne to haue,
And eke the prayse of Vertues name :
Of Wisdom rare hee ought to craue,
With gladfome will to worke the fame.

Of a pure conscience.

A conscience pure withouten spot,
That knoweth it selfe to bee free :
Of flanders lothsome reketh not,
A brazen wall full well may bee.

Of frendship founde by chaunce.

The frendship found by chaunce is such,
As often chaunce is seene to chaunge :
And therefore trust it not to much,
Ne make therof a gaine to straunge :
For prooffe hath taught by hap is had,
Sometime as well the good as bad.

Of good will got by due desert.

But I suppose the same good will,
That once by good desert is got :
That fancy findes by reasons skill,
And time shall try withouten spot,
Is such as harde is to bee gayned,
And woorthy got to bee retayned.

Of flatterers and faythfull friendes.

The finest tongue can tel the smoothest tale,
The hottest fiers haue ofte the highest smoke :
The hardiest knightes the soonest will assaile,
The strongest armes can giue the sturdest stroke
The wyfest men be thought of greatest skill,
And poorest freendes be found of most goodwill.

Of a vertuous, life, age, and death.

God wot my freend our life full soon decayes,
And vertue voydes no wrinkles from the face :
Approching age by no entreatie stayes,
And death vntamed, will graunt no man grace.

FINIS.

A proper Posie for a Handkercher.

Fancy is fearce, Defire is bolde,
Will is wilfull, but Reason is colde.

*The Louer beeing ouermuch weryed with
seruile lyfe, compareth it to a Laborinth.*

With speedy winges, my fethered woes pursues,
My wretched life, made olde by weary dayes :
But as the fire of Ethna stil renues,
And breedes as much, by flame as it decayes :
My heauy cares, that once I thought would ende mee,
Prolongs my life, the more mishap to lende mee.

Oh haples will, with such vnwary eyes,
About mishap that hast thy selfe bewrethed :
Thy trust of weale, my wailfull prooffe denyes,
To wofull state wherby I am bequethed :
And into such a Laborinth betake,
As Dedalus for Minotaure did make.

With helples search, wheras it were affinde,
Without reuoke, I tread these endles Mayes :
Where more I walke, the more my selfe I winde,
Without a guyde, in Torments trying wayes :
In hope I dread, where to and fro I rome,
By death ne life, and findes no better home.

But fitte I fee, that sorrow cannot ende,
These haples howres, the lines of my mischance :
And that my hope, can nought a whit amend,
My bitter dayes, nor better hap aduance :
I shall shake of, both doubtfull hope and dreede,
And so bee pleased, as God is best agreede.

FINIS.

How to choose a faythfull freende.

Though that my yeares, full far doo stande aloofe,
From counsell sage, or Wisdomes good aduice :
What I doo know by soone repenting prooffe,
I shall you tell, and learne if you be wise.
From fined wits, that telles the smootheft tale,
Beware, their tongues doo flatter oft a wry :
A modest loke shall well set forth your sale,
Trust not to much, before somewhat you try :
So guyde your selfe in worde, and eke in deede,
As bad and good may prayse your sober name :
Affay your freend, before your greatest neede,
And to conclude, when I may doo the same,
That may you please, and best content your minde,
Affure your selfe, a faythfull freend to finde.

FINIS.

*The Louer beeing accused of suspicion of flattery, pleadeth
not gyltie, and yet is wrongfully condemned.*

To seeme for to reuenge, eche wrong in hastie wise,
By prooffe wee see of gyltleffe man, it hath not bin the
guife :

In flaunders lothsome brute, when they condemned bee,
With rageles moodes they suffer wronge, when truth shall
try them free :

These are the pacient panges, y^t pas within the breft
Of those that feele their case by mine, where wrong hath
right opprest :

I know how by suspect, I haue been iudged awry,
And graunted gyltie in the thing, that clearly I denye.
My fayth may mee defende, if I might leuid bee,
God iudge mee so, as from that gylte I know mee to bee
free :

I wrought but for my freend, the greefe was all mine owne
As if the troth were truely tryde, by prooffe it might be
knowne.

Yet are there such that fay, they can my meaning deeme,
Without respect to this olde troth : things proue not as
they seeme :

Wherby it may befall, in iudgment to bee quicke,
To make them be suspecte therwith, that needeth not to
kicke :

Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I doo accuse as though I knew, by whom it may be wrought:
If any such there bee, that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme mee better nexte.

FINIS.

*The Louer describeth the daungerous
state of Ambition.*

Beholde these high and mighty men,
Their chaunging state and tell mee then :

Where they or wee, best dayes doo fee,
Though wee feeme not and they to bee
In wealth.

Their pleafant courfe ftraung traces hath,
On tops of trees that groundles path :
Full waueringly.

For bee it calme they tread not faft,
Blow roughe, blow foft, all helpe is paft :
Appearingly.

With vs, ye fee, it is not fo,
That clime not vp, but kepe below :
In calmes our courfe is faire and playne,
Huge hilles defendes from stormy rayne :
For why ?

The raging winde and stormy flower,
On mountaynes high it hath moft power
Naturally.

But wee that in lowe valleis lye,
Beholde may fuch as wander hye :
So flydingly :

Then what is hee that will aspire,
To heape fuch woe to please defire :
That may in wealth by ftaying ftill,
Spend well his dayes and fly from yll :
To good.

By hauing his recourfe to God
To loue his lawes to feare his rod :
Vnfaynedly.

To doo that in his worde wee finde,
To helpe the poore, the ficke, the blinde :
Accordingly.

But though gaynfayd this can not bee,
Deeme men by deedès, and yee fhall fee :
That thefe low valleies they can not bide,
But vp will clyme, though downe they flyde :

Agayne.

The poore the riche mans place doth craue,
The riche would fayne hyer places haue :

Ambicioufly.

The Squyre, the Knight, a Lorde would bee,
The Lorde, the Erle would hyer then hee :

Full dangeroufly.

When thefe attayne to their defire,
Then meaner men are fet on fire :
To haue the roomes which they in were,
So that ye fee all times fome there :

In hart.

When one is gon, another is come,
The third catching the fecondes roome :

Full speedely.

Thus clyming one to others tayle,
The bowes either breake, or footing fayle :

Full totteringly.

For when the top they haue attaynd,
And got is all they would haue gaynd :
Then downe they come wit[h] fodayne fall,
In doubtfull cafe of life and all.

And thus,

Ambition reapeth worthy hyre,
Becaufe hee would fuch fporte aspyre

Vnequally.

And there his bragge is layd full low,
That thought on hie, himself to shew.
Deferuedly.

FINIS.

*The paynfull plight of a Louer remayning in
doubtful hope of his Ladyes fauour.*

The bitter sweete, that straynes my yeelded harte,
The carelesse count which doth the same imbrace :
The doubtful hope, to reape my due dezart,
The pensiue pathe, that guides my restles race :
Are at such war, within my wounded brest,
As doth bereaue, my ioy and eke my rest.

My greedy will, which seekes the golden gayne,
My luckles lot, doth alwayes take in worth :
My matched minde, that dreads my futes in vayne,
My pittious playnt, doth helpe for to fet forth :
So that betwixt, two waues of raging Seas,
I driue my dayes, in troubles and diseafe.

My wofull eyes, doo take their cheefe delight,
To feede their fill, vpon their pleasant maze :
My hidden harmes, that grow in mee by sight,
With pyning panges, doo driue mee from the gaze :
And to my hap, I reape none other hire,
But burne my felfe, and I to blow the fire.

FINIS.

*The Louer recounteth his faythfull diligence
towardes his beloued, with the rewardes
that hee reapeth therof.*

My fancy feedes, vpon the fugged gaule,
My witleffe will, vnwillingly workes my woe :
My carefull choyse, doth choose to keepe mee thraule,
My franticke folly, fawns vpon my foe,
My luste alluers, my lickering lyppes to taste,
The bayte wherin, the subtill hooke is plasfe.

My hungry hope, doth heape my heauy hap,
My fundry futes, procure my more disdayne :
My steadfast steppes, yet flyde into the trap,
My tryed truth, entangleth mee in trayne :
I spye the snare, and will not backward go,
My reason yeeldes, and yet sayth euer, no.

In pleasant plat, I tread vpon the snake,
My flamyng thirst, I quench with venomd Wine :
In dayntie dish, I doo the poyson take,
My hunger biddes mee, rather eate then pine :
I sow, I fet, yet fruit, ne flowre I finde,
I pricke my hand, yet leaue the Rose behinde.

FINIS.

*A Letter written by a yonge gentilwoman and sent
to her husband vnawares (by a freend of hers) into Italy.*

Imagine when these blurred lines, thus scribled out of frame,
Shall come before thy careles eyes, for thee to reade the
fame :

To bee through no default of pen, or els through prowde
disdayne,
But only through furpassing greefe, which did the Author
payne
Whose quiuring hand could haue no stay, this careful bil
to write
Through flushing teares distilling fast, whilst shee did it
indite:
Which teares perhaps may haue some force, if thou no
tigre bee,
And mollifie thy stony hart, to haue remorse on mee.
Ah periurde wight reclaime thy selfe, and saue thy louing
mate,
Whom thou hast left beclogged now, in most vnhappy state:
(Ay mee poore wench) what luckles star? what frowning
god aboue,
What hellish hag? what furious fate hath changd our
former loue?
Are wee debard our wonted ioyes? shall wee no more
embrace?
Wilt thou my deare in country strang, ensue Eneas race:
Italians send my loue home, hee is no Germaine borne,
Vnles ye welcome him because hee leaues mee thus forlorne.
As earst yee did Anchises sonne, the founder of your foyle,
Who falsely fled from Carthage Queene, releuer of his toyle:
Oh send him to Bryttannia Coastes, vnto his trusty feere,
That shee may vew his cumly corps, whom shee esteemes
so deere:
Where wee may once againe renue, our late furpassed dayes,
Which then were spent with kisses sweet, & other wanton
playes:

But all in vayne (forgiue thy thrall, if shee doo iudge awrong)
Thou canst not want of dainty Trulles Italian Dames
among.

This only now I speake by gesse, but if it happen true,
Suppose that thou hast seene the sword, that mee thy
Louer flue :

Perchance through time so merrily with dallying damfels
spent,

Thou standst in doubt & wilte enquire frō whom these lines
were sent :

If so, remember first of all, if thou hast any spowse,
Remember when, to whom and why, thou erst hast plited
vowes,

Remember who esteemes thee best, and who bewayles thy
flight,

Minde her to whom for loyalty thou falshood doost requight.
Remember Heauen, forget not Hell, and way thyne owne
estate,

Reuoke to minde whom thou hast left, in shamefull blame
& hate :

Yea minde her well who did submit, into thine onely powre,
Both hart and life, and ther withall, a ritch and wealthy
dowre :

And last of all which greeues mee most, that I was so
begylde,

Remember most forgetfull man, thy pretty tatling childe :
The least of these furnamed things, I hope may well suffise,
To shew to thee the wretched Dame, that did this bill
deuise.

I speake in vayne, thou hast thy will, and now fayth
Aefons sonne,

Medea may packe vp her pypes, the golden Fleefe is wonne:
If so, be sure Medea I will, shew forth my felfe in deede,
Yet gods defend though death I taste, I should destroy thy
 feede:

Agayne, if that I should enquire, wherefore thou doost
 foiurne,

No answere fitly mayst thou make, I know to serue thy
 turne:

Thou canst not say but that I haue, observ'd my loue
 to thee,

Thou canst not say, but that I haue, of life vnchast bin free.

Thou canst not cloak (through want) thy flight, since riches
 did abound

Thou needes not shame of mee thy spouse, whose byrth not
 low is found.

As for my beauty, thou thy self, earwhile didst it commend

And to conclude I know no thing, wherein I dyd offend:

Retier with speed, I long to see, thy barke in wished bay,

The Seas are calmer to returne, then earst to fly away.

Beholde the gentill windes doo serue, so that a frendly gayle,

Would soone conuay to happy Porte, thy most desired fayle:

Return would make amends for all, and bannish former
 wronge,

Oh that I had for to entice, a Scyrens flattering songe.

But out alas, I haue no shift, or cunning to entreat,

It may suffise for absence thine, that I my grieefes repeate.

Demaund not how I did disgest, at first thy sodayne flight,

For ten dayes space I tooke no rest, by day nor yet by
 night:

But like to Baccus beldame Nonne, I sent and rangde
 apace:

To see if that I mought thee finde, in some frequented place :
Now here, now there, now vp, now down, my fancy so
was fed,
Vntill at length I knew of troth, that thou from mee
wert fled.
Then was I fully bent with blade, to stab my vexed harte,
Yet hope that thou wouldst come agayn, my purpose did
conuert :
And so ere since I liu'd in hope bemixt with dreadfull feare,
My smeared face through endles teares, vnpleasant doth
appeare :
My slepes vnfound with vgly dreams, my meats are vayn
of taste
My gorgeous rayment is dispisde, my tresses rudly plaste.
And to bee brieve: I bouldly speake, there doth remayne
no care :
But that therof in amplest wise, I doo possesse a share :
Lyke as the tender sprig doth bend, with euery blast of
winde,
Or as the guidelesse Ship on Seas, no certaine Porte may
finde.
So I now subiect vnto hope, now thrall to carefull dread,
Amids the Rocks, tween hope and feare, as fancy mooues,
am led :
Alas returne, my deare returne, returne and take thy rest,
God graunt my wordes may haue the force, to penytrat
thy brest.
What doost thou thinke in Italy, some great exployt to win ?
No, no, it is not Italy, as sometimes it hath bin :
Or doost thou loue to gad abroad, the forrain costes to vew,
If so, thou hadst not doone amisse, to bid me first a dew :

But what hath bin the cause, I neede not descant longe,
For fure I am, meane while poore wench, I only suffer
wrong.

Wel thus I leaue, yet more could say: but least thou
shouldst refuse,

Through tediousnesse to reede my lines, the rest I will
excuse:

Vntil such time as mighty Ioue doth send such luckye grace,
As wee therof in freendly wife, may reason face to face.

Till then farwell, and hee thee keepe, who only knowes my
smart

And with this bill I send to thee, a trusty Louers harte.

By mee to thee, not mine, but thine,

Since Loue doth moue the same,

Thy mate, though late, doth wright, her plight,

Thou well, canst tell, her name.

*A Letter sent from beyond the Seaes to his Louer, perswading
her to continew her loue towards him.*

To thee I write whose life and death, thy faith may faue
or spil:

Which fayth obserue, I liue in ioy, if not, your freend
you kill:

Suspecte not that I doo misdoubt, your loyalty at all:

But ponder how that louers are, vnto suspicion thrall.

Which thraldome breedeth furth thrall, if woonted fayth
doo fayle:

Agaynst the Louer thus forlorne, do thousand Cares
preuayle:

It little helpes to have begun, and there to fet a stay,
They win more fame, that fight it out: then those that
run away.

Like as the willing hound that doth, pursue the Deare
in Chace:

Wil not omit vnto the ende, his paynfull weary race:
So loue (if loue it bee indeed) will stedfast still remayne:
What so betide, good hap or yll, and not reuoult agayne.
Such fayth of you, sweet hart I aske, such fayth: why
said I so?

What neede I to demaund the thing, I haue had long ago:
Your fayth you gaue, the case is playn, you may not seeme
to start:

And I in earnest of the match did leaue with you my hart.
But now perhaps you may alleage, long distance may
procure,

A cause wherby our former loue, no longer may endure:
If so you Judge so far amisse, although that fayle and winde,
Conuay my corps to cuntry strange, my hart remaynes
behinde.

Examples many could I shew, but needles is that payne,
Mine owne example shall suffise, when I returne agayne:
Meane while although to swim I want, Leanders cunning art,
In all things els (except thesame) Ile play Leanders part
In hope that thou wilt shew thy selfe, to mee an Hero true,
And so although loth to depart, I say sweete hart adue.

*A Ringe I sende, wherein is pende, a Posie (if you reede)
Wherby you may, perceauie alway, of what I most haue neede.
By mee your frende, vnto the ende, if you therto agree,
Although not so, your louing foe, I still perforce must bee.*

FINIS.

An other louing Letter.

Because my hart is not mine owne, but resteth now
with thee,

I greet thee well of hartinesse, thy selfe mayst Caruer bee :
Muse not hereat but like hereof, first read and then excuse,
I wish to you a plyant hart, when you these lines peruse.

Hope bids me speak, fear stayes my tongue, but Cupid
makes mee boulde,

And Fancy harps of good succeffe, when that my playnt is
tould :

Thus Hope doth prick, & feare doth kicke, & fancy feeds
my brayn,

In you alone doth now consist, the salue to ease my payne.

You are my Paradice of ioy, the heauen of my delight,

And therewithall (which thing is strang) the worker of my
spight :

Which spight I seeke not to reuenge, but meekely to subdue,

Not as a foe, but as a freend, I do your loue pursue.

I yeeld my selfe into your power, and will not you relente ?

In humble wise I mercy craue, and is your mercy spent ?

No sure, as nature outwardly, hath shewde in you her skill,

I doubt not but that inwardly, the like shew doth fulfill.

So good a face, so trim a grace, as doth in you remayne :

A Cressids cruell stony harte, I know may not retayne :

Wherefore to ratefie my wordes, let deedes apparant bee :

Then may you vaunt and proue it true, you freedom gaue
to mee.

Consider of my restles care, and way blinde Cupids ire :

Then shal you finde my paynfull loue, doth claym but
earned hire.

Requite not this my curtesy, and freendship with disdaine,
 But as I loue vnfaignedly, so yeeld like loue againe.
 Allow hereof as for the rest, that doth belong to loue :
 My felfe therof will take the care, as time, in time shall
 proue,
 Meane while I wish a Thisbies hart, in you there may
 endure :
 Then doubt not, but a Pyramus, of mee you shall procure.

Yours at your will,
 To faue or spill.

FINIS.

PRETIE PAMPHLETS, BY T. PROCTOR.

Proctors Precepts.

Leaue vading plumes, no more vaunt, gallant youth,
 Thy masking weeds forsake, take collours fage :
 Shun vicious steps, consider what ensueth,
 Time lewdly spent, when on coms crooked age.
 When beauty braue shall vade, as doth the flower,
 When manly might, shall yeeld to auncient time :
 When yonge delightes shall dye, and ages bower,
 Shall lodge thy corps, bemoning idle prime.
 Learne of the Ant, for stormy blastes to get
 Prouision, least vntimely want do cum,
 And mooues thee mone such time, so lewd neglect
 From vertues lore, where worthy honors wun.
 Thinke how vncertayne here, thou liust a guesst,
 Amid such vice, thats irksome to beholde :
 Thinke whence thou camst, and where thy corps shall rest,

When breathing breath, shall leaue thy carkasse colde.
When dreadfull death, shall daunt thy hauty minde,
When fearfull flesh, shall throwd in clammy clay :
When pamperd plumes shall vade, and dreads shall finde,
Deferuings due, for erring lewd astray.
Run not to rash, least triall make thee mone,
In auncient yeres thy greene vnbridled time :
Olde Age is lothd, with folly ouer grown,
Yonge yeres dispisde, cut of in sprowting prime.
Experience learne let elder lyues thee lead,
In lyuely yeres, thy fickle steps to guide :
Least vnawares, such vncoth paths thou tread,
Which filthy be thought, pleasant to be eyde.
In calmest Seas, the deepest Whorepooles bee,
In greenest Graffe, the lurking Adder lyes :
With eger sting, the fugerest fap we see,
Smooth wordes deceiue, learne therefore to bee wise.

FINIS.

Inuidus alterius rebus macrescit opimis.

The greedy man, whose hart with hate doth swell,
Because hee fees his neyghbors good estate :
Liues vncontent, with what might serue him well,
And eftsoones seemes to blame sufficient fate :
This grudging glutton glut, with goulden gayne,
To serue his vse, although hee hath enough :
Repines at that, which others get with payne,
So that himselfe therby, hee doth abuse :
Hee thinkes that much, which passeth by his claw,

And findes a fault for it through luckles hap :
Although the matter valueth scarce a straw,
Hee deemes it small of game, that giues no sap.
Hee thinkes his store, shall serue his fencelesse corse,
Or that no death at all, hee deemes there bee :
Els would hee to his conscience have remorse,
And seeke to liue content with his degree :
For what auayles, to horde vp heapes of drosse,
Or seeke to please vnsaciate fond desire :
Considering that, tis subiect vnto losse,
And wee (therby yll got) deserues Hell fire :
From which O Lord conduct vs with thy hand,
And giue vs grace to liue vnto thy prayse :
Preferue our Queene his subiects and her land,
And graunt in peace, shee raigne here Nestors dayes.

FINIS.

The reward of Whoredome by the fall of Helen.

From Limbo Lake, where dismall feendes do lye,
Where Pluto raignes, perpend Helenas cry :
Where fry flames, where pittious howlings bee,
Where bodyes burne : from thence giue eare to mee.
I am Helena shee, for whose vilde filthy fact,
The stately Towers of Troy, the hauty Grecians facte :
High Troy, whose pompe throughout the world did found,
In Cinders low, through mee was layd on ground.
Kinge Priamus through mee, did end his life :
And Troians all almost, I was the cause of strife.
I am that Dame, whose beauty passing braue,

Dame Venus prayfde, the golden Pome to haue :
Whose feature forfte, Sir Paris boyling brest,
To leaue his land, and feeke to be my guesst.
That trull which toft, the furing Seas a maine,
From Grecian fhoare, to Troy vnto my paine.
That flurt, whose gallant fproutinge prime,
Through vilde abuse, was fcorcht ere auncient time :
I vertue fhund, I lothd a modeft mynde,
I wayd not fame, my beauty made mee blinde,
Each braue delight, my masking minde allurde,
My fancy deemed, my beauties gloze affurde :
Such worthy fame, did found of Helens hue,
Although my deedes, reapt fhame, and guerdon due,
In gorgious plumes, I maskt, puft vp with pride,
In braue delights I liu'd, my fancy was my guide :
But fie of filth, your world is all but vayne,
Your pompe confumes, your deeds fhall guerdon gaine :
See here by mee, whose beauty might haue boast,
For fplendant hue, throughout each forrain coaft.
But what preuayles, to vaunt of beauties glofe,
Or brag of pride, wheron difhonor growes :
If I had vfde my gifts in vertues lore,
And modeft liud, my prayfe had bin the more.
Where now too late, I lothe my life lewd fpend,
And wifh I had, with vertue bin content.

*FINIS.**T. P.**A Louers lyfe.*

The tedious toyle, the cares which Louers tafte,
The troubled thoughts, which moues their mindes to
feare :

The pinching pangs, the dole which seemes to waste,
Their lothsome life, deepe plunged in gulfes of care :

Would moue ech shun, such snares of vayne delight,
Which irksome be, though pleasant to the sight.

The minde full fraught, with care enioyes no ease,
A boyling brest, desires vnlawfull lust :

The hart would haue, what best the minde doth please,
And fancy craues, the thing which is vniust.

Beside eche frown, which eftsoones moues them deeme,
They abiect are, if sad their Louers seeme.

Or if occasion shun, their usuall sight,
Not seene, they thinke themselues vnmindeed bee :

And then in dumps, as mazd they leaue delight,
And yeeld to greefe, till one, eche others see :

So with that feare, their mindes are alwayes fraught,
That liue in loue, experience some hath taught.

Eche lowring frown, from mirth doth moue the minde,
One iesting worde, procures a thousand woes :

So that lyke greefe or more, through sight they finde,
Then absence sure, such cares fro fancy flowes :

Such goring gripes, such heapes of hideous harmes,
Such forowing fobs, from daunted louers swarmes.

Rosamond a spowfed Dame, her husbands death procurede,
For speaking but a word in iest :

Itrascus too, full thyrty yeares indurde,

The panges of loue, within his boyling brest :

So that in greefe they harbor, still their mindes are cloyd
with care,

They diue in dole, they plunge in payne, & liue in cruell
feare.

And diuers moe, as Axeres whose beauty passing faire,

So Iphis hart, and boyling brest allurde :
That for her fake, hee liude in extreame care,
And cruell greefe, while breathing breath indurde :
But at the length, disdayne vpon a tree,
Hee honge himfelfe, where shee his corps might fee.

FINIS.

*A Louer approuing his Lady vnkinde,
Is forsed vnwilling to vtter his minde.*

Willow, willow, willow, finge all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

My loue, what mislyking in mee do you finde,
Sing all of greene willow :
That on such a soddayn, you alter your minde,
Sing willow, willow willow :
What cause doth compell you, so fickle to bee ?
Willow willow willow willow :
In hart which you plighted, most loyall to mee,
Willow willow willow willow.

I faythfully fixed, my fayth to remayne,
Sing all of greene willow :
In hope I as constant, should finde you agayne,
Sing willow willow willow :
But periurde as Iason, you faythlesse I finde,
Which makes mee vnwilling, to vtter my minde :
Willow willow willow, finge all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow shall bee my Garland.

Your beauty braue decked, with showes gallant gay,
Sing all of greene willow :
Allured my fancy, I could not fay nay,
Sing willow willow willow.
Your phrases fine philed, did force mee agree,
Willow willow willow willow :
In hope as you promif'd you loyall would bee,
Willow willow willow willow.

But now you be frisking, you list not abide,
Sing all of greene willow :
Your vow most vnconstant, and faythleffe is tride,
Sing willow willow willow :
Your wordes are vncertayne, not trusty you stand,
Which makes mee to weare, the willow Garland :
Willow willow willow, sing all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Hath Light of loue luld you, so softe in her lap ?
Sing all of greene willow :
Hath fancy prouokte you ? did loue you intrap ?
Sing willow willow willow :
That now you be flurting, and will not abide,
Willow willow willow :
To mee which most trusty, in time should haue tride,
Willow willow willow willow.

Is modest demeanure, thus turnd to vntrust ?
Sing all of greene willow :
Are fayth and troth fixed, approoued vniust ?
Sing willow willow will :

Are you shee which constant, for euer would stand?
And yet will you giue mee, the willow Garland?
Willow willow, willow, singe all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

What motion hath moude you, to maske in delight,
Sing all of greene willow,
What toy haue you taken, why seeme you to spight,
Sing willow willow willow,
Your loue which was ready for aye to indure,
Willow willow willow willow:
According to promise most constant and fure,
Willow willow willow willow.

What gallant you conquerd, what youth mooude your minde,
Sing all of green willow:
To leaue your olde Louer, and bee so vnkinde,
Sing willow willow willow:
To him which you plighted both fayth, troth, and hand,
For euer: yet giues mee the willow Garland?
Willow willow willow, singe all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Hath wealth you allured, the which I doo want,
Sing all of greene willow:
Hath pleafant deuises, compeld you recant,
Sing willow willow willow:
Hath feature forste you, your words to deny?
Willow willow willow willow:
Or is it your fashion to cog, and to lye,
Willow willow willow willow?

What are your sweet smiles, quite turnd into lowers,
Sing all of greene willow :
Or is it your order, to change them by howres,
Sing willow willow willow willow :
What haue you sufficient, thinke you in your hand,
To pay for the making, of my willow Garland :
Willow willow willow, finge all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

Farewell then most fickle, vntrue and vniust,
Sing all of greene willow :
Thy deedes are yll dealings, in thee is no trust,
Willow willow willow willow.
Thy vowes are vncertayne, thy wordes are but winde
Willow willow willow willow.
God graunt thy new loue, more trusty thee finde,
Willow willow willow willow.

Be warned then gallants, by prooffe I vnfolde,
Sing willow willow willow,
Mayds loue is vncertayne, foone hot, and foone colde,
Sing willow willow willow :
They turne as the reed, not trusty they stand,
Which makes mee to weare the willow Garland :
Willow willow willow, finge all of greene willow,
Sing all of greene willow, shall bee my Garland.

FINIS.

A gloze of fawning freendship.

Now cease to sing your Syren songes, I leaue ech braue
delight

Attempt no more the wounded corps, which late felt for-
tunes spight :

But rather helpe to rue, with forowing fobs come mone,
My lucklesse losse from wealth to woe, by fickle fortune
throwne.

I once had freends good store, for loue, (no drosse I tryde)
For hauing lost my goods on Seas, my freends would not
abide,

Yet hauing neede I went to one, of all I trusted moste :
To get releefe hee answerd thus, go packe thou peuissh
poste.

His wordes did pearce my tender brest, and I as mazde
did stand

Requesting him with pitteous plaints, to giue his helping
hand :

Content thy selfe (quoth hee) to serue my owne estate,
I haue not I, yet am I greeu'd to see thy lucklesse fate,
Ah fie of fawning freends, whose eyes attentiuue bee,
To watch and warde for lukers fake, with cap and bended
knee :

Would God I had not knowne, their sweet and fugged
speach,

Then had my greefe the lesser bin, experience mee doth
teach.

FINIS.

A Maze of Maydens.

Who goes to gaze of euery gallant girle,
And castes his eyes at euery glauncing gloze :
Whose masking minde, with euery motion moou'd,
In fine shall finde, his fancy fraught with woes.

For pleasure spent, is but a wishing vayne,
By crooked chaunce, depriude of braue delight :
Cut of by care, a heape of hurtfull harmes,
Our gaze vngaynd, which whilome pleasde our fight.

Our vaunts doo vade, our pleasures passe away,
Our fugereft sweetes, reapes forowing fobs in fine :
Our braggest boast, of beauties braueft blaze,
To forowed browes, doth at the length resigne.

Our foolish fancy filde, with filthy vice,
Pursues his hurt, vnto anothers harmes :
A howering hart, with euery gloze enticed,
Gaynes lothsome loue, whence nought but forow fwarmes.

Leaue then to gaze, of euery glauncing gloze,
Contemne the fleights, of beauties fugereft bate :
Whose inward sheath, with colours braue imboft,
Shuns cruell craft, and enuious hurtfull hate.

FINIS.

*A short Epistle written in the behalfe of
N. B. to M. H.*

Deare Lady deckt with cumlynesse,
To countervayle my clemency :
Bee preft, I pray, in readynesse,
To yeeld your courteous curtesie.

Let mee you finde Penelope,
In minde and loyall hart :
So fhall I your Vliffes bee,
Till breathing lyfe depart.

Yelde loue for loue, to him who lykes,
To liue in lynckes of loyalty :
And graunt him grace, who nothing seekes,
For his good will, but curtesy.

Let mee your bondman, fauour finde,
To gratefie my willing harte :
Whom no attempt, to please your minde,
Shall hynder mee, to play my parte.

Permit mee not in lingring forte,
To labour in a barrayn foyle :
Ne giue occasion to reporte,
How loytryng loue, reapes troubled toyle.

But let mee fay, my hart obtaynd,
The gloze, which pleasd' my glauncing eyes :

And that I haue for guerdon gaynd,
The best that in my Lady lyes.

So shall I boast of that, which best
Doth please the prime of my desire:
And glory in a gayned rest,
Which through your fauour I aspire.

FINIS.

A view of vayne glory.

What motion more, may moue a man to minde
His owne estate, then prooue, whose dayes vn Timer,
Accounted are vnto a puffe of winde,
A breathing blast, whose force can not endure:
Whose lyuely shewes confumes, whose pompe decays,
Whose glory dyes, whose pleasures soone be spent:
Whose stoutest strength, to weaknes subiect staves,
Whose thoughts bee vaine, and vade as though vn Timer,
What haue wee then to vaunt, or glory in?
Sith all is vayne, wherein wee take delight:
Why should wee boast or brag, sith nought wee win
In fine, but death? to whom yeeldes euery wight.
To equall state, he bringeth each degree,
He feareth none, all subiects yeeldes to death:
To dankish dust, hee driueth all wee see,
Which in the world, enioyeth any breath:
Why vaunt wee then, in that wee see is vayne,
Or take delight, in that wee proue but drosse?
Why glory wee, or seeke for golden gayne?

Sith at the length, wee reape therof but losse.
Wee lothe to leaue, our hutches filde with golde :
Our annual rents, it greeues vs to forgo,
Our buildings braue, which glads vs to beholde :
Our pleasant sport, it greeues vs to forgo.
Wee nothing brought, ne ought shall carry hence,
Lyfe lost, behinde goods, mony, land, wee leaue :
And naked shall returne, assured whence
Before wee came, when death doth life bereaue :
Liue then, to leaue thy life in every hower,
Learne how to lead thy minde, from vayne desire,
Of filthy droffe, whose sugereft sweet is fower,
When dreadfull death, shall yeeld our earthly hire.
What is our world but vayne, fraught full of vice,
Wherin wee liue, allured by disceat :
Which vs in youth, to error doth entice,
And sturs us vp, in flamed by follyes heat.
Our mindes are mooued, with euery fond desire,
Wee gloze in that, the which wee see vnfire :
Wee usuall seeke great honor to aspire,
Whose greatest pompe, doth but a while endure :
For prooue the flower, bedect with gorgious hew,
As soone with heate, of scorching sun doth fade :
As doth the weede, the which vnseemly grew,
And shoves it selfe, vncouerd with the shade.
The stately ship, which floates on foming fluds,
With waue is tost, as soone to furing Seas :
Doth yeeld his pompe, though fraught with store of goods,
As vessell weake, whose force the streame assayes :
Our selues may show, the state of eche degree,
As Sampson stout, whose force Philistians felt :

For wealth let Diues, glut with golde our Mirror bee,
 Marke Nemrods fall, whose hart with pride was fwelt.
 And diuers mo, whose preter pathes may learne,
 Our future steps, our vayn vnsteady stay :
 Whose elder lyues, already past may warne,
 Vs shun such snares, which leades vs to decay.

FINIS.

T. P.

The fall of folly, exempld by needy Age.

Behold mee here whose youth, to withered yeres,
 Doth bow and bend, compeld by crooked age :
 See here my lyms, whose strength benumbde weres,
 Whose pleasure spent, gray heares, bids to bee fage.

But loe to late I lothe my life lewd spent,
 And wist in vayne, I had foreseene in youth :
 These drowfie dayes, which mooues mee to lament
 My idle youth prou'd, what therof ensueth.

Vnstorde olde yeres, must serue for lusty prime,
 These feeble ioynts, must seeke to serue their want :
 With tedious toyle, because I vsde not time,
 Loe thus I liue, suffisde perforce to scant.

In flaunting yeres, I flaunting florisht forth,
 Amid delight, pufte vp, with puffing pryde :
 Meane garments then, I deemed nothing worth,
 Nay, scace the best, might serue, my flesh to hide.

I thought them foes, which tolde mee of my fault,
 And iudgd them speake, of rigor, not good will :

Who toulde of gayne, mee thought for hire did hault,
Then loe, I lothde what now I wish by skill.

Experience mooues mee mone, the more my greefe,
In lyuely yeres, because I did not shun,
Such idle steps, leaft voyde of such releefe,
As might haue helpt my age, now youth is dun.

But what preuayles to wish I would I had,
Sith time delayd, may not bee calde agayne :
A guerdon iust, (for such as youth too bad
Consumes, (it is) in time therfore take payne.

Seeke how in youth to ferue contented age,
Learne, how to lead, your life in vertues lore :
Beholde you mee, attacht with death his page,
Constraynd through want, my lewdnes to deplore.

What greefe more great, vnto a hauty hart,
Then is distresse, by folly forfte to fall :
What care more cruell or lothsom, (to depart
From wealth to want) it greeues vs to the gall.

But what avayles to boast, or vaunt of vayne ?
What profit ist, to prayse a passed pryde ?
Sith it consum'd, is but a pinching payne,
A heape of harmes, whose hurt I wretch haue tryde.

A direfull dreed, a furge of forowing fobs,
A carking care, a mount of mestieue mone :
A facke of sin, coucht full of cankered knobs,
A wauering weed, whose force is soone orethrone.

For prooffe behold, the boast of breathing breath,
 See fee how soone, his valiaunst vaunt doth vade :
 Our pleasant prime, is subiect vnto death,
 By vices vrgde, in waues of wo to wade.

I know the state, and trust of euery tyme,
 I see the flame, wherto eche vice doth cum :
 Therefore (by mee) learne how to leaue such crime,
Fœlix quem faciunt, aliena pericula cautum.

Let mee your Mirror, learne you leaue whats lewd,
 My fall forepassed, let teach you to beware :
 My auncient yeres with tryall tript, haue vewd,
 The vaunt of vice, to be but carking care.

FINIS. *T. P.*

A proper Sonet, how time consumeth all earthly thinges.

Ay mee, aye mee, I fighe to fee, the Sythe a fielde.
 Downe goeth the Grasse, soone wrought to withered Hay :
 Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that beauty needes must yeeld,
 And Princes passe, as Grasse doth fade away.

Ay mee, ay mee, that life cannot haue lasting leaue,
 Nor Golde, take holde, of euerlasting ioy :
 Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that time hath talents to receyue,
 And yet no time, can make a fuer stay.

Ay mee, ay mee, that wit can not haue wished choyce,
 Nor wish can win, that will desires to see :

Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, that mirth can promis no reioyce,
Nor study tell, what afterward shalbee.

Ay mee, ay mee, that no fure staffe, is giuen to age,
Nor age can giue, fure wit, that youth will take :
Ay mee alas, aye mee alas, that no counsell wife and fage,
Will shun the shew, that all doth marre and make.

Ay mee, ay mee, come time, sheare on, and shake the Hay,
It is no boote, to baulke thy bitter blowes :
Ay mee alas, ay mee alas, come time, take euery thing away,
For all is thine, bee it good or bad that growes.

FINIS.

A Mirror of Mortallity.

Shall clammy clay, shrowd such a gallant gloze,
Must beauty braue, be shrinde in dankish earth :
Shall crawling wormes, deuoure such liuely showes of yong
delights.

When valyant corps, shall yeeld the latter breath,
Shall pleasure vade, must puffing pride decay :
Shall flesh confume, must thought resign to clay.

Shall haughty hart, haue hire to his defart,
Must deepe desire die, drenchd in direfull dread :
Shall deeds lewd dun, in fine reape bitter smart,
Must each vade, when life shall leaue vs dead :

Shall Lands remayne ? must wealth be left behinde ?

Is fence depriu'd ? when flesh in earth is shrinde.

Secke then to shun, the snares of vayne delight,

Which moues the minde, in youth from vertues lore :
 Leaue of the vaunt of pride, and manly might,
 Sith all must yeeld, when death the flesh shall gore :
 And way these wordes, as soone for to be folde,
 To Market cums, the yonge sheepe as the olde.
 No trust in time, our dayes vncertayne bee,
 Like as the flower, bedect with splendant hue :
 Whose gallant shew, soone dride with heat we see,
 Of scorching beames, though late it brauely grew.
 Wee all must yeeld, the best shall not denye,
 Vnfure is death, yet certayn wee shall dye.
 Although a while, we vaunt in youthfull yeares,
 In yonge delightes, wee seeme to liue at rest :
 Wee subiect bee, to grieve eche horror feares,
 The valiaunst harts, when death doth daunt the brest :
 Then vse thy talent here vnto thee lent,
 That thou mayst well account how it is spent.

*FINIS.**T. P.**A briefe dialogue between sicknesse and worldly desire.*

SICKNESSE.

To darksome caue, where crawling wormes remayn,
 Thou worldly wretch, resigne thy boasting breath :
 Yeeld vp thy pompe, thy corps must passe agayn,
 From whence it came, compeld by dreadfull death.

WORLDLY DESIRE.

Oh sicknesse fore, thy paines doo pearce my hart,
 Thou messenger of death, whose goryng gripes mee greue :

Permit a while, mee loth yet to depart
From freends and goods, which I behinde muft leaue.

SICKNESSE.

Ah filly foule, entis'de with worldly vayne,
As well as thou, thy freends muft yeeld to death:
Though after thee, a while they doo remayne,
They fhall not ftill, continue on the earth.

WORLDLY DESIRE.

What muft I then neede, fhine in gajtly graue?
And leaue what long, I got with tedious toyle:
Prolong mee yet, and let mee licence haue,
Till elder yeeres, to put your Brutes to foyle.

SICKNESSE.

O foolifh man, allurde by lewd delight,
Thy labors loft, thefe goods they are not thine:
But as (thou hadft) fo others haue like right,
(Of them) when thou, fhalt vp thy breath refigne.

WORLDLY DESIRE.

Then farewell world, the Nurfe of wicked vice,
Aduē vile droffe which mooues mens mindes to ill:
Farewell delights, which did my youth entice,
To ferue as flaue, vnto vnfatiate will.

FINIS. T. P.

Aeger Diues habet Nummos, fed non habet ipfum.

The wealthy chuffe, for all his wealth,
Cannot redeeme therby his health:
But muft to Graue, for all his ftore,
Death fpareth neither riche nor poore:

Not Cressus wealth, nor Mydas Golde,
The stroke of careles death may holde
Hee feares no foe, hee spares no freend
Of euery thing hee is the ende :
Though Diues had great store of pealfe,
Yet still the wretch, did want him selfe.

No Phisickes art, or cunning cure,
May any man of life assure :
No highe estate or beauty braue,
May keepe vs from our carefull graue :
No hauty minde or valyant harte,
Agaynst pale Death, may take our parte :
No curious speach or witty tale,
Our dyinge corps may counteruayle :
No force, no gyle, no powre or strength,
But death doth ouercome at length.

The riche man trusteth in his Gould,
And thinkes that life, is bought and fould :
The sight therof so bleares, his eye,
That hee remembreth not to dye :
Hee hath enough and liues in ioye,
Who dares (thinkes hee) worke mee annoy
Thus is he made, to pleasure thrall,
And thinkes that death will neuer call :
Who vnawares with stealing pace,
Doth ende in payne his pleasant race.

The greedy Marchant will not spare,
For lukers fake to lye and fware :

The fimple forte hee can by flight,
Make to beleeeue the Crow is white :
No science now, or arte is free,
But that some gyle therin wee see :
Thus euery man for greedy gayne,
Vnto himselfe encreaseth payne :
And thinkes the crime to bee but small,
When that they loose both foule and all.

Who lyueth here, that is content,
With such estate as God hath sent :
The hungry Churle, and wealthy Chuffe,
Doth neuer thinke, hee hath enough :
Fortune to many, giues to much,
But few or none, fhee maketh riche :
Thus euery man, doth scrape and catch,
And neuer more, for death doo watch :
Who still is present at their side,
And cuts them of, amidst their pride.

Such is the world, such is the time,
That eche man striues alofte to clyme :
But when they are in top of all,
In torments great they hedlong fall :
Where they do giue accompt at large,
How they their tallent did discharge :
There no man takes their golden fee,
To plead their case, and set them free :
Then too too late they doo begin,
For to repent their former finne :

Wherefore I wish that eche degree,
With lotted chaunce contented bee :
Let not thy treasure make thee prowde,
Nor pouerty be difalowde :
Remember who doth giue and take,
One God both riche and poore doth make :
Wee nothing had or ought fhall haue,
To beare with vs vnto our graue :
But vertuous life which here we leade,
On our behalfe for grace to plead.

Therefore I fay thy lust refrayne,
And feeke not after brickle gayne :
But feeke that wealth, the which will laft,
When that this mortall life is past :
In heauen is ioy and pleasure still,
This world is vayne and full of yll :
Vfe not so lewd thy worldly pelfe,
So that thou doost forget thy felfe :
Liue in this world as dead in sinne,
And dye in Chrift, true life to win.

FINIS.

Win fame, and keepe it.

Who fees the yll, and seekes to fhun the fame,
Shall doutlesse win at length immortal fame :
For wifdome, vice and vertue doth perceaue,
Shee vertue takes, but vice thee seekes to leaue.
A wise man knowes the state of eche degree,
The good be prayfde, the euill dishonord bee :

Hee fees the good, the euill hee doth espye,
Hee takes the good, the euill hee doth denye :
Hee folowes the good, the euill hee dooth eschue,
Hee leapes the lake, when others stay to vew.
His honor stands, his fame doth euer last,
Vpon the earth when breathing breath is past.
As Solomon whose wisdome recht vnto the lofty skye,
And Daud King, theyr prayfes liue (though bodies
 tomed lye)
They saw the good, the euill they did eschue,
Their honor liues, the prooffe affirmes it true :
Then fith examples playnly, shoves the fame,
Their prayfes liue, who seekes to merit fame.

fnis. *T. P.*

Respice finem.

Lo here the state of euery mortall wight,
See here, the fine, of all their gallant ioyes :
Beholde their pompe, their beauty and delight,
Wherof they vaunt, as safe from all annoyes :
To earth the stout, the proud, the rich shall yeeld,
The weake, the meeke, the poore, shall shrowded lye
In dampish mould, the stout with Speare and Sheeld
Cannot defend, himselfe when hee shal dye.
The proudest wight, for all his lyuely shoves,
Shall leaue his pompe, cut of by dreadfull death :
The rich, whose Hutch, with golden Ruddocks flowes,
At length shall rest, vncoynd in dampish earth :
By Natures law, wee all are borne to dye,

But where or when, the best vncertayne bee :
 No time prefixt, no goods our lyfe shall buye,
 Of dreadfull death, no freends shall fet vs free.
 Wee subiect bee, a thousand wayes to death,
 Small sicknesse moues the valiaunts hart to feare :
 A little push bereaues your breathing breath,
 Of braue delights, wherto you subiect are :
 Your world is vayne, no trust in earth you finde,
 Your valyaunf prime, is but a brytle glasse :
 Your pleasures vade, your thoughtes a puffe of winde,
 Your auncient yeres, are but a withered grasse.

Mors omnibus communis. finis T. P.

A briefe Caueat, to shun fawning friends.

Try ere thou trust, vnto a fawning freend,
 Giue no regard, vnto his fugged wordes,
 Make your account to leefe, what you him lend,
 For collourd craft, the smootheft speech affordes.

My felfe haue tried, the trust of tatling tungs.
 Who paynt their prates, as though they would performe :
 (The more my greefe) for they (which) whilome clungs,
 Like Bees (goods lost) sole left mee in the storme.

Where I was fayne, in worldly woes to waue,
 And seeke releefe, of former freends, no fie :
 Perforce conftaynd, to seeke my felfe to faue,
 Or els vnhelp'd, fance succor still to lye.

I made my mone, the greater was my greefe,
To him which was, as seruant to my state:
But what preuayd, by prooffe I found him cheefe,
Who not of mee, but on my wealth did wate.

*Donec eris fœlix, multos numerabis amicos,
Tempora si fuerint nubila, solus eris.* *

FINIS. T. P.

Beauty is a pleasant pathe to distruction.

Through beauties fugered baites,
Our mindes seduced are :
To filthy lustes to wicked vice,
Whence issueth nought but care.

For hauing tride the troth
And seen the end of it :
What wayle wee more with greater greefe,
Then want of better wit,

Becaufe so lewd wee luld,
In what we see is vayne :
And follow that, the which to late,
Compels vs to complayne.

The boast of Beauties brags,
And gloze of louing lookes :
Seduce mens mindes as fishes are,
Intic'd with bayted hookes.

Who simply thinking too,
Obtayne the pleafant pray :
Doth fnatch at it, and witleffe fo,
Deuoures her owne decay.

Euen like the mindes of men,
Allurde with beauties bayt :
To heapes of harmes, to carking care,
Are brought, by fuch decaite.

Lo thus by prooffe it proou'd,
Perforce I needes muft fay :
That beauty vnto ruinous end,
Is as a pleafant way.

*FINIS.**T. P.*

*T. P. his Farewell vnto his faythfull and approoued
freend. F. S.*

Farewell my freend, whom fortune forfte to fly,
I greeue to here, the lucklefse hap thou haft :
But what preuayles, if fo it helpe might I,
I would be preft, therof be bold thou mafte.

Yet fith time pafte, may not be calde agayne,
Content thy felfe, let reafon thee perfwade :
And hope for eafe, to counteruayle thy payne,
Thou art not firft, that hath a trespaffe made.

Mourne not to much, but rather ioy, becaufe
God hath cut of thy will, ere greater crime :
Wherby thou might, the more incur the lawes,
And beare worfe Brutes, feduc'd by wicked prime.

Take heede, my woordes let teach thee to be wife,
And learne thee shun, that leades thy minde to ill :
Least beeing warnd, when as experience tries,
Thou waylst to late, the woes, of wicked will.

FINIS.

T. P.

The History of Pyramus and Thisbie truely translated.

In Babilon a stately feate, of high and mighty Kinges,
Whose famous voice of ancient rule, through all the world
yet ringes :

Two great estates did whilom dwell : and places ioyned so,
As but one wall eche princely place, deuided other fro :

These Nobles two, two children had, for whom Dame
Nature fought,
The deepest of her secret skill, or shee their byrth had
wrought :

For as their yeares in one agreed, and beauty equall shone,
In bounty and lyke vertues all, so were they there all one.
And as it pleased Nature then, the one a sonne to frame,
So did the glad olde Father like him Pyramus to name :
Th' other a maide, the mother would that shee then Thif-
bie hight,

With no smal blifs of parents al, who came to ioy the fight :
I ouerslip what fodaine frights, how often feare there was,

And what the care each creature had, ere they did ouerpas :
What paynes enfue, & what the stormes in pearced harts
y^t dwel,
And therefore know, what babe & mother whose chaft, &
fubtil brād
No earthly hart, ne when they luft, no God hath yet
withftand,
Ere feuē yeres thefe infants harts, they haue with loue
opprefst :
Though litle know their tender age, what caufeth their
vnreft,
Yet they poore fooles vntaught to loue, or how to leffe
their payne :
With well contented mindes receiue, and prime of loue
fufstayne,
No paftime can they elfewhere finde, but twayn them-
felues alone
For other playfeares fport, God wot, with them is reckend
none :
Joy were to here their pretty wordes, and fweet mamtam
to fee,
And how all day they paffe the time, till darknes dimmes
the fkye :
But then the heauy cheare they make, when forft is their
farwell
Declares fuch greefe as none would thinke, in fo yong
brefts could dwell :
Ye looke how long, y^t any let, doth kepe them two a funder,
Their mourning harts no ioy may glad, y^e heuens y^t paffeth
vnder
And when agayn, they efte repayre, and ioyfull meeting
make,

Yet know they not the cause therof, ne why their forowes
flake,
With fight they feede their fancies then, and more it still
desire,
Ye more they haue, nor want they finde of fight they so
require :
And thus in tender impe spronge vp, this loue vpstarteth
still,
For more their yeres, much more y^e flame, y^t doth their
fancies fill.
And where before their infants age, gaue no suspect at all.
Now needefull is, with weary eye, to watchfull minde
they call :
Their whole estate, & it to guide, in such wise orderly,
As of their secret sweete desires, ill tongues no light espy.
And so they did, but hard God wot, are flames of fire to hide,
Much more to cause a lovers hart, within it bounds to
finde :
For neither colde, their mindes consent so quench of loue
the rage
Nor they at yeres, the least twise seuen, their passions
so aswage
But y^t to Thisbes Mothers eares, some spark therof were
blowen,
Let Mothers iudg her patience now, till shee y^e whole haue
knowē.
And so by wily wayes shee wrought, to her no litle care,
That forth shee found, their whole deuise, and how they
were in snare :
Great is the greefe, though smal the cause, if other cause
ne were,

For why a meeter match then they, might hap no other
where :

But now tween Fathers, though the cause, mine Auctor
nothing els,

Such inward rancor risen is, and so it daily fwels.

As hope of freendship to be had, is none (alas) the while,
Ne any loueday to be made, their mallice to begyle :

Wherfore straight charge, straight giuen is w^t fathers
frowning chere,

That message worde, ne token els, what euer that it were :
Should frō their foe to Thisbee passe, & Pyramus freends
likewise,

No lesse expresse commaundement, doo for their sonne
deuise.

And yet not thus content alas, eche Father doth ordayne
A secret watch and bounde a point, wherein they shall
remayne :

Sight is forbid, restrained are wordes, for scalde is al deuise,
That should their poore afflicted mindes, reioyce in any wise :
Though pyning loue, gaue cause before of many carefull yll,
Yet dayly fithe amended all, at least well pleased them still :
But now what depth of deepe distresse, may they in-
drowned bee,

That now in dayes twise twenty tolde, eche other once
shall see.

Curst is their fate, so cry they ofte, and happy death
they call,

Come death come wished death at once, and rid vs life
and all.

And where before (Dame Kinde) her selfe, did wonder to
beholde

Her highe bequests within their shape, Dame Beauty did
vnfold :

Now doth shee maruel much and say, how faded is that red ?
And how is spent that white so pure, it wont to ouerspred.
For now late lusty Piramus, more fresh then flower in May,
As one forlorne with constant minde, doth seeke his ending
day :

Since Thisbe mine is lost sayth hee, I haue no more to lose,
Wherefore make speed, thou happy hand, these eyes of mine
shall close.

Abasid is his princely port, cast of his regall weede,
Forfaken are assemblies all, and lothed the foming steed :
No ioy may pearce his pensiue mynde, vnlesse a wofull brest
May ioyed bee, with swarmes of care, in haples hart
that rest :

And thus poore Piramus distrest, of humane succour all,
Deuoyd to Venus Temple goes, and prostrate downe
doth fal :

And there of her, with hart I korue, and fore tormented
mindes,

Thus askes hee ayd, and of his woes, the Fardell thus
vnbindes.

O Great Goddesse, of whose immortal fire,
Vertue in Erbe, might neuer quench the flame :
Ne mortall fence, yet to such skill aspire,
As for loues hurt a medecine once to name :
With what deare price, my careful pyned ghost,
Hath tried this true, and ouer true alas :
My greefeful eyes, that fight hath almost lost,
And brest through darted, with thy golden Mace.

Full well declare, though all that mee beholde,
Are iudges, and wonders of my deadly wo :
But thou alone, mayst helpe therfore vnfolde,
Els helples (Lady) streight will knap in two
The feeble thread, yet stayes my lingering life.
Wherefore, if loue, thy sacred Goddess breft ?
Did euer presse, or if most dreadly grieve,
And causeles not thy inward soule opprest :
When crooked Vulcane, to your common shame,
Bewrayed of stolen ioyes, thy sweete delight :
If then I say the feare of further blame,
Caus'd you refrayne your Louers wished sight :
And forst refraynt did equall then impart,
And cause you taste, what payne in loue may bee :
When absence driues, assured hartes to part.
Thy pittie then (O Queene) now not denye
To mee poore wretch, who feeles no lesse a payne :
If humayne brefts, so much as heauenly may :
Haue ruth on him, who doth to thee complayne,
And onely helpe of thee, doth lowly pray :
Graunt Goddesse mine, thou mayst it vndertake,
At least wise (Lady) ere this life decay :
Graunt I beseeche so happy mee to make,
That yet by worde, I may to her bewray
My wonderous woes : and then if yee so please,
Looke when you lust, let death my body ease.

Thus praying fast, ful fraught with cares, I leaue this
wofull man,
And turne I will to greater greefe, then minde immagin can :
But who now shall them writ since wit, denayeth the some
to thinke,

Confusedly in Thisbies brest, that flow aboue the brinke?
Not I, for though of mine owne store, I want no woes
to write

Yet lacke I termes and cunning both, them aptly to recite.
For Cūnings clyffe I neuer clombe, nor dranke of Science
spring,

Ne slept vpon the happy hill, frō whence Dame Rhetor-
ique rings.

And therefore all, I doo omit, and wholly them resigne,
To iudgment of such wofull Dames, as in like case hath bin.

This will I tel how Thisbie thus, opprest with dollors all,
Doth finde none ease but day and night, her Pyramus
to call :

For lost is slepe and banisht is, all gladfome lightes delight,
In short of ease and euery helpe, eche meane shee hath
in spight :

In langor long, this life shee led, till hap as fortune pleased,
To further fates that fast ensue, with her own thought
her eased :

For this shee thinkes, what distance may, or mansions bee
between,

Or where now stands so cruell wall, to part them as is seene.
O feeble wit forduld with woe, awake thy wandering
thought,

Seeke out, thou shalt assured finde, shall bring thy cares to
nought.

With this some hope, nay, as it were a new reuiued minde,
Did promis straight her pensiue hart, immediate helpe to
finde :

And forth she steres, w^t swifted pace, ech place she seeks
throughout

No stay may let her hasty foote, till all be vewed about.

Wherby at length from all the rest, a wall aloofe that lyes,
And cornerwise did buyldings part, with ioyfule eye shee spyes:
And scarcely then her pearcing looke, one blinke therof
had got,

But that firme hope of good succeffe, within her fancy shot:
Then fast her eye shee roules about, and fast shee seekes
to see,

If any meane may there be found, her comfort for to bee:
And as her carefull looke shee cast, and euery part aright
Had vewed wel, a little rifte appeared to her sight,
Which (as it seemed) through the wall, the course the issue
had:

Wherwith shee sayd (O happy wall) mayst thou so blift be
made,

That yet sometimes within thy bandes, my dere hart
Pyramus:

Thou doost possesse if hap so worke, I will affay thee thus.
And from about the heauenly shape, her midle did present
Shee did vnlose hur girdle riche, and pendant therof hent.
And with her fingers long and small, on tipto so shee
wrought.

That through the wall to open sight, she hath the pendant
brought

That doone shee stayes, and to the wall she closely layes
her eare,

To vnderstand if any wight, on th' other side yet were:
And whiles to harken thus shee stands, a wonderous thing
behold

Poore Pyramus in Venus Church, that all his minde had
tolde.

Performed his vowes and prayers eke, now ended all
and dun,

Doth to his Chamber fast returne, with hart right wo
begun :

Euen to the same where Thisbie stayd, to see if fortune please,
To smoothe her browes and her distresse, with any helpe
to ease :

Hee as his wonted vface was, the Chamber once within,
Lockes fast the doore with fresh complaynts, new sorrow
to begin.

But euen lo as his backe hee turned vnto the closed dore,
A glimpse of light the pendant gaue, his visage iust
before :

Let in his face, with speedy pace, and as hee nearer drew,
With wel contented minde forthwith, his Thisbies signe
he knew,

And when his trembling hand for ioy, the same receyued had,
And hee ten hundreth times it kist, then thus to it he sayd.

Though many tokens ioyful newes haue set,
And blisse reduft, to carefull pyned ghost :
Yet mayst thou sweare, that neuer lyued hee yet,
Who halfe such ease, receiued in pleasure most :
As thou sweete pendant, now in wofull breft
Imperfid hast, O happy Pyramus,
Nay beeing a Lady, in whom such ruthe can rest :
Most blisfull Lady, most mighty Venus,
And mighty Thisbie (yea) Venus not displeased,
My Goddesse cheefe, my loue, my life, and all :
For who but Thisbie would, nay could haue eased,
A hart remedyles, abandon thrall :
Wherefore since thus ye please, to shew your might,
Make mee whole happy, with gladnesse of your sight.

Whiles Pyramus all clad in ioy, thus talkes within the wall,
No lesse content, doth Thisbie stand without and heareth al :
And w^t those gladfome lightes, where loue doth fightly ioy
to play,
And vanquish harts her loue thee vewes in minde fom-
what to fay,
But maydely feare plucks back y^e word, dread stops her
trimbling tongue,
A roffy hew inflames her face, with staine of red among.
Yet lo at length her minde shee stayes, her fences doo awake,
And with a sweet soft founding voyce, this answer doth
she make.

Loue Pyramus, more deare to mee then lyfe,
Euen as I first this way, for speech haue found :
Of present death, so let the dreadfull knyfe,
At this instant for euer mee confound,
If ioyfull thought my passing pensue harte,
Did euer pearse, since parents cruell dome.
Pronounst the sentence, of our common smart,
No deare hart mine, for how alasse may blome :
The fading tree, whose sap deuided is,
Ye, further sweet, I dare with you presume :
Your passed woes, but pastimes ware I wis,
In their respect, that did mee whole consume.
But now sharpe fighes, so stop my willing speeche,
Such streames of teares, doo dim my troubled sight :
And inward feare, of parents wrath is such,
Least longer talke, should giue them any light
Of our repayre, that further to recyte,
My heaped yls I neuer dare ne may,

Yet oftenly, wee wifely heare may meete :
At chofen times which fhall vs not bewray,
And this for fhort, thy Thisbie fhalt thou fee :
With morning light, here present eft to bee,
To this full fayne would Pyramus, replyed haue agayne,
But part as neede, inforft they muft, & as they did ordayne :
Ere mornings dawne they doo arife, & ftraight repayre
they then
Vnto the fore appoynted place Pyrame thus began.

*
Myne entyer foule, what prifon dollours ?
What hard diftreffe, and rare deuysed woes ?
Of mee thine owne, thy captiue Pyramus,
Haue fo fought, this life from boddy to vnlofe :
Hard were to tell the tenth, that haue it ftrained,
With thought hereof, great wonders mee amaze :
How my poore lyfe, the halfe may haue fustayned,
O Thisbie mine owne, whom it only ftayes.
And at whose will the fates doo lend mee breath,
Yet may I not the fatall ftroke efchew :
Ne fcape the dinte of faft purfuing death,
Onles your bounty, present mercy fhew :
And this I trust, there may no ielous thought,
Haue any place within my Thisbies brest :
To caufe her deeme, I am or may be caught,
With loue but hers wheron my life doth reft,
No bee affured, for yours I onely tafte :
Yours was I firft, and fhall bee firft and laft.

Why my moft sweet (quoth Thisbie) then agayne :
I doubt not I, but know ye are all true,
Or how may caufe of your vndoubted payne :

With her be hyd, who hourelly as it grew,
None other felt, but euen what yee haue had :
Yet thinke not fweet, I taste your greefes alone,
Or make esteeme, as yee of mee haue made,
But ten times more, if that more wo begone,
Might euer bee a wretched maydens brest,
Where neuer yet, one iot of ioy might rest.
Well then my ioy (quoth Pyrame) since yee please,
With so greater loue, to guerdon my good will :
Safe am I now, but great were mine ease,
If more at full, I might my fancy fill :
With nearer fight, of your most pleasant face,
Or if I might, your dayntie fingers straine :
Or as I woont, your body once embrace,
What say I ease ? nay heauen then were my gayne.
Howbeit in vayne, in vayne (ay mee) I waste,
Both worde and winde, woes mee (alas) therefore :
For neuer shall my hart, O Thisbie taste,
So great an hap, nor neuer shall wee more :
In folded armes, as woont were to bewray,
Eche others state, ne neuer get the grace :
Of any ioy, vnlesse wee doo assay,
To finde some meane for other meeting place.
Beholde (alas) this wicked cruell wall,
Whose cursed scyte, denayeth vs perfect fight :
Much more the hap, of other ease at all.
What if I should by force, as well one might :
And yet deserues, it batter flat to ground,
And open so an issue large to make :
Yet feare I fore, this sooner will redownde,
To our reproche, if it I vndertake :

As glad I would, then vs to helpe or ayde,
Sweet hart (quoth shee) wherwith shee stopt his tale :
This standes full yll : to purpose to be made,
And time it askes too long for to preuayle :
Without suspect, to flat or batter euen,
Naythlesse, yee this, or what ye can deuise :
For our repayre, by thought that may be driuen,
Say but the meane, I will none otherwife.
Yee Thisbie mine, in sooth, and say you so
(Quoth Pyramus) well then I doo you know :
Where King Minus, lyes buried long ago,
Whose auncient Tombe aboue, doth ouergrow
A Mulbery, with braunches making shade,
Of pleasant shew, the place right large about :
There if yee please, when slepe hath ouerlade,
And with his might, the Cittie seas'de throughout :
At the same Well, whose siluer streames then runne,
And softe as filke, conferue the tender greene :
With hue so fresh, as springtied spent and dunne,
No winters weede, hath power to bee seene :
Without suspect, or feare of foule report,
There goddesse mine, wee falfely may resort.

To this shee faid, what shee best thought, and oft and oft
agayne,
Was talke renued, but yet at last, for ease of euery payne :
And death to eschue by other meane, who will them not
forfake,
At Minus Tombe, euen y^t fame night, they do their meet-
ing make
And so depart, but fore God wot, that day doth them offend,

And though but short his long abode, the feare will
neuer end.

And fooner doth not cloake of night, alofte his shadow cast,
But Thisbie mindefull of her loue, and promis lately past
Of fresh new loue, far fiercer flames, that erst her hart
opprest,

Shee feelth the force, and this (alas) deuorced stil from rest :
Shee passeth forth in carefull watch, till time haue shapen so,
That slepe w^t sweet, soft stealing steps his customd vsage do
And when shee seeth both house and all drownd therein fast
& deepe,

With fearful pace & trimbling hand, shee forwards gins to
creepe :

Shee gaines the doore, out goeth she then, and neither far
ne neare,

Appeareth wyght faue Phebe fayre, with gladfom seeming
cheare

Sole Thisbie ioyfull of this guyde, doth ay I trust it bee,
Good lucke thy prefence doth import, and bring at last
to mee :

More hardyer then before shee did, prouoke her foote
to hast,

No obiect giues her cause of let, till shee the towne
haue past :

And when shee seeth the pleasant fields in safetie to haue
gayned,

Then ioy therof all dread deuoures, which erst her only
payned.

What wil ye more, th'appointed place at length she doth
attayne,

Till Fortune please her loue to fend, there minding to
remayne :

And whiles thee doth the fountayn cleare, wth thoughtful
hope behold

And euery let, her loue may stay, vnto her selfe vnfolde.

A dreadfull Lyon downe defendes, from Mountaine huge
therby,

With thundring pace, whose sodain fight, whē Thisbie
can espy :

No maruel was though terror then, & straungenes of the
fight,

Within a simple maydens brest, all counsayle put to flight.

Howbeit, though counsayle fayld, yet feare so did the
place possesse,

That as the tender brest, whose age no feare did yet
oppresse :

Now seeth his foe, with rauening Jaw, him ready to receaue,
Sets winges vnto his littell legs, himselfe poore foole
to faue.

Euen so this Mayd, her enemy flees, vnto a hollow tree :

For succor flies, whose ruthful mone, did succor not denye :

But close her keeps. The Liones fearce, that in the Moun-
tayne wilde,

Deuoured had, new slaughtred beastes, & empty belly filde :

With mooffell all embrude with blood, drawes to the
cristal Well,

Hee dranke, and in his backe returne, this fatall hap befell.

Amid this way a kercheife white, which frighted Thif-
bie had

Let fall by chaunce, as feare and hafte, vnto the tree
her lad :

This Lion findes, and with his mouth, yet smoaking all in
gore,

And armid pawes it staynes with blood, and all in funder
tore.
That doone away hee windes, as fier of Hell, or Vulcans
thunder
Blew in his tayle, or as his corps it seas'd to teare a funder :
Now Pyramus who could not earst the wrathfull houle
forgo,
Hath past the towne, and as he drew the Fountayn neare
vnto :
The cloth hee spies, which when (alas) all stained fo
hee saw,
In funder tore, the ground about, full trafte with Lyons paw :
The Siluer streames with strekes of blood, besprent and
troubled new,
And there again y^e curfed trace, the woful print to shew :
A sure beleefe did straight inuade, his ouerlyuing minde,
That there the fatall ende (alas) of Thisbie was affinde :
And that her dainty flesh, of beastes a pray vnmeet was
made,
Wherwith distrest with woodlike rage, the words he out
abrade.

*The lamentacion of Piramus, for the losse of his
Loue Thisbie.*

This is the day wherin my irksome life,
And I of lyuely breath, the last shall spend :
Nor death I dread, for fled is feare, care, strife,
Daunger and all, whereon they did depend :
Thisbie is dead, and Pirame at his ende,

For neuer shall reporte hereafter fay :
That Pyrame lyu'de, his Lady tane away.
O foueraigne God, what straunge outragious woe,
Prefents (alas) this corfiue to my hart :
Ah sauage beaste, how durst thy spight vndoe,
Or seeke (woes mee) so perfect loue to part :
O Thisbie mine, that was, and only art,
My liues defence, and I the cause alone :
Of thy decay, and mine eternall mone.
Come Lyon thou, whose rage here only shew,
Aduance with speede, and doo mee eke deuoure :
For ruthlesse fact, so shalt thou pittie shew,
And mee (too) heere, within thy brest restore :
Where wee shall rest, togeather euermore.
Ah, since thy corps, thou graues within thy wombe,
Denye mee not sweet beast, the selfesame tombe.
(Alas my ioy) thou parted art from mee,
By far more cruell meane, then woonted fine :
Or common law, of nature doth decree,
And that encreaseth, for woe, this greefe of mine :
Of that beautie only, which was deuine,
And foueraigne most, of all that liued here :
No little signe, may found be any where,
If the dead corps (alas, did yet remayne :
O great cruelty, O rage of fortune spight,
More greeuous far, then any tongue may fayne :
To reue her life, and in my more despight,
Mee to defraude of that my last delight :
Her once t'embrace, or yet her visage pale,
To kisse full ofe, and as I should bewayle.
But since from mee thou hast the meane outchast,

Of this poore ioy, thy might I heere defie :
For maugre thee, and all the power thou hast,
In Plutoes raigne togeather will wee bee :
And you my loue, since you are dead for mee,
Good reason is, that I for you agayne :
Receiue no leffe but euen the felfsame payne.
Ah Mulberie, thou witnes of our woe,
Right vnder thee assigned was, the place
Of all our ioy, but thou our common foo,
Consented hast, vnto her death alas :
Of beauty all, that had alone the grace,
And theefore as the cheefe of others all,
Let men the *Tree of deadly woe* thee call.
Graunt our great God, for honor of thy name,
A guerdon of the woe, we shall here haue :
For I nill liue, shee dead that rulde the same,
Pronounce (O Pluto) from thy hollow Caue :
Where stayer thy raigne, and let this tree receiue,
Such sentence iust, as may a witnesse bee,
Of dollour most, to all that shall it see.
And with those wordes, his naked blade hee fierfly frō his side
Out drew, & through his brest, it forst with mortal wōd
to glide,
The streames of gory blood out glush, but hee w^t manly
hart,
Careles, of death and euery payne, that death could them
imparte.
His Thisbies kercheefe hard hee straines, & kift with sted-
fast chere,
And harder strainde, and offer kift, as death him drew
more nere

The Mulberies whose hue before, had euer white lo beene,
To blackish collour ftraight transformed, & black ay fince
are feen.

And Thisbie then who all that while, had kept the hollow
tree,

Leaft hap her Louers long abroad, may feeme him mockt
to bee.

Shakes of all feare, and paffeth foorth in hope her loue to tell
What terror great shee late was in, and wonderous cafe
her fel:

But whē she doth approche y^e tree, whose fruits trāsformed
were

Abasht she ftands, & mufing much, how black they should
appere.

Her Pyramus with fights profound, and broken voyce y^t
plained,

Shee hard: and him a kerchefe faw, how hee hit kift and
ftrained:

Shee nerer drew, but whē the fword, and gaping wound
she faw,

The anguish great, she had therof, had caus'd her ouerthrow
In deadly fwoone, and to her felfe shee beeing come agayne,
With pittious playnts, and deadly dole, her loue shee did
cōplayne,

That doone, shee did her body leane, and on him foftly lay,
She kift his face, whose collour fresh, is fpent and falne away:

Then to y^e fword thefe woords she fayth: thou fword of
bitter gall,

Thou haft bereaued mee my Loue, my comfort ioy and all.
With that deare blood (woes mee) of his thy curfed blade
doth shine,

Wherefore thinke not thou canst be free, to shed the fame
of mine,
In life no meane, though wee it sought, vs to assemble
could,
Death shall, who hath already his, & mine shall straight
vnfolde.
And you O Gods, this last request, for ruthe yet graunt
to mee,
That as one death we should receiue, one Tombe our graue
may bee,
With y^t agayn she oft him kist, & then shee speaketh thus :
O Louer mine, beholde thy loue (alas) my Pyramus.
Yet ere I dye beholde mee once, that comfort not denye,
To her with thee that liu'd and lou'd, and eke with thee
will dye.
The Gentilman with this, and as the lastest throwes of
death,
Did pearce full fast at that fame stroke, to end both life
and breath
The voice hee knows, and euen therewith, castes vp his
heauy eyes,
And fees his loue, hee striues to speake, but death at hand
denyes.
Yet loue whose might, not thē was quēcht in spite of death
gaue strēgh
And causde from bottō of his hart, these words to pas
at lēgh.
(Alas my loue) and liue ye yet, did not your life define,
By Lyones rage the foe therof, and caus'd that this of mine
Is spent and past, or as I thinke, it is your soule so deare,
That seekes to ioy and honor both, my last aduenture
heare.

Euen with that woord, a profounde fighe, from bottom of
his hart,
Out cast his corps and spirit of life, in funder did depart :
Then Thisbie este, with shrike so shrill as dynned in
the fkye,
Swaps down in swoone, shee eft reuiues, & hents y^e sword
hereby.
Wherwith beneath her pap (alas) into her brest shee strake,
Saying thus will I die for him, that thus dyed for my
fake :
The purple Skarlet streames downe ran, & shee her clofe
doth lay
Vnto her loue him kissing still, as life did pyne away.

*Lo thus they lou'd and died, and dead, one tombe the
graued there,
And Mulberies in signe of woe, from white to blacke
turnde were.*

FINIS.

*The Lamentacion of a Gentilwoman
vpon the death of her late deceased frend
William Gruffith Gent.*

A doutfull, dying, dolefull, Dame,
Not fearing death, not forcing life :
Nor caring ought for flitting fame,
Emongst such sturdy stormes of strife :
Here doth shee mourne and write her will,
Vpon her liked Louers ende :

Graunt (Muses nyne) your sacred skill,
 Helpe to assist your mournfull freend :
 Embouldned with your Nimphish ayde,
 Shee will not cease, but seeke to finge :
 And eke employ her willing head,
 Her Gruffithes prayse, with ruthe to ringe.

With Poets pen, I doo not preace to write,
 Mineruæ mate, I doo not boast to bee :
 Parnassus Mount (I speake it for no spite)
 Can cure my curfed cares? I playnly see :
 For why : my hart containes as many woes
 As euer Hector did amongst his foes.
 Eche man doth mone, when faythfull freends bee dead,
 And paynt them out, as well as wits doo ferue :
 But I, a Mayde, am forst to vse my head,
 To wayle my freend (whose fayth) did prayse deferue :
 Wit wants to will : alas? no skill I haue,
 Yet must I needes deplore my Gruffithes graue :
 For William, white : for Gruffith, greene : I wore,
 And red, longe since did ferue to please my minde :
 Now, blacke, I weare, of mee, not vs'd before,
 In lieu of loue, alas? this losse I finde :
 Now must I leaue, both, White, and Greene, and Red,
 And wayle my freend, who is but lately dead.
 Yet hurtfull eyes, doo bid mee cast away,
 In open shew, this carefull blacke attyre :
 Because it would, my secret loue bewray,
 And pay my pate, with hatred for my hyre :
 Though outwardly, I dare not weare the fame,
 Yet in my hart, a web of blacke I frame.

You Ladyes all, that passe not for no payne,
But haue your louers lodged in your laps :
I craue your aydes, to helpe mee mourne amayne,
Perhaps your selues, shall feele such carefull claps :
Which (God forbid) that any Lady taste,
Who shall by mee but only learne to waste.
My wits be weake an Epitaphe to write,
Because it doth require a grauer stile :
My phraze doth serue but rudely to recite,
How Louers losse doth pinch mee all this while :
Who was as prest to dye for Gruffithes sake,
As Damon, did for Pithias vndertake.
But William had a worldly freend in store,
Who writ his end to small effect (God knowes)
But I. and H. his name did show no more,
Rime Ruffe it is, the common sentence goes,
It hangs at Pawles as euery man goes by,
One ryme too low, an other rampes too hye.
He prays'd him out as worldly freends doo vse,
And vttered all the skill that God had sent :
But I? am thee that neuer will refuse,
But as I am, so will I still bee bent :
No blastes shall blow, my lincked loue awry,
Oh? would the Gods, with Gruffith I might dye,
Then had it been that I poore filly Dame,
Had, had no neede to blot this scratch'd scroule,
Then Virgins fist, had not set forth the fame,
How God hath gripte, my Gruffithes sacred foule.
But woe is mee, I liue in pinching payne,
No wight doth know, what forowes I fustayne.
Vnhappy may that drowfie day bee nam'd,

Wherin I first, possesse my vitall breath :
And eke I wish, that day that I was fram'd,
In stead of life I had receiued death :

Then with these woes, I needed not to waste,
Which now (alas) in euerie vayne I taste.
Some Zoylus fot, will thinke it lightly doone,
Because I mone, my mate, and louer, so
Some Momus match, this scroule will ouerronne,
But loue is lawlesse, euery wight doth know :

Sith loue doth lend mee such a freendly scope,
Disdaynfull dogs I may despise (I hope)
Wherefore I doo, attempt so much the more,
By this good hope, to shew my slender arte :
And mourne I must (who) neuer marckt before,
What fretting force doo holde eche heauy hart :
But now I see that Gruffithes greedy graue,
Doth make mee feeble, the fits which louers haue.
My mournfull muse (good Ladyes) take in worth,
And spare to speake the worst, but iudge the best :
For this is all, that I dare publish forth,
The rest recorded is, within my brest :

And there is lodg'd, for euer to remayne,
Till God doth graunt (by death) to ease my payne.
And when that death is come to pay her due,
With all the paynes, that shee can well inuent :
Yet to my Gruffith, will I still be true,
Hap death, holde life, my minde is fully bent :
Before I will our secret loue disclose,
To Tantals paynes, my body I dispose.
So liue I shall, when death hath spit her spight,
And Lady (Fame) will spread my prayse I know :

And Cupids Knights, will neuer cease to write,
And caufe my name, through (Europe) for to flow :
And they that know what (Cupid) can preuayle,
Will bleffe the ship, that floates with fuch a fayle.
If I had part of Pallas learned skill,
Or if (Caliope) would lend her ayde :
By tracte of time, great volumes I would fill,
My Gruffithes prayse in wayling verfe to fspread :
But (I poore I) as I haue fayd before,
Do wayle, to want, Mineruæs learned lore.
By helpe (I hope) thefe ragged rymes fhall goe,
Entituled as louers lynes fhould bee :
And fcape the chydng chaps of euery foe,
To prayse that man, who was beft likte of mee :
Though death hath fhapte, his moft vntimely end,
Yet for his prayse, my triftiue tunes I fend.
In hope the Gods who guide the heauens aboue,
His buried corps, aliue agayne will make :
And haue remorce of Ladyes lincked loue,
As once they did for good Admetus fake :
Or change him els, into fome flower to weare,
As erft they did, transforme Narciffus fayre.
So fhould I then, poffeffe my former freend,
Reftord to lyfe, as Alceft was from Hell,
Or els the Gods, fome flagrant flower would fend,
Which for his fake, I might both weare and fmell :
Which flower, out of my hand fhall neuer paffe,
But in my harte, shall have a fticking place.
But wo is mee, my wishes are in vayne,
Aduē delight? come, crooked cursed care :
To bluntish blockes (I fee) I doo complayne,

And reape but onely sorrow for my share :
For well I know that Gods nor sprites can cure,
The paynes that I for Gruffith doo endure.
Since wayling, no way can remedy mee,
To make an ende, I therefore iudge it best :
And drinke vp all, my sorrow secretly,
And as I can, I will abide the rest :
And fith I dare not mourne, to open showe,
With secret fighes and teares, my hart shall flow.
Some busie brayne, perhaps will aske my name,
Disposd much, some tidings for to marke :
That dare I not ? for feare of flying fame,
And eke I feare least byting bugs will barke :
Therefore farewell, and aske no more of mee,
For (as I am) a Louer will I dye.

FINIS.

THE PARADYSE

of daynty deuifes.

*Conteyning sundry pithy preceptes, learned
Counsels, and excellent inuentions, right pleasant
and profitable for all estates.*

*Devised and written for the most part, by M. Edwardes,
sometimes of her Maiesties Chappell: the rest,
by fundry learned Gentlemen, both of
honor, and worship, whose names
hereafter folowe.*

(. . .)



I *Imprinted at London, by Henry Disle,
dwelling in Paules Churchyard, at the South-
west doore of Saint Paules Church, and
are there to be solde.*

1578.

{ SAINT BARNARD.
E. O.
LORD VAUX, THE ELDER. }
W. HUNIS.

{ IASPER HEYWOOD.
F. KINDLEMARSH. }
D. SAND.
M. YLOOP. }

TO THE RIGHT HO-

norable Sir Henry Compton

*Knight, Lord Compton
of Compton.*

RIGHT honorable, and my verye good Lord, (presuming vpon your curtesy) I am bolde to present vnto your honor this smale volume Entituled The Paradise of deynthe deuises, being penned by diuers learned Gentlemen and collected together through the trauell of one, both of worshippe and credite, for his priuate vse: who not long since departed this life, which when I had perused ouer, not without the aduise of sundry my freendes, I determined by their good motion, to set the in print, who therunto greatlye perswaded me, with these and like words: The wryters of them, were both of honor and worshippe, besides that our owne country men, and such as for their learning and grautie might be accompted of among the wisest. Furthermore, the dittis both pithy & pleasant, as wel for the inuentiō as meter, and will yeelde a farre greater delight, being as they are so aptly made to be sette to any song in 5 partes, or song to instrument. Which well considering, I porposed not to forsake so good an occasion, beseeching your honor to accept it in good parte, cheefely for the authours sake: who thought some of them are departed this life, yet their worthy doings shall continue for euer: for like as the shadow foloweth the body, so praise foloweth vertue: and as the shadow goeth somtimes before, and sometimes behind, so doth praise also to vertue: but the later it commeth, the greater it is, & to be the better esteemed.

Thus fearing to offend your honor with these my rude speeches, I ende, wishing your L. many yeeres of joy.

*Your good Lordships wholly to
command. H. D.*

THE TRANSLATION OF THE BLESSED S. BARNARDS
VERSES, CONTEINING THE VNSTABLE FELICITIE
OF THIS WAYFARING WORLD.

*Cv̄ mundus militat, sub vana gloria, cuius prosperitas est
transitoria?
Tam cito labitur, eius potentia quam vasa figula, que sunt
fragilia.*

Why dooth eache state apply it selfe to worldly prayse?
And vndertake such toyle, to heape vp honours gayne:
Whose feate, though seeming sure, on fickle fortune staves,
Whose giftes were neuer proued, perpetuall to remayne.
But euen as an earthen pot, with euery fillip fayles,
So fortunes fauour flits, and fame with honour quayles.

*Plus crede litteris, scriptis in glacia, quam mundi fragilis,
venæ fallaciæ.
Fallax in premijs, virtutis specie, que nunquam habuit, tem-
pus fiduciæ.*

Thinke rather firme to find, a figure grauen in ise,
Whose substance subiect is, to heate of shining funne:
Then hope for stedfast stay, in wanton worlds deuise,
Whose fayned fond delightes, from falshed forge doo come.
And vnder Vertues veyle, are largely dealt about,
Deceiuing those, who thinke their date will neuer out.

*Magis credendū est viris fallacibus, quam mundi miseris
prosperitatibus*

*Falsis insaniis & voluptatibus, falsis quoquæ studijs & vani-
tatibus.*

The trifeling truthles tongue, of rumours lying lippes,
Deferues more trust, then dooth the higheft happy hap :
That world to worldlinges giues, for see how honour flippes,
To foolish fond conceytes, to pleasures poysoned sap.
To studyes false in prooffe, to artes applied to gayne,
To fickle fancies toyes, which wisedome deemeth vayne.

*Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis? vel ubi Sampson est,
dux inuincibilis?*

*Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis? vel pulcher Absoln,
vultu mirabilis.*

Where is the facred king, that Salomon the wise?
Whose wysedome, former time of duety did commend :
Where is that Sampson strong, that monstrous man in fyze?
Whose forced arme, dyd cause the mighty pillers bend.
Where is the pearles Prince, the freendly Jonathas?
Or Absolon, whose shape and fauour did surpasse.

*Quo Cæsar abiit? celsus imperio, vel diues splendidus, totus
in prandio.*

*Dic vbi Tullius, clarus eloquio, vel Aristoteles, summus in-
genio.*

Where is that Cæsar now, whose high renowned fame,
Of fundry conquestes wonne, throughout the world did
found :

Or Diues rich in store, and rich in richly name,
 Whose chest with gold and dishe with daynties did abound.
 Where is the passing grace of Tullies pleding skill?
 Or Aristotles vayne, whose pen had witte and will?

*O esca vermium, ò massa pulveris, ò ros, ò vanitas, cur sic
 extolleris?*

*Ignoras penitus utrū cras vixeris, fac bonum omnibus, quam
 diu poteris.*

O foode of filthy worme, oh lump of lothsome clay,
 O life ful like the dewe, which morning funne doth waft:
 O shadow vayne, whose shape with funne dooth shrinke
 away,

Why gloriest thou so much, in honour to be plaste?
 Sith that no certayne houre of life thou doste enjoy,
 Most fyt it were thy time to goodnesse to employ.

*Quam breve festū est, hæc mundi gloria, vt umbra homi-
 num, sic eius gaudia.*

*Que semper subtrahit æterna præmia, & ducunt hominum, ad
 dura eruiā.*

How short a banquet seemes the pomp of high renowne?
 How like the senseles shape of shiuering shadow thine?
 Are wanton worldly toyes, whose pleasure plucketh
 downe,

Our harts from hope, & hands from works, which heauen
 should win.

And takes vs from the trod, which guides to enlesse gayne,
 And sets vs in the way, that leades to lasting payne.

*Hæc mundi gloria, quæ magni penditur, sacris in litteris,
flos fæni dicitur.*

*Ut leue folium, quod vento rapitur, sic vita hominum, hac
vita tollitur.*

The pompe of worldly prayfe, which worldlings hold so
deere,

In holy facred booke, is likened to a flowre :

Whose date dooth not conteyne, a weeke, a moonth, or
yeere,

But springing now, dooth fade againe within an houre.

And as the lightest leafe with wind about is throwne,

So light is the life of man, and lightly hence is blowne.

FINIS.

My luke is losse.

I. Our pleasures are vanities.

Beholde the blast which blowes the bloffomes from the tree,

The end whereof, consumes and comes to nought we see :

Ere thou therefore, be blowen from life that may not last,

Begin for grace to call, for time mispent and past.

Haue mind on brittle lyfe, whose pleasures are but vayne,

On death likewise bethinke, how thou maiest not remayne :

*And feare thy Lord to greeue, which fought thy soule
to faue,*

To sinne no more be bent, but mercy aske and haue.

For death who dooth not spare, the kings on earth to kill,
Shall reape also from thee, thy pleasure, life, and will :
That lyfe which yet remaynes, and in thy breft appeares,
Hath sown in thee such feedes, you ought to weede with
 teares.

And life that shall succcede, when death is worne and past,
Shall spring for euer then, in joy or payne to last :
Where death on life hath power ye see, that life also
Hath mowen the fruites of death, which neuer more shall
 grow.

FINIS.

W. Hunis.

2. *Who wayteth on this wauering world, and veweth each
 estate.*

By tryall taught shall learne it best, to liue in simple rate.

A mid the vale the sclender shrubbe, is hid from all mishap,
 When taller tree that standes aloft, is rent with thunder clap.
 The Turrets tops which touch the cloudes, are beat with
 euery blaft,

Soone shiuered are their stoncs with storme, and quickly
 ouer cast.

Best bodyed tree in all the wood, for tymber beame is found,
 And to the axe the sturdiest Oxe, dooth yeeld and fall to
 ground.

The higheft hill dooth sooneft feele, the flash of lightnings
 flame,

And soone decayes the pomp and pryde, of high renowned
 name.

Of all the heard the huntman seekes, by prooffe as dooth
appere,

With double forked arrowe head, to wound the greatest
Deare.

The hautiest head of all the droue enjoyes the shortest life,
And stains the slaughter house with blood, at pricke of
butchers knife.

Thus what thing hiest place atteynes, is soonest ouerthrowne,
What euer Fortune sets a loft, she threatens to throw it
downe.

And though no force resist thy power, nor seeke thee to
confound,

Yet dooth the payse of weighty things, decline it selfe to
ground.

For restless tye of roulling wheele, example hath it tryde,
To heauy burden yeelde it must full soone, and slip asyde.

What wayles the rich his bed of down, y^t fighes for slepless
thought,

What time in couch of flock the poore, sleepes sound &
feareth nought.

At homely boord his quiet foode, his drinkes in treene
be tane,

When oft the proud in cuppes of gold, with wine receiue
their bane.

The bed, the boord, the dread in dout, with trayne to be
opprest,

When fortune frounes, their power must yeelde, as wyre
vnto y^e wrest.

If Icarus had not presumed to high to take his flight,
He had not yet ben drowned in Seas, that now Icarion
hight.

If Phaeton had not enterprised to guide his fathers seate,
His fires had not enflamed the world, nor been destroyed
with heate.

But who so climes aboue the meane, there is no hope of stay,
The higher vp the sonner downe, and nearer his decay.
Then you that here in pompe or place, to guide the golden
mase,

Let crowne and Septer both obey the meane of Vertues race.
For neither shall renowned Vertue see the pit of hell,
Nor yet in toombe of Marble stone, she may abide to dwell.
But from Sepulcher flies she hence, beyond the skies aboue,
And glistering in the blisful stares, she raines with mighty
Joue.

FINIS. *Iasper Heywood.*

3. *The perfect tryall of a faythfull freend.*

Not stayerd state, but feeble stay, not costly robes, but
bare aray :

Not passed welth, but presēt wāt, not heped store but
fclēder skāt

Not plenties purse, but poore estate, not happy hap, but
froward fate :

Not wih at wil, but wāt of ioy, not harts good helth but
harts annoy :

No fredomes vse, but prifoners thrall, not costly seate, but
lowest fall :

Not weale I meane, but wretched wo, doth truely try, ye
f[r]eend frō foe :

And nowght but frowarde Fortune prooues, who fauning
faines, or simply loues,

FINIS. *M. Yloop.*

4. *Being asked the occasion of his white head,
he aunswereth thus.*

Where feething fighes and forow fobbes,
Hath flaine the flippes that nature fet :
And skalding showers with stony throbbes,
The kindly sappe from them hath fet.
What woonder then thogh that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where thought hath thrild and throwne his speares,
To hurt the hart that harmeth him not :
And groning grieve hath ground forth teares,
Myne eyne to staine, my face to spot.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where pinching payne himselfe hath plaste,
There peace with pleasures were possfest :
And where the walles of wealth lye waste,
And pouertye in them is preft.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

Where wretched woe will weaue her webbe,
Where care the clewe can catch and cast :
And flooddes of ioy are fallen to ebbe,
So loe, that life may not long last.
What woonder then though that you see,
Upon my head white heares to be.

These heares of age are messengers,
Which bidde me fast, repent, and pray :
They be of death the harbingers,
That dooth prepare and dresse the way.
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head fuch heares to be.

They be the lines that lead the length,
How farre my race is for to runne :
They say my youth, is fled with strength,
And how olde age is weake begunne.
The which I feele, and you may see,
Upon my head fuch lines to be.

They be the stringes of sober sound,
Whose musicke is harmonical :
Their tunes declare a time from ground
I came, and how there to I shall.
Wherefore I ioy that you may see,
Upon my head fuch stringes to be.

God graunt to those that white heares haue,
No worse them take then I haue ment :
That after they be layde in graue,
Their foules may ioy their liues wel spent.
God graunt likewise that you may see,
Upon your head fuch heares to be.

FINIS. *W. Hunis.*

5. *Beware of had I wyft.*

Beware of had I wyft, whose fine brings care and smart,
Esteeme of all as they deferue, and deeme as deemd
thou art :

So shall thy perfect freend enjoy his hoped hyre,
And faithlesse fawning foe, shall misse theeffect of his defyre.
Good will shall haue his gayne, and hate shall heape
despite,

A faithlesse freend shall find distrust, and loue shall reape
delite.

Thy selfe shall rest in peace, thy freend shall joy thy fate,
Thy foe shall fret at thy good happe, and I shall joy thy
state.

But this my fond aduise, may seeme purchaunce but vayne,
As rather teaching how to lose, then how a freend to gayne.
But this not my intent, to teach to find a freend,
But safely how to loue and leaue, is all that I entend.
And yf you prooue in part, and find my counsell true,
Then wysh me well for my good wyll, tis all I craue, adue.

FINIS. *My lucke is losse.*

6. *M. Edwards MAY.*

When May is in his prime, then may eche hart reioyce,
When May bedecks eche branch with greene, ech bird
streins forth his voice

The liuely fappe creepes vp into the bloming throne,
The flowres, which cold in prision kept, now laughs y^e frost
to skorne.

All natures Impes triumphes, whiles ioyful may doth laft,
When May is gone, of all the yeere the pleafant time is paf.

May makes the cheerfull hue, May breedes & bringes
new blood.

May marcheth throughout euery lim, May makes ye mery
mood.

May pricketh tender harts, their warbling notes to tune,
Ful ftrange it is, yet fome we fee, doe make their May in
June.

Thus thinges are ftrangly wrought, whiles ioyful May
doth laft,

Take May in time, when May is gone, the pleafant time
is paf.

All ye that liue on earth, and haue your May at will,
Reioyce in May, as I doe now, and vse your May with skill.
Ufe May, whyle that you may, for May hath but his time,
When all the fruite is gone, it is to late the tree to clime.
Your liking and your luft, is freshe whyles May dooth laft,
When May is gone, of all the yeere, the pleafant time is paf.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

7. Faire words make fooles faine.

In youthful yeeres when first my young defyres began,
To pricke me forth to ferue in Court a fclender tal young
man :

My fathers bleffing then I afke upon my knnee,
Who bleffing me with trembling hand, thefe words gan fay
to me :

My sonne, God guide thy way, and shild thee from
mischaunce,
And make thy just defartes in Court, thy poore estate to
aduaunce :
Yet when thou art become one of the Courtly trayne,
Thinke on this prouerbe old (qd he) that faire words make
foles fain.

This counsell grauely giuen, most straunge appeares to me,
Till tract of time with open eyes, had made me plainly see :
What subtill fleighes are wrought by painted tales deuise,
When hollow harts with freendly shewes the simple do
entife.

To thinke all gold that shines to feede their fond desire,
Whose sheuering cold is warmde with smoke, in stead of
flaming fire :
Sith talke of tickle trust, dooth breede a hope most vayne,
This prouerbe true by profe I find, that faire words make
fooles fain.

Faire speach alway doth wel, where deedes insue faire
words,
Faire speach agayn alway dooth euill, that busshes giues
for birdes.

Who hopes to haue faire words, to trye his lucky lot,
If I may counsell, let him strike it whyle the iron is hot.
But them that feede on cloddes, in stead of pleasant grapes,
And after warning often giuen, for better lucke still gape
Ful loth I am, yet must I tel them in words playne,
This prouerbe old proues true in them, that faire words
makes fooles fayne.

Wo worth the time that words, so flowly turne to deedes,
 Wo worth the time yt faire fwete flowers, are growen to
 rotten weedes,

But thrife wo worth the time, that truth away is fled,
 Wherein I fee how simple harts, with words are vaynely fed.
 Trust not faire words therfore, Where no deedes do enfue,
 Trust words, as skilful falkeners do trust Haukes that neuer
 flewe.

Trust deedes, let words be words, which neuer wrought me
 gaine,

Let my experience make you wise, and let words make
 foles faine.

FINIS.

M. Edwardes.

8. *In his extreame sicknesse.*

What greeues my bones, and makes my body faint?
 What prickes my flesh and teares my head in twayne?
 Why doe I wake, when rest should me attaint?
 When others laugh, why do I liue in payne?
 I tosse, I turne, I chaunge from side to side,
 And stretch me oft, in sorowes linkes betyde.

I tosse, as one betoft in waues of care,
 I turne, to flee the woes of lothsome life:
 I change, to spy if death this corpes might spare,
 I stretch, to heauen to ridde me of this strife:
 Thus doe I stretch, and change, and tosse and turne,
 Whyle I in hope of heauen my life do burne.

Then hold the still, let be thy heauinesse,
 Abolish care, forgeat thy pining woe:

For by this meanes foone shalt thou find redresse,
When oft betoft, hence thou to heauen must goe.
Then toffe and turne, and tumble franke and free,
O happy thrife, when thou in heauen shalt be.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

9. *For Christmas day.*

*Reioyce, reioyce with heart and voyce,
In Christes birth this day reioyce.*

From Virgins wombe this day did spring,
The precious feede that only faued man :
This day let man reioyce and sweetely sing,
Since on this day saluacion first began.
This day did Christ man soule from death remoue,
With glorious faintes to dwell in heauen aboue.

This day to man, came pledge of perfect peace,
This day to man, came loue and vnitie :
This day mans grieve began for to surcease,
This day did man receiue a remedie.
For each offence and euery deadly sinne,
With guiltie hart that erst he wandred in.

In Christes flocke, let loue be surely plaste,
From Christes flocke, let concord hate expel :
Of Christes flocke let loue be so embraste,
As we in Christ, and Christ in vs may dwel.
Christ is the authour of all vnitie,
From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O sing vnto this glittering glorious king,
 O prayse his name let euery liuing thing :
 Let hart and voyce like Belles of filuer ring,
 The comfort that this day did bring.
 Let Lute, let Shalme, with found of sweete delight,
 The ioy of Christes birth this day refight.

FINIS. F. Kindlemarsh.

10. *For Easter day.*

All mortal men this day reioice, in Christe that you
 redemed hath,
 By death w^t death sing we w^t voice, to him y^t hath appefd
 gods wrath
 Due vnto man for sinful path, wherein before he went
 astray,
 Giue thanks to him with perfect faith that for man kinde
 hath made this glorious day.

This day he rose frō tombe again, wherin his precious
 corse was laid,
 Whom cruelly y^e Jewes had flaine, with blooddy wounds
 ful il araid :
 O man be now no more dismaid, if thou henceforth from
 sin do stay,
 Of death thou needest not be afraide, Christ conquered
 death for thys his glorious day.

His death preuailed had not whitt, As Paule y^e apostle wel
 doth write :
 Except he had vprisen yet, from death to life by Godlike
 might :

With most triumphant glittering light,
This day his glorye shined I fay, and made vs brighte as
funne thys glorious day.

O man arise with Chrifft therfore, ſince he from ſin hath
made thee fre,
Beware thou fall in finne no more, but riſe as Chrifft did
riſe for thee :
So maiſt thou him in glory ſee, when he at day of doome
ſhall fay,
Come thou my child and dwell with me, God graunt vs all
to ſee that glorious day.

FINIS. goth Iaſper Haywood.

II. For Whitſunday.

Come holy ghofte eternall God, and eaſe the wofull greefe,
That through the heapes of heauy ſin, can no where find
Doo thou O God redreſſe [releefe.
The great diſtreſſe
Of ſinful heauineſſe.

Come comfort the afflicted thoughtes of my confumed hart,
O ryd the pearcing pricking paynes of my tormenting ſmart :
O holy ghofte graunt me
That I by thee
From ſinne may purged be.

Thou art my God, to thee alone I will commend my cauſe,
Nor glittering gold nor precious ſtone, ſhall make me leaue
O teach me then the way [thy laws :

Whereby I may
Make thee my onely stay.

My lippes, my tongue, my hart and al, shall spread thy
mighty name,
My voyce shall neuer cease to found, the prayfes of the
Yea euery liuing thing [fame :
Shall sweetely sing
To thee (O heauenly king.)

FINIS. F. K.

12. *No pleasure without some payne.*

Sweete were the ioyes that both might like and laft,
Strange were the ftate exempt from all distrefse :
Happy the life that no mishap should toft,
Blessed the chaunce might never change successe.
Were fuch a life to lead, or ftate to proue,
Who would not wifh that fuch a life were loue.

But O the fource fauce of fwete vnfore,
When pleasures flye and flit with waft of wind :
The trustlefse traynes that hoping harts allure,
When sweete delightes do but allure the mind.
When care confumes and wafte the wretched wight,
Whyle fancie feedes and drawes of her delight.

What life were loue, if loue were free from paine ?
But O that paine with pleasure match should meete :
Why did the courfe of nature fo ordayne,

That fugred fowre must fauce the bitter sweete.
Which fowre from sweete might any meanes remoue,
What hap, what heauen, what life, were like to loue.

FINIS. W. R.

13. *Who mindes to bring his Shippe to happy shore
Must care to know the lawes of wisedomes lore.*

My freend, if thou wilt credite me in ought,
To whom the truth by tryall well appeares :
Nought worth is wit til it be dearely bought,
There is no wisedome but in hoary heares.
Yet if I may of wisedome oft define,
As well as others haue of happinesse :
Then to my words my freend thy eare encline,
The thinges that make thee wise are these I geffe.

Feare God, and know thy selfe in each degree,
Be freend to all, familiar but to fewe :
To light of credite see thou neuer be,
For tryall ought in trust dooth treason shewe.
To others faultes cast not too much thy eye,
Accuse no man of guilt, amend thy owne :
Of meddling much doth mischief ought arise,
And oft debate by tickle tongue is fowne.

What thing thou wilt haue hyd, to none declare,
In word or deede beware of had I wift :
So spend thy good that some thou euer spare,
For freendes like Haukes doo soare from emptie fist.

Cut out thy coate according to thy cloth,
Suspected persons see thou alwayes flee,
Beleeue not him that once hath broke his troth,
Nor yet of gift with out desert be free.

Time quickly flips beware how thou it spend,
Of wanton youth repents a paynful age :
Begin nothing without an eye to thend,
Nor bow thine eare from counsell of the sage.
If thou too farre let out thy fancy flip,
And witleffe will from reasons rule outstart :
Thy folly shall at length be made thy whip,
And fore the stripes of shame shall cause the smart.

To doo too much for old men is but loft,
Of freendship had to women comes like gayne :
Bestow not thou on children too much cost,
For what thou doest for these is all in vaine.
The olde man, or he can requite, he dyes,
Vnconstant is the womans wauering mind :
Ful soone the boy thy freendship will despyse,
And him for loue thou shalt vngreatfull find.

The aged man is like the barraine ground,
The woman like the Reede that waggess with wind :
There may no trust in tender yeeres be found,
And of the three, the boy is most vnkind.
If thou haue found a faithful freend in deede,
Beware thou lose not loue of such a one :
He shall sometime stand thee in better steede,
Then treasure great of gold or precious stone.

FINIS. Jasper Heywood.

14. *Of the vnconstant stay of Fortunes giftes.*

If Fortune be thy stay, thy state is very tickle,
She beares a double face, disguised, false, and fickle :
This day she seemes to smile, to morow will she frowne,
What now shee sets aloft, anone she throweth downe :
Fly Fortunes flye deceytes, let Vertue be thy guide,
If that you doo intend in happy state to abide.

Vpon the fetled rocke thy building surest standes,
Away it quickly weares, that resteth on the sandes :
Dame Vertue is the rocke, that yeeldes assured stay,
Dame Fortune is the sand, that skoureth foone away :
Chooſe that is certaine, let thing vncertayne paſſe,
Preferre the precious gold, before the brittle glaſſe.

Sly Fortune hath her flightes, she plaies vpon the packe,
Looke whom she fauours moſt, at length she turnes to
wracke :

But Vertue ſimply deales, ſhe ſhuns deceitful trayne,
Who is by Vertue rayſed vp, ſhall neuer fal agayne :
Sticke faſt to Vertue then, that giues assured truſt,
And flye from Fortunes frekes, that euer proue vniuſt.

FINIS.

F. K.

15. *Promise is debt.*

In my accompt the promiſe that is vowed,
Among the good is holden ſuch a debt :
As he is thought no whit to be allowed,

That fetteth light his promise to forget.
And for my part I will not linke in loue,
With fickle folke whose fancies ought remoue.

My happy gaine I do esteeme for such,
As fewe have found in these our doubtful dayes :
To find a freend I thinke it be as much,
As to win a fort ful fraught of noble prayse.
Of all the goods that there may be possesse,
A faithfull freend I iudge to be the best.

O freendly league although to late begun,
Yet time shall trye our troth as well employed :
And that we both shall see that we haue won,
Such fastned faith as can not be destroyed.
By enuious rage or flanders bitter blowe,
That alwayes seekes the good to ouerthrowe.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

16. *No wordes, but deedes.*

The wrong is great, the payne aboue my power,
That yeeldes such care in doubtfull dens to drowne :
Such hap is hard wher Fortune doth so lower,
As freendly looke is turnd to froward frowne.
Is this the trust that faithfull freendes can finde ?
With those that yet haue promise broke ?
By deedes in dout, as though no wordes can binde,
A vowed freend to hold him to his yoke.

O faithleffe freend, what can assure your mind,
That doubtēs so soone before you haue cause why ?
To what hard hap doth Fortune here me bind,
When words nor deedes can no where satisfye.
What can I write ? that hath not oft bine saide,
What haue I sayd ? that hath not bind affyrmed :
What not approued ? that ought to be assayed,
Or what is vowed ? that shall not be perfourmed.

Cast of mistrust, in hast no credite giue,
To this or that, that breedeth freendes vnrest :
No doubt at all, but trust me if I liue,
My deedes shall proue, that all is for the best.
And this beleue, the Sea shall cease to flowe,
The Sunne to shine within the fetled skye :
All thinges on earth shall leaue to spring and growe,
Yea euery Foule shall want his winges to flye.

Eare I in thought shall seeme once to retyre,
If you my freend remaine as I desyre :
Nowe lose no time, but vse that while you may,
Forget not this, a dogge shall haue a day.

FINIS. R. D.

17. *He desyreth exchange of life.*

The day delayed, of that I most do wishe,
Wherewith I feede and starue in one degree :
With wish and want still serued in one dishe,
Aliue as dead, by prooffe as you may see.

To whom of old this prouerbe wel it serues,
While graffe dooth grow, the felly horse he sterues.

Tweene these extreames thus doo I rome the race,
Of my poore life, this certaynly I know :
Tweene would and want vnwarely that do passe,
More swift then shot out of Archers bow.
As Spider drawes her line all day,
I watch the net, and others haue the pray.

And as by prooffe the greedy dogge doth gnawe,
The bared bone all onely for the taste :
So to and fro this lothsome life I draw,
With fancies forst and fed with vaine repast.
Narfissus brought vnto the water brinke,
So aye thirst I, the more that I do drinke.

Loe thus I dye, and yet I seeme not ficke,
With smart vnseene my selfe, my selfe I weare :
With prone desire and power that is not quicke,
With hope aloft now drenched in dispayre.
Trained in trust for no reward assignd,
The more I haft, the more I come behind.

With hurt to heale, in frozen yse to frie,
With losse to laugh, this is a wonderous case :
Fast fetred here, is forst away to flie,
As hunted Hare, that Hound hath in the chafe.
With winges and spurres, for all the haft I make,
As like to lose, as for to draw the stake.

The dayes be long that hang vpon desert,
The life is irke of ioyes that be delayed :
The time is fhort for to requite the smart,
That dooth proceede of promife long vnpayed.
That to the laft of this my fainting breath,
I with exchange of life for happy death.

FINIS. *L. Vaux.*

18. *Of the instabilitie of youth.*

When I looke backe and in my felfe behold,
The wandring wayes that youth could not descry :
And marke the fearful courfe that youth did hold,
And mette in mind, each fteppe youth ftrayed a wry.
My knees I bowe, and from my hart I call,
O Lord, forget thefe faultes and follies all.

For now I fee, how voyde youth is of fkill,
I fee alfo his prime time and his end :
I doo confefse my faultes and all my ill,
And forow fore, for that I did offend,
And with a mind repentant of all crimes,
Pardon I afke for youth, ten thoufand times.

The humble hart, hath daunted the proud mind,
Eke wyfedome hath giuen ignorance a fall :
And wit hath taught, that folly could not find,
And age hath youth, her fubieft and her thrall.
Therefore I pray, O Lord of life and truth,
Pardon the faultes committed in my youth.

Thou that diddest graunt the wife-king his request,
 Thou that in the Whale, thy prophet didst preferue :
 Thou that forgauest the wounding of thy brest,
 Thou that didst saue the theefe in state to sterue.
 Thou onely God, the giuer of all grace,
 Wipe out of mind, the path of youthes vaine race.

Thou that by power, to life didst raise the dead,
 Thou that restorest the blind to sight :
 Thou that for loue, thy life and loue out bled,
 Thou that of fauour, madest the lame go right.
 Thou that canst heale, and helpe in all affayes,
 Forgiue the gylth, that grewe in youthes vaine wayes.

And now since I, with faith and doubtlesse mind,
 Doo flye to thee by prayer to appease thy yre :
 And since that thee I onely seeke to finde,
 And hope by faith to attayne my iust desire.
 Lord mind no more youthes error and vnskill,
 And able age, to doo thy holy will.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

19. *Most happy is that state alone,
 Where words and deedes agree in one.*

By paynted words, the filly simple man,
 To trustlesse trap, is trayned now and than :
 And by confeyt, of sweete alluring tale,
 He bites the baits, that breedes his bitter bale.
 To beawties blaze, cast not thy rouing eye :

In pleasant greene, doo ftinging serpents lye.
The golden Pill, hath but a bitter tast,
In glittering glasse, a poyson ranckest plaste.
So pleasant wordes, without performing deedes :
May well be deemed to spring of Darnel feedes.
The freendly deede is it, that quickly tryes :
Where trusty faith, and freendly meaning lyes.
That state therefore most happy seemes to be :
Where wordes and deedes, most faithfully agree.

My freend yf thou wilt keepe thy honest name :
Fly from the blot, of barking flaunders blame.
Let not in word thy promise be more large :
Then thou in deede, art willing to discharge.
Abhorred is that false diffembling broode :
That seemes to beare two faces in one hoode.
To say a thing, and not to meane the same :
Wyll turne at length to losse of thy good name.
Wherefore my freend, let double dealing goe :
In stead whereof, let perfect playnnesse flowe.
Doo thou no more in idle wordes exceede
Then thou intendes to doe, in very dede.
So good report, shall spread thy worthy prayse :
For being iust in word and deede alwayes.

You worldly wightes that worldly dooers are
Before you let your word slip out to farre,
Consider well, what inconuenience springes :
By breache of promise made, in lawfull thinges.
First, God mislikes where such deceit doth swarme :
Next, it renoundeth vnto thy neighboures harme.

And laft of all, which is not leaft of all :
 For fuch offence, thy confcience fuffer fhall.
 As barren groundes, bringes forth but rotten weedes :
 From barren words, fo fruitlefse chaffe proceedes.
 As fauery flowres, doo fpring in fertil ground :
 So trusty freendes, by tryall foone are found.
 To fhunne therefore the woorft, that may enfue :
 Let deedes alway, approue thy fayings true.

FINIS.

F. K.

20. *Who wyll aspire to dignitie
 By learning muft aduanced be.*

The poore that liue in needy rate, by learning doo great
 riches gayne :

The rich that liue in welthy ftate, by learning do their
 welth maintayne.

Thus rich and poore, are furthered ftill,
 By facred rules of learned fkill.

All fond conceites of franticke youth, the golden gift of
 learning ftayes :

Of doubtfull things to fearch the truth, learning fets foorth
 the reddy wayes.

O happy him doo I repute,
 Whofe brest is fraught with learning fruite.

There growes no corne within the felde, that Oxe and
 Plough did neuer tyll,

Right fo the mind no fruite can yeeld, that is not lead by
 learnings fkill.

Of ignorance comes rotten weedes,
Of learning springes right noble deedes.

Like as the Captayne hath respect, to trayne his fouldiers in aray :

So learning doth mans mind direct, by Vertues staffe his life to stay.

Though Freendes and Fortune waxeth skant,
Yet learned men shall neuer want.

You Impes therfore in youth be sure, to fraught your mindes w^t learned thinges,

For learning is the fountayne pure, out from the which all glory springes.

Who so therefore will glory win,
With learning first must needes begin.

FINIS. F. K.

21. *Mans flittyng life findes surest stay,
Where sacred Vertue beareth sway.*

The sturdy Rocke for all her strength, by raging Seas is rent in twayne :

The Marble stone is pearst at length, with little droppes of driffling rayne.

The Oxe dooth yeeld vnto the yoke,
The Steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately Stagge that seemes so stout, by yalping hounds at bay is fet :

The fwiftest bird that flees aboue, is caught at length in
Fowlers net.

The greatest Fish in deepest Brooke,
Is soone deceiued with subtill hooke.

Ye man himselfe, vnto whose will, all thinges are bounden
to obey :

For all his witte and worthy skill, dooth fade at length
and fall away.

There is nothing, but time doth waft,
The Heauens; the Earth, consume at last.

But Vertue fittes triumphing still, vpon the Trone of
glorious Fame :

Though spitfull death mans body kill, yet hurtes he not his
vertuous name.

By life or death, what so betides,
The state of Vertue, neuer slides.

FINIS. *M. T.*

22. Nothing is comparable vnto a faithfull freend.

Sith this our time of Freendship is so skant,
Sith Freendship now in euery place doth want.
Sith euery man of Freendship is so hollowe,
As no man rightly knowes which way to followe.
Sease not my Muse, sease not in these our dayes,
To ring loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

If men be now, their owne peculiar freendes,
And to their neighbours freendship none pretendes.

If men of Freendship shewe them selues so bare,
And of their brethren take no freendly care,
Forbeare not then my Muse, nor feare not then,
To ring disprayse of these vnfreendly men.

Did man of Freendship know the mighty power?
How great effectes it worketh euery houre.
What store of hidden freendship it retaynes,
How still it powreth forth abundant gaines.
Man would with thee my muse in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred Freendships prayse.

Freendship releueth mans necessitie,
Freendship, comforteth mans aduersitie.
Freendship augmenteth mans prosperitie,
Freendship preferres man to felicitie.
Then ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Ring out loude peales, of sacred freenships prayse.

Of Freendship, growes loue and charitie,
By Freendship, men are linked in amitie:
From Freendship springeth all commoditie,
The fruite of Freendship, is fidelitie.
Oh ring my muse, ring out in these our dayes,
Peale vpon peale, of sacred Freendships prayse.

That man with man, true freendship may embrace,
That man to man, may shew a freendly face:
That euery man, may sow such freendly feedes,
As freendship may be found in freendly deedes.
And ioyned with thee my Muse in these our dayes,
To ring loud peales of sacred Freendships prayse.

23. *Remember thy ende.*

To be as wise as Cato was, or rich as Crefus in his life,
To haue the strength of Hercules, which did subdue by
force or strife,

What helpeth it when Death doth call,
The happy ende exceedeth all.

The Rich may well the Poore releue, the Rulers may
redresse each wrong :

The learned may good counsell giue, but marke the end of
this my song :

Who doth these thinges, happy they call,
Their happy end exceedeth all.

The happiest end, in these our dayes, that all do seeke,
both small and great :

Is eyther for Fame, or els for Prayse, or who may fitte
in highest feate.

But of these thinges, hap what hap shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

A good beginning ought we see, but feeldome standing at
one stay :

For few do like the meane degree, then prayse at parting
some men say.

The thinges wherto each wight is thrall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

The meane estate, that happy life, which liueth vnder
gouernance :

Who seekes no hate, nor breedes no strife, but takes in
worth his happy chance.

If contentation him befall,
His happy end exceedeth all.

The longer life that we desire, the more offence doth dayly
grow :

The greater payne it doth require, except the Judge some
mercy shew.

Wherefore I thinke and euer shall,
The happy end exceedeth all.

FINIS. *D. S.*

*24. He perswadeth his freend
from the fond Affectes of loue.*

Why art thou bound & maist go fre, shal reason yeld to
raging wil ?

Is thraldom like to libertye ? wilt thou exchange thy good
for ill ?

Then shalt thou learne a childish play, and of each part to
taft and proue :

The lookers on shall iudge and say, loe this is he that
liues by loue.

Thy wittes with thoughts shall stand at stay, thy head
shall haue but heavy rest.

Thy eyes shall watch for wanton prayes, thy tongue shall
shew thy harts request.

Thy eares shall heare a thousand noyse, thy hand shall put
thy pen to payne :

And in the ende, thou shalt disprayse, thy life so spent, for
such small gaine.

If loue and list might euer cope, or youth might runne in
reasons race :

Or if strong fute might win sure hope, I would lesse blame
a louers case.

For loue is hotte, with great desire, and sweete delight
makes youth so fond,

That little sparkes will proue great fyre, and bring free
harts to endlesse bond.

First count the care and then the cost, and marke what
fraude in faith is found :

Then after come and make thy boft, and shew some cause
why thou art bound.

For when the wine doth runne full low, you shall be faine
to drinke the lies :

And eate the fleshful well I know, that hath ben blowne
with many flies.

We see where great deuotion is, the people kneele and
kisse the crosse :

And though we find small fault of this, Yet some will gilld
a bridles boffe.

A foole his bable will not change, not for the septer of
a king,

A louers life is nothing strange, for youth delightes none
other thing.

FINIS. Tho. Churchyard.

25. *Wanting his desyre he complayneth.*

The fayling ships with ioy at length, doo touch their long
desired port,
The hewing axe the Oke doth waft, the battring Canon
breakes the fort.
Hard hagdard haukes stoope to the lure, wild coltes in time
the bridle tames :
There is nothing so out of vre, but to his kind long time
it frames.
Yet this I find in time, no time can winne my fute,
Though oft the tree I climbe, I can not catch the fruite.

[And yet the pleasant branches oft, in yeelding wyse to me
doo bowe,
When I would touch they spring aloft, fone are they gone,
I wot not howe.
Thus I pursue y^e fleting flood, like Tantalus in hel
belowe,
Would god my case she vnderstood, which can ful fone
releue my woe :
Which yf to her were knowen, the fruite were surely mine,
She would not let me grone, and brouse vpon the rine.

But if my ship with tackle torne, with rented failes must
needes retire,
And streame and wind had plainly sworne, by force to
hinder my desire,
Lyke one that strikes vpon y^e rocks, my weerie wrack I
should bewaile

And learne to knowe false fortunes mocks, who smiles on
me to small auaile :

Yet fith she only can, my rented ship restore,
To helpe her wracked man, but once I seeke no more.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

21. *Trye before you trust.*

In freendes are found a heape of doubtes, that double
dealing vse,

A swarme of such I could finde out, whose craft I can
accuse :

A face for loue a hart for hate, these faigned freendes can
beare,

A tongue for troth a head for wyles, to hurt eche simple eare.
In humble port is poyson pact, that plainenesse can not spie,
Which credites all and can not see, where stinging ser-
pentes lye :

Through hastie trust the harmlesse hart, is easely hampred in,
And made beleue it is good golde, when it is lead and tin.
The first deceit that bleares mine eyes, is faigned faith
profest,

The second trappe is grating talke, that gripes eche stran-
gers brest.

The third deceit, is greeting woordes, with colours paint-
ed out,

Which biddes suspect to feare no smart, nor dread no
dangerous rout.

The fourth and last, is long repaire, which creepes in
freendships lap :

And dayly hauntes, that vnder trust, deuifeth many a trap.
Lo how false freendes can frame a fetch, to winne the wil
 with wyles,
To fauce their fleighes with sugred fops, & shadowe harme
 in smiles.
To ferue their lustes are fundry fortes, by practise diuers
 kindes :
Some carries honny in their mouthes, and venime in their
 mindes.
Mee thinkes the stones within the streetes, should crie out
 in this case,
And euery one that doth them meete, should shunne their
 double face.

FINIS.

D. S.

22. A Lady forsaken, complayneth.

If pleasures be in painefulnesse, in pleasures doth my
 body rest,
If ioyes accorde with carefulnesse, a ioyfull hart is in
 my brest :
If prision strong be libertie, in libertie long haue I been,
If ioyes accord with miserie, who can compare a lyfe to
 myne :
Who can vnbind that is fore bound ? who can make free y^t
 is fore thrall,
Or how can any meanes be found to comfort such a wretch
 withall ?
None can but he y^t hath my hart, conuert my paines to
 comfort then,
Yet since his seruauent I became, most like a bondman haue
 I beene :

Since first in bondage I became, my woord and deede was
 euer fuch,
 That neuer once he could [m]e blame, except for louing
 him too much.
 Which I can iudge no iust offence, nor cause that I deferud
 disdayne,
 Except he meane through false pretēce, through forged
 loue to make a trayne.
 Nay, nay, alas, my fained thoughts my frēded & my
 fained ruth,
 My pleasures past, my present plaints, shew wel I meane
 but to much truth :
 But since I can not him attaine, against my wil I let
 him goe,
 And lest he glorie at my paine, I wyl attempt to cloke
 my woe.
 Youth learne by me but do not proue, for I haue proued
 to my paine,
 What greeuous greefes do grow by loue, & what it is to
 loue in vaine.

FINIS. M. D.

23, Finding worldly ioyes but vanities he wysheth death.

Forlorne in filthy froward fate, wherein a thousand cares
 I finde,
 By whom I doo lament my state, annoide with fond
 afflicted minde :
 A wretche in woe, and dare not crie,
 I liue and yet I wishe to die.

The day in dole that seemeth long, I pas with fighes and
heauy cheere,
And with these eyes I vewe the wrong, that I sustaine by
louing here :
Where my mishappes as rife doo dwell,
As plagues within the pitt of hell.

A wailing wight I walke alone, in defart dennes there to
complaine,
Among the sauage fort to mone, I flee my frends where
they remaine :
And pleasure take to shun the fight,
Where erst I felt my cheefe delight.

A captiue clapt in chaynes of care, lapt in the lawes of
lethall loue,
My fleshe & bones consumed bare, with craulng greefes
ful strange to proue :
Though hap dooth bidde me hope at least,
Whiles grasse dooth growe, yet starues the beast.

A feeged fort with forraine force, for want of ayde must
yeelde at last,
So must my weered pined corse, submit it selfe to bitter
taft :
Of craulng care that carkes my brest,
Tyll hop[e] or death shall breede my reit.

FINIS.

F. M.

34. *Having marryed a woorthy Lady and taken away by death, he complayneth his mishap.*

In youth when I at large did leade, my life in lustie
libertie,
When heuy thoughtes no one did sprede, to let my
pleasant fantesie,
No fortune seemd, so hard could fall,
This freedome then, that might make thrall.

And twenty yeres I skarse had spent, whē to make ful my
happy fate,
Both treasures great were on me cast, with landes and
titles of estate :
So as more blest then I stood than,
Eke as me thought was neuer man.

For of Dame Fortune who is he coulde more desire by iust
request,
The health with wealth and libertie, al which at once I
thus possfest :
But masking in this ioly ioy,
A foden fyght prooud al a toy.

For passing on these merie dayes, with new deuise of
pleasures great,
And now & then to viewe the rayes, of beauties workes
with cunning fret :
In heauenly hewes, al which as one,
I oft behelde, but bound to none.

And one day rowling thus my eyes, vpon theſe bleſſed
wights at eaſe,
Among the reſt one did I ſee, who ſtrayght my wandring
lookes did ſeaſe,
And ſtayed them firme, but ſuch a fyght
Of beautie yet ſawe neuer wyght.

What ſhal I ſeke to praife it more, where tongs can not
praife y^e fame,
But to be ſhort to louers lore, I ſtrayght my ſenſes al dyd
frame:
And were it wyt, or were it chaunce,
I woonne the Garlande in this daunce.

And thus wher I before had thought, no hap my fortune
might encreſe,
A double blis this chance forth brought, ſo did my ladies
loue me pleaſe:
Her fayth ſo firme, and conſtant ſuche,
As neuer hart can prayſe too muche.

But now with torments ſtrange I taſte y^e fickle ſtay of
fortunes whele,
And where ſhe rayſde from height to eaſt, with greater
force of greefe to feele:
For from this hap of ſoden frowne,
Of Princes face ſhe threwe me downe.]

And thus exchange now hath it made, by liberty a thing
moſt deare,
In hateful priſon for to fade, where fundred from my
louing feare,

My wealth and health, stands at like stay,
Obscurely to confume away.

And last when humain force was none, could part our loue
wherin we liued,
My ladies life alas is gon, most cruel death hath it bereued :
Whose vertues, her, to God, hath wonne,
And left me here, a man vndone.

FINIS. F. G.

31. *A worthy ditie, song before the Queenes
Maieslie at Bristowe.*

Mistrust not troth, that truly meanes, for euery ielous freke,
In stead of wrong, condēne not right, no hidden wrath to
wreke :

Looke on the light of faultlesse life, how bright her vertues
shine,

And measure out her steppes each one, by leuel and by line.

Deeme eche desert by vpright gesse, wherby your prayse
shall liue,

If malice would be match with might, let hate no iudge-
ment giue :

Enforce no feare with wresting wittes, in quiet conscience
brest.

Lend not your eares to busie tongues, which breedeth
much vnrest.

In doubtfull drifts wade not to farre, it weries but the mind,
Seeke not to search the secreat harts, whose thoughts are
hard to find :

Auoide from you those hateful heads, that helpes to heape
misshap,
Be slow to heare the flatterers voice, that creepeth in your lap.

Embrace their loue that wills you good, and sport not at
their prayse,
Trust not too much vnto your selfe, for feeble are your
stayes :
How can your feate be setled faste, or stand on stedfast
ground,
So propped vp with hollow harts, whose surety is vnfound.

Giue faith to those that feare for loue, and not that loue
for feare,
Regard not them that force compels, to please you euery
where :
All this well waied and borne away, shall stablish long your
state,
Continually with perfect peace, in spite of puffing hate.

FINIS. *D. S.*

32. *An Epitaph vpon the death of Syr Edward Saunders.*
Knight, Lord cheefe Boron of the Exchequer.

You Muses weare your mourning weeds, strike on y^e
fatal Drome
Sound Triton out the trumpe of fame, in spite of Parcas
dome.
Distill Parnassus pleasant drops, possesse Pierides plase,

Apollo helpe with dolefull tune, to wayle this wofull case,
Wring hard your hands, waile on your losse, lament the
fate that fell,

With fobs and fighes to Saunders fay, oh Saunders now
farewell.

Whom Phœbus fed with Pallas pappe, as one of Sibils
feede,

Loe here where death did rest his corpes, the vermine
foule to feede,

Whom Impes of Ioue with Nect̃er sweete, long in Libethres
nourisht,

Behold how dreadful death him brought, to y^t whence
he came first.

Lycurgus he for learned lawes, Rhadamanthus race that
ranne,

A nother Nestor for aduise, Zalucus fame that wanne.

A Damon deare vnto his freend, in faith like Phocion found,

A Cato that could counfel giue, to prince a subiect found.

Not Athens for their Solon sage, not Rome for Numa waile,

As we for Saunders death haue cause, in f[l]ods of teares
to faile.

Not Sparta card for Chilos death, ne proud Prienna prest,

To weepe for Bias as we wayle, for Saunders late posselt.

His learned pathes his talentes rare, so now by death
appeares,

As he that Salomon fought to ferue, in prime and youthful
yeeres,

His counfel sad, his rules, his lawes, in country foyle so
wrought,

As though in Cuma he had benn, of sage Sibilla taught.

His vertuous life was such I fay, as Vertue did embrace,

By Vertue taught in Vertues schoole, to grow in vertues race.
Might tender babes, might orphants weak, might widows rere y^e cry,
The found thereof shoulde pearce the cloudes, to skale y^e empire fky.
To bid the gods to battel bend, and to diffend in fight,
Though farre vnfit, and mates vnmeete, with mortal men to fight.
Too late (alas) we wish his life, to soone deceiued vs Death.
Too little wit we haue to feeke, the dead agayne to breath.
What helples is, must carelesse be, as Natures course doth shewe,
For death shal reape what life hath sown, by nature this we know.
Where is that ferce Achilles fled, where is king Turnus shroude,
What is become of Priamus state, where is Periander proude :
Hector, Hanno, Hanibal, dead, Pompei, Pirrhus spild,
Scipio, Cyrus, Cæsar flaine, and Alexander kild.
So long their Fortune fast did floe, and charged Fame to found,
Tyll frowning Fortune foyld by fate, which fawning fortune found :
Shun Fortunes feates, shake fortune of to none is fortune found,
Sith none may say of Fortune so, I Fortune faithful found.
Beholde where Fortune flowed so fast, and faouered Saunders lure,

Till fickle Fortune false again did Saunders death procure.
Lo clothed could in cloddes of clay, in droffy dust remaine,
By fate returnd from whence he came, to his mothers
wombe againe.
Who welnigh thirtie yeeres was Judge, before a Judge
dyd fall,
And iudged by that mighty Judge, which Judge shall
iudge vs all.
The heauens may of right reioyce, and earth may it
bewayle,
Sith heauen wan, and earth hath lost, the guide and
arke of vayle.
There gaine is much, our losse is great, there mirth our
mone is fuch,
That they may laugh as cause doo yeeld, and we may
weepe as much :
O happy he, vnhappy we, his hap doth aye encrease,
Happy he, and haplesse we, his hap shall neuer cease.
We liue to dye, he dyed to liue, we want, and he possesse,
We bide in bands, he bathes in blisse, the Gods aboute
him blest.
Being borne to liue, he liued to dye, and dyed to God so
playne,
That birth, that life, that death, doo shew, that he shall
liue againe :
His youth to age, his age to death, his death to fame
applied,
His fame to time, his time to God, thus Saunders liued
and dyed.
O happy life, O happier death, O tenne times happy he,
Whose hap it was, fuch hap to haue, a Judge this age to be.

O ioyfull time, oh blessed foyle, where Pallas rules with
witte,

O noble state, O sacred feate, where Saba fage dooth fitte.
Like Sufan found, like Sara fad, with Hesters mace
in hand,

With Iudiths sword Bellona like, to rule this noble land.
I had my will, you haue your wish, I laugh, reioyce you may,
I wan now much, you gaine no lesse, to see this happy day.
Wherein I dyed, wherein you liue, Oh treble happy cost,

Wherein I ioyed in glory great, wherein you triumph most.
Kneele on your knees, knock hard your breasts, found forth
ye ioyful drome

Clap loude your handes, found Eccho fay, the golden
world is come.

Reioyce you Judges may of right, your mirth may now
be such,

As neuer earst you Judges had, in England mirth so much.
Here Cuma is, here Sibill raignes, on Delphos feat to fitte,
Here shee like Phœbus rules, that can Gordius knot
vnknitte.

I liued to nature long ynough, I liued to honor much,

I liued at wish, I died at will, to see my country such,
As neither needes it Numas lawes, nor yet Apollos fweard,
For Mauger Mars, yet Mars shall be of this our Queene
afeard.

O peerlesse pearle, O Diamond deer, O Queene of Queenes
farwell,

Your royall maiestie God preferue in England long to
dwell.

Farwell the Phenix of the world, farwel my foueraigne
Queene,

Farwel most noble vertuous prince, Minervas mate I
weene.

No Juel, Gemme, no Gold to giue, no pearles from Pac-
tolos lo,

No Persian Gaze, no Indian stones, no Tagus fands
to shew.

But faith and will to natiue foyle a liue and dead I find,
My hart my mind, my loue I leaue vnto my prince
behind.

Farwel you nobles of this land, farwel you Judges graue,
Farwel my felowes, frends and mates, your Queene I
say God faue.

What rise in time, in time doth, fal, what floweth in time
doth ebbe,

What liues in time, in time shall dye, and yeeld to
Parcus webbe.

The funne to darknes shalbe turnd, the starres from skies
shall fall.

The Moone to blood, the world with fire shalbe con-
fumed all.

As fmoke or vapnur vanish streight, as bubbles rise and fall.
As clowdes do passe, or shadow shiftes we liue, we dye
so all.

Our pompe our pride, our triumph most, our glory great
herein,

Like shattering shadow passe away, as though none such
had bin.

Earth, water, ayre, and fire, as they were earst before,

A lumpe confused, and Chaos calld, so shall they once
be more.

And all to earth, that came from earth, and to the graue
descend,

For earth on earth, to earth fhall goe, and earth shall be
the end.

As Chrift ascended vp in clowdes, fo Chrift in clowdes
shall come,

To iudge both good and bad on earth, at dreadful day
of dome.

From whence our flesh shall rife again, euen from the
droffy duft,

And fo shall paffe I hope, vnto the mansion of the iuft.

FINIS. Lodowick LLoyd.

33. *His good name being blemished, he bewayleth.*

Framd in the front of forlorne hope, past all recouery,
I stayles stand tabide the shooke of shame and infamy.
My life through lingring long is lodge, in lare of lothsome
wayes.

My death delayd to keepe from life, the harme of haplesse
dayes :

My sprites, my hart, my witte and force, in deepe distresse
are dround,

The onely losse of my good name, is of these greefes the
ground.

And since my mind, my wit, my head, my voyce, and
tongue are weake :

To vtter, mooue, deuise, conceaue, found forth, declare
and speake :

Such pearfing plaintes, as aunfwere might, or would my
wofull case,

Helpe craue I must, and craue I will, with teares vpon
my face :

Of all that may in heauen or hell, in earth or ayre be found,
To waile with me this losse of mine, as of these greefes the
ground.

Helpe gods, helpe faintes, helpe sprits & powers, y^t in y^e
heauen do dwell,

Helpe ye the are to waile aye woont, ye howling houndes
of hell :

Helpe man, helpe beasts, helpe birds & wormes, that on
y^e earth doth toile,

Helpe fishe, helpe foule, that flockes and feedes vpon the
salt sea foyle.

Helpe eccho that in ayre doth flee, shril voyces to resound,
To waile this losse of my good name, as of these greefes
the ground.

FINIS. E. O.

34. *Of Fortunes power.*

Policrates whose passing hap, caufd him to lose his fate,
A golden ring cast in the seas to change his constant state,
And in a fish yet at his bourd, the same he after found,
Thus Fortune loe, to whom she takes, for bountie doth
abound.

The myzers vnto might she mounts, a common case we see,
And mighty to great misery, she sets in low degree :
Whom she to day doth reare on hie, vpon her whirling
wheeles,
To morrow next shee dingeth downe, and casteth at her
heeles.

No meafure hath shee in her gifts, shee doth reward
each fort.

The wife that counsell have, no more, then fooles that
maketh sport.

She vfeth neuer partiall handes, for to offend or please,
Geue me good Fortune al men faves, and throw me in
the seas.

It is no fault or worthines, that makes men fall or rife,
I rather be borne Fortunate, then to be very wife
The blindest man right soone, that by good Fortune
guided is,
To whom that pleafant Fortune pipes, can neuer daunce
amis.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

36. *Though Triumph after bloudy wars, the greates[t] brags
do beare.*

*Yet Triumph of a conquered mind, the crowne of fame
shall weare.*

Who fo doth marke the carelesse life, of these vnhappy dayes,
And fees what smal and slender hold, the state of vertue
ftayes :

He findes, that this accursed trade proceedeth of this ill,
That men be giuen too much to yeeld, to their vntamed
will.

In lacke of taming witleffe wil, the poore we often see,
Enuies the rich, becaufe that he, his equal cannot be :

The rich aduauncd to might by wealth, from wrong doth
not refraine,
But will oppreffeth weaker fort, to heape exceffiue gaine.

If Fortune were fo blind to giue to one man what he wil,
A world would not fuffice the fame, if he might haue
his fill :

We wish, we fearch, we ftriue for all, and have no more
therein,
Then hath the flaue, when deth doth come, though Crefus
welth he win.

In getting much, we get but care, fuch brittle wealth to
keepe,

The rich within his walles of ftone, doth neuer foundly
fleepe :

When poore in weake and flender houle, do feare no losse
of wealth,

And haue no further care but this, to keepe themfelues in
health.

Affection may not hide the fword of fway in iudgement
feate,

Leaft partiall fauor execute, the law in caufes greate :

But if the mind in constant ftate, affection quite do leaue,
The higher ftate fhall haue their rights, the poore no wrong
receaue.

It is accompted greater prayfe to Cæfers loftie ftate,
Against his vanquift foes, in warres to bridle wrekeful hate :
Then when to Rome he had fubdued the people long
vnknowne,

Whereby as farre as land was found, the same abrode was
blowne.

If honor can felse will refuse, and iustice be vpright,
And priuate state desires but that, which good appears in
fight :

Then vertue shall with foueraigne shew, to euery eye reveale,
A heauenly life, a wealeful state, a happy common weale.

Let vertue then the triumph win, and gouern all your
deedes,

Your yeelding to her sober heastes, immortall glory breedes :
Shee shall vpreare your worthy name, shining into the skies,
Her beames shall blaze in graue obscure, where shrined
carkasse lyes.

FINIS. M. Edwards.

37. Of perfect wisedome.

Who so wil be accompted wise, and truely claime the same,
By ioyning vertue to his deedes, he must atchieue the same.
But few there be, that seeke thereby true wisedome to attaine,
O God so rule our harts therefore, such fondnesse to refraine.

The wisedome which we most esteeme, in this thing doth
consist,

With glorious talke to shew in words, our wisedome when
we list.

Yet not in talke, but seemely deedes, our wisedome we
should plase,

To speake so faire, and doe but ill, doth wisedome quite
disgrace.

To bargaine well, and shunne the losse, a wisedome counted is,

And thereby through the greedy coyne, no hope of grace to mis :

To seeke by honor to aduaunce his name to brittle prayse,
Is wisedome, which we dayly see, increaseth in our dayes.

But heauenly wisedome fower seemes to hard for them to win,

And weary of the fute they seeme, when they do once begin :
It teacheth vs to frame our life, while vitall breath we haue,
When it diffalueth earthly masse, the soule from death to faue.

By feare of God to rule our steppes, from sliding into vice,
A wisedome is, which we neglect, although of greater price :
A poynt of wisedome also this, we commonly esteeme,
That euery man should be in deede, that he desires to seeme.

To bridle that desire of gaine, which forceth vs to ill,
Our hauty stomackes Lord repress, to tame presuming will :
This is the wisedome that we should, aboue each thing desire,
O heauenly God from sacred throne, that grace in vs inspire.

And print in our repugnant harts, the rules of wisedome true,

That all our deedes in worldly life, may like therof insue :
Thou onely art the liuing spring, from whome this wisedome flowes,

O wash therwith our sinful harts, from vice that therein growes.

FINIS. M. Edwardes :

38. *A freendly admonition.*

Ye stately wightes, that liue in quiet rest,
Through worldly wealth, which God hath giuen you,
Lament with teares and fighes from doleful brest :
The shame and power that vice obtaineth now.
Behold how God doth dayly profer grace,
Yet we disdayne repentance to embrace.

The fuddes of sinne do foke into the mind,
And cancred vice doth vertue quite expel :
No change to good alas can resting finde,
Our wicked harts so stoutly do rebel.
Not one there is that hasteth to amend,
Though God from heauen his dayly threatens downe send.

We are so slow to change our blameful life,
We are so preste to snach aluring vice :
Such greedy harts on euery side be rife,
So few that guide their will by counfel wise,
To let our teares lament the wretched case,
And call to God for vndeferued grace.

You worldly wightes, that haue your fancies fixt,
On flipper ioy of terreine pleasure here :
Let some remorse in all your deedes be mixt,
Whiles you haue time let some redresse appeare.
Of sodaine death the houre you shall not know,
And looke for Death although it seemeth flow.

Oh be no iudge in other mens offence,
 But purge thy selfe and seeke to make thee free :
 Let euery one apply his diligence,
 A change to good within him selfe to see.
 O God direct our feete in such a stay,
 From cancred vice to shun the hateful way.

FINIS. R. Hill.

39. *Sundry men sundry affectes.*

In euery wight some sundry fort of pleasure I do find,
 Which after he doth seeke to ease his toyling min[d].
 Diana with her trayning chafe, of haunting had delight,
 Against the fearful Deare, she could direct her shotte aright.
 The lofty yeeres in euery age, doth still embrace the fame
 The sport is good, if vertue doo assist the cheereful game.

Minerua in her chattering armes her courage doth aduaunce,
 In trial of the bloody wars, she giueth luckie chaunce.
 For sauegard men imbrace the fame, which do so needful
 feeme,
 That noble harts their cheefe delightes in vse thereof
 esteeme,
 In warlike games to rie or tryde the force of armes they vse,
 And base the man we do account that doth the fame refuse.

The siluer found of musickes cordes, doth please Apollos wit,
 A science which the heauens aduaunce, where it deserues
 to fit,
 A pleasure apt for euery wight, releefe to careful mind,

For woe redresse, for care a salve, for sadness helpe we find.
The soueraigne praise of Musicke stil, doth cause the Poets
faine.

That whirling Spheres, and eake the heauens do harmonie
retaine.

I hard, that these three powers, at variance lateli fel,
Whiles each did prayse his own delight, the other to excel.
Then Fame, as an indifferent iudge, to end the case they call,
The praise pronounced by her to them, indifferently doth fall.
Diana health and strength maintaine, Minerua force doth
tame,
And Musicke giues a sweete delight, to further others game.

These three delights to hawtie mindes the worthiest are
esteemed,
If vertue be annexed to them, they rightly be so demed.
With ioy they do reuiue the witte with sorow oft opprest,
And neuer suffer solempne greefe to long in mind to rest.
Be wise in mirth, and seeke delight, the same doe not abuse,
In honest mirth a happy ioy we ought not to refuse.

FINIS. *R. Hill.*

40. *Of a Freend and a Flatterer.*

A trustie frend is rare to find, a fawning foe may sone
be got :
A faithful frend bere stil in mind, but fawning foe regard
thou not
A faithful freend no cloke doth craue, to colour knavery
withal :

But Sicophant a Goun must haue, to beare a port what
ere befall.

A nose to smell out euery feast, a brasen face to set it out :
A shamles child or homly geast, whose life doth like to
range about.

A fauning foe while wealth doth last, a thefe to rob and
spoile his freend :

As strong as oke til wealth doth last, but rotten sticke doth
proue in the end.

*Looke first, then leape, beware the mire :
Burnt Child is warnd to dread the fire.
Take heede my freend, remember this,
Short horse (they say) soone curried is.*

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

41. *Of sufferaunce commeth ease.*

To feeme for to reuenge each wrong in hafty wise,
By prooffe of guiltlesse men, it hath not bene the guise.
In flaunders lothsome brute, where they condemned be,
With ragelesse moode they suffer wrong, where truth shal
try them free.

These are the pacient pagnes, that passe within the brest,
Of those, that feeble their cause by mine, where wrong hath
right opprest.

I know how by suspect, I haue bene iudgd awry,
And graunted guilty in the thing, that clerely I deny.
My faith may me defend, if I might loued be,
God iudge me so, as from the guilt I know me to be free.

I wrote but for my felfe, the grieve was all mine owne,
As, who would proue extremitie, by prooffe it might be
 knowne.

Yet are there fuch, that fay they can my meaning deeme,
Without respect of this olde troth, things proue not as
 they feeme.

Whereby it may befall, in iudgement to be quicke,
To make them felues suspect therewith, that needed not to
 kicke.

Yet in resisting wrong, I would not haue it thought,
I do amisse, as though I knew by whom it might be wrought.
If any fuch there be, that herewithall be vext,
It were their vertue to beware, and deeme me better next.

L. Vaux.

43. *All thinges are Vaine :*

Al though the purple morning, bragges in brightnes of
 the funne,

As though he had of chafed night, a glorious conquest
 wonne :

The time by day, giues place againe to force of drowfie
 night,

And euery creature is constrained to change his lusty plight.

 Of pleasures all, that here we taste :

 We feele the contrary at laste.

In spring, though pleasant Zephirus, hath fruteful earth
 inspired,

And nature hath each bush, each branch, with blossomes
 braue attired :

Yet fruites and flowers, as buds and blomes ful quickly
 withered be,

When stormie winter comes to kill, the sommers iolitie.
By time are got, by time are lost,
All thinges wherein we pleafure moft.
Although the Seas fo calmely glide, as daungers none
appeare,
And dout of stormes, in fkie is none, king Phœbus fhines
fo cleare :
Yet when the boiftrous windes breake out, and raging waues
do fwel,
The feely barke now heaues to heauen, now finckes againe
to hel.
Thus change in euery thing we fee,
And nothing constant feemes to be.
Who floweth moft in worldly wealth of welth is moft vnfore,
And he that cheefely tastes of ioy, doth fometime woe
endure :
Who vaunteth moft of numbred freendes, forgoe them al
he muft,
The faireft flefh and liuelieft bloud, is turnd at length to duft.
Experience giues a certen ground,
That certen here is nothing found.
Then trust to that which aye remaines, the bliffe of heauens
aboue,
Which Time, nor Fate, nor Wind, nor Storme, is able to
remoue,
Trust to that fure celestial rocke, that restes in glorious
throne,
That hath bene, is, and muft be ftill, our anker hold alone.
The world is but a vanitie,
In heauen feeke we our furetie.

*FINIS.**F. K.*

44. *A Vertuous Gentlewoman in the praise of hir loue.*

I am a Virgin faire and free, and freely doe reioyce,
I sweetely warble fugred notes, from filuer voyce :
For which delightful ioyes, yet thanke I curtesie loue,
By whose almighty power, such sweete delightes I proue.

I walke the pleasant fieldes, adornd with liuely greene,
And view the fragrant flowers, most louely to be seene :
The purple Columbine, the Couflippe and the Lillie,
The Violet sweete, the Daizie and Daffadillie.

The Wodbines on the hedge, the red Rose and the white,
And each fine flowres els, that rendreth sweete delight :
Among the which I choose, al those of seemeliest grace,
In thought, refembling them to my deare louers face.

His louely face I meane, whose golden flouring giftes,
His euer liuing Fame, to loftye skye vpliftes :
Whom louing me I loue, onely for vertues fake,
When vertuously to loue, al onely care I take.

Of al which fresh faire flowers, that flower that doth appeare,
In my conceit most like to him I hold so deare :
I gather it, I kisse it, and eake deuise with it,
Such kind of louely speach, as is for louers fit.

And then of all my flowres, I make a garlond fine,
With which my golden wyer heares, together I do twine :
And sette it on my head, so taking that delight,
That I would take, had I my louer stil in sight.

For as in goodly flowres, mine eyes great pleasure find,
 So are my louers giftes most pleasant to my mind :
 Vpon which vertuous giftes, I make more sweete repast,
 Then they that for loue sportes, the sweetest ioyes do tast.

FINIS. F. K.

45. *Oppressed with sorow he wisheth death.*

If Fortune may enforce, the careful hart to cry
 And griping grieve constrain, the wounded wight lament :
 Who then alas to mourne, hath greater cause then I,
 Against whose hard mishap, both Heauen and earth is bent.
 For whom no helpe remaines, for whom no hope is left,
 From whom all happy happ is fled, and pleasure quite
 bereft.

Whose life nought can prolong, whose health, nought can
 procure.

Whose passed prooffe of pleasant joy,
 Mischaunce hath chaunged to greefes anoy :
 And loe, whose hope of better day,
 Is ouerwhelmd with long delay.

Oh hard mishap.

Fach thing I plainly see, whose vertues may auaille,
 To ease the pinching paine, which gripes the groning wight :
 By Phisicks sacred skill, whose rule doth feldome fayle,
 Through labours long inspect, is playnly brought to light.
 I know, there is no fruite, no leafe, no roote, no rind,
 No hearbe, no plant, no iuyce, no gumme, no metal
 deeply mind :

No Pearle, no precious stone, no Jeme of rare effect,
Whosevertues, learned Gallens bookes, at large do not detect.
Yet al their force can not appease,
The furious fittes of my diseafe :
Nor any drugge of phisickes art,
Can ease the greefe that gripes my hart.
Oh strange diseafe.

I heare the wife affirme, that Nature hath in store,
A thousand secrete salves, which Wifedome hath out found :
To coole the scorching heate of euery smarting fore,
And healeth deepest scarce, though greevous be the wound.
The auncient prouerbe sayes, that none so festred greefe
Doth grow, for which the gods them selves, haue not
ordayned releefe.

But I by prooffe do know, such proverbs to be vaine,
And thinke that nature neuer knew the plague that I
sustaine.

And so not knowing my distresse,
Hath left my greefe remedileffe :
For why, the heauens for me prepare,
To liue in thought, and dye in care.
Oh lasting paine.

By chaunge of ayre I see, by hant of healthful foyle,
By dyet duely kept, grose humors are expeld :
I know that greefes of mind, and inwards harts turmoile,
By faithful freendes aduise, in time may be repeld.
Yet al this nought auailles, to kil that me anoyes,
I meane to stop these flouds of care that ouerflow my ioyes.
No none exchange of place, can change my lucklesse lot,

Like one I liue, and fo muſt dye, whom Fortune hath forgot.
No counſel can preuaile with mee,
Nor ſage aduiſe with greefe agree :
For he that feeles the panges of hel,
Can neuer hope in heauen to dwel.

Oh deepe deſpaire.

What liues on earth but I, whoſe trauaile reapes no gaine,
The wearied Horſe and Oxe, in ſtal and ſtable reſt :
The Ante with ſommers toyle beares out the winters paigne,
The fowle that flyes al day, at night returnes to reſt.
The Ploughmans weary worke, amid the winters mire,
Rewarded is with ſommers gaine, which yeeldes him
double hire :

The filly laboring foule, which drudges from day to day,
At night his wages truely payd, contented goth his way.
And comming home, his drowſie head,
He cowcheth cloſe in homely bed :
Wherein no ſooner downe he lyes,
But ſleepe hath ſtraight poſſeſt his eyes,
O happy man.

The Souldier biding long the brunt of mortall warres,
Where life is neuer free, from dint of deadly foyle :
At laſt comes joyful home, though mangled all with ſcarres,
Where frankly, voyde of feare, he ſpends the gotten ſpoyle.
The Pirate lying long, amid the fooming floods,
With euery flaw in hazard is to looſe both life and goods :
At length findes view of land, where wiſhed Porte he ſpies,
Which once obtained, among his mates, he partes the
gotten priſe,

Thus every man, for trauaile past,
Doth reape a iust reward at laft :
But I alone, whose troubled mind,
In seeking rest, unrest doth find.

Oh lucklesse lotte.

Oh curfed caitife wretch, whose heauy hard mishappe,
Doth with tenne thousand times, that thou hadst not
ben borne :

Since fate hath thee condemned, to liue in sorrowes lappe,
Where waylings waste thy life, of all redresse forlorne.
What shal thy grieve appease ? who shal thy torment stay ?
Wilt thou thy selfe, with murthering hands, enforce thy
owndecay ?

No, farre be thou from me, my selfe to stoppe my breath,
The gods forbid, whom I beseech, to worke my joyes by
death.

For lingring length of lothsome life,
Doth stirre in me me such mortal strife :
The whiles for life and death I cry,
In death I liue, and liuing dye.

Oh froward fate.

Loe here my hard mishap, loe here my strange disease,
Loe here my deepe despaire, loe here my lasting paine :
Loe here my froward fate, which nothing can appease,
Loe here how others toyle, rewarded is with gaine.
While lucklesse, loe I liue, in losse of labours due,
Compeld by prooffe of torment strong, my endlesse greefe
to rue :

In which, since needes I must, confume both youth and age,

If olde I liue, and that my care no comfort can affwage.
 Henceforth I banishe from my brest,
 All frustrate hope of future rest,
 And tr[o]thlesse trust to times reward,
 With al respects of joyes regard.

Here I forweare.

47. *Where reason makes request, ther wisedomē ought supply
 With freendly aunswere prest, to grant or els deny.*

I figh, why so? for forrowe of her smart.
 I morne, wherfore? or greefe that she complaynes:
 I pitie, what? her oppressed hart,
 I dread what harme? the danger she sustaines.
 I greeve whereat? at her oppressing paines.
 I feele, what force the fittes of her diseafe,
 Whose harme doth me and her, alike displease.

I hope, what happe? her happy healthes retyre,
 I wish, what wealth? no wealth nor worldly store:
 But craue, what craft? by cunning to aspire,
 Some skil, whereto? to salue her sickly fore.
 What then? why then would I her health restore,
 Whose harme me hurtes, how so? so workes my will,
 To wish my selfe and her, like good and yll.

What moues thy mind, whereto? to such desire,
 Ne force ne fauour, what then? free fancies choyse:
 Art thou to chose? my charter to require,
 Each Ladyes loue is fed by custumes voyce,

Yet are there grauntes, the euidence of their choyse.
What then, our freedome is at large in choosing,
As Womens wils is froward in refusing.

Wotes shee thy will? she knowes what I protest,
Daynde she thy sute? she daungerd not my talke:
Gauē she consent? she graunted my request,
What didst thou craue? the roote, the fruite, the stalke,
I asked them all, what gauē shee, Cheese or chalke?
That tast must try, what tast? I meane the prooffe,
Of freendes, whose wils withhold ther bowe aloofe.

Meanst thou good faith? what els, hopest thou to speede?
Why not, O foole untaught in carpel trade,
Knowest not what proofes from such delayes proceede,
Wilt thou like headlesse Cocke be caught in glade?
Art thou like asse, too apt for burden made?
Fy, fy, wilt thou for faint adore the shrine?
And woo her freend, eare she be wholly thine?

Who drewes this drift? moved she, or thou this match?
Twas I: oh foole vnware of womens wyles,
Long maist thou waite, like hungry hounde at hatch,
She crafty Foxe, the feely Goose beguiles.
Thy sute is shapē so fit for long delay,
That she at wil may chek, from yea to nay.

But in good foothe, tel me her freendes intent:
Best learne it first, their purpose I not know,
Why then thy wil to worse and worse is bent,
Dost thou delight, the vnkindled cole to blow?

Or childlike louest, in anckred bote to rowe,
What meane these termes? who sith thy fute is fuch,
Know of or on, or thou afect too much.

No haste but good, why no, the meane is best,
Admit she loue, mislike in lingring growes:
Suppose she is caught, then Woodcocke on thy creft,
Til end approues, what skorneful feedes she fowes.
In loytring loue, such dangers ebbes and flowes,
What helpe herein? why wake in dangerous watch,
That too, nor fro, may make thee marre the match.

Is that the way to end my weary worke?
By quicke dispatch, to lesson long turmoyle,
Well wel, though losse in lingering wontes to lurke,
And I a foole, most fitte to take the foyle:
Yet prooffe from promise, neuer shall recoyle.
My words with deedes, and deedes with wordes shall wend,
Til shee or hers, gainfay that I intend.

Art thou so fond? not fond, but firmly fast,
Why foole her freendes wote how thy wil is bent:
Yet thou like doulte, whose witte and fence is past,
Seest not what frumpes, do follow thy entent.
Ne know, how loue in lewe of skorne is lent,
Adewe, for sightes such folly should preuent.
Wel wel, their skoffes with scornes might be repayd,
If my requestes were fully yead or nayd,
Wel, wel, let these with wisedomes payse be wayd,
And in your cheft of cheefest secreates layd.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

48. *What ioy to a contented mind.*

The faith that fayles, must needes be thought untrue,
The freend that faines, who holdeth not uniuſt,
Who likes that loue, that changeth ſtil for new :
Who hopes for trueth, where troth is voyde of truſt,
No faith, no freend, no loue, no troth ſo ſure,
But rather failes then ſtedfaſtly endure.

What head ſo ſtayed ? that altereth not intent,
What thought ſo ſure ? that ſtedfaſt doth remaine,
What witte ſo wiſe ? that neuer needes repent :
What tongue ſo true ? but ſometime wons to faine,
What foote ſo firme ? that neuer treades awrie,
What ſoner dimde ? then ſight of cleareſt eye.

What hart ſo fixt ? but ſone inclines to change,
What moode ſo milde ? that neuer moued debate :
What faith ſo ſtrong, but lightly likes to range,
What loue ſo true ? that neuer lernd to hate.
What life ſo pure ? that laſts, without offence.
What worldly minde ? but moues with ill pretence.

What knot ſo faſt ? that may not be vntide,
What ſeale ſo ſure ? but fraude or force ſhall breake :
What prop of ſtay ? but one time ſhrinkes aſide,
What ſhip ſo ſtanche ? that neuer had a leke.
What graunt ſo large ? that no exception makes,
What hoped helpe, but freend at neede forfakes.

What feate so high? but low to ground may fall,
 What hap so good? that neuer found mislike:
 What state so sure? but subiect is to thrall,
 What force preuailes? where Fortune list to strik.
 What wealth so much? but time may turne to want,
 What store so great? but waisting maketh skant.

What profites hope in depth of dangers thrall,
 What ruste in time, but waxeth worfe and worfe:
 What helps good harte, if Fortune frown withall,
 What blessing thriues, against heauenly helpes curfe.
 What winnes desire to get and can not gayne,
 What botes to wish and neuer to obtaine.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

47. *Donec eris Felix multos numerabis amicos
 Nullus ad a missus ibit amicus spes.*

Euen as the Rauen, the Crow, and greedy Kite,
 Do swarming flocke, where carren corpes doth fall:
 And tiring teare with beak and talentes might,
 Both skin and flesh to gorge their guttes withall.
 And neuer cease, but gather moe to moe,
 Doe all to pull the carcase to and froe,
 Till bared bones at last they leaue behinde,
 And seeke elfewhere some fatter foode to find.

Even so I see, where wealth doth waxe at will,
 And Gold doth grow to heapes of great encrease:
 There freendes resort, and profering freendship still,
 Ful thicke they throng, with neuer ceasing prease.

And flilie make a shewe of true intent,
When nought but guile, and inward hate is ment :
For when mischance shall change such wealth to want,
They packe from thence to place of richer haunt.

FINIS. My lucke is losse.

49. *Amantium iræ amoris redinti graciæ est.*

In going to my naked bed as one that would have slept,
I hard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept :
She sighd fore and fang ful sweete, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease but cryed stil, in sucking at her brest.
She was full wearie of her watch, and greeued with her child,
She rocked it and rated it, til that on her it smilde :
Then did she say now have I found, this prouerbe true to
proue,
The falling out of faithfull frends, renuing is of loue.

Then tooke I paper, penne and ynke, this prouerbe for to
write,
In regester for to remaine, of such a worthy wight :
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little bratt,
Much matter vttered she of waight, in place whereas shee
fatt.
And proued plaine, there was no beast, nor creature bear-
ing life,
Could well be knowne to liue in loue, without discord and
strife :
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God aboue,
The falling out of faithfull frendes, renuing is of loue.

She fayd that neither king ne prince, ne lord could liue
aright,

Until their puiffaunce the[y] did proue their manhod and
their might.

When manhode shal be matched fo, that feare can take no
place,

Then weary workes make warriours, each other to embrace,
And leaued their forse that fayled them, which did confume
the rout,

That might before haue liued their time, and nature out :
Then did she sing as one that thought, no man could her
reproue,

The falling out of faith ful freendes, renuing is of loue.

She fayd she saw no fishe ne foule, nor beaft within her
haunt,

That mett a stranger in their kind, but could giue it a taunt:
Since fleshe might not endure, but rest must wrath succede,
And forse the fight to fall to play, in pasture where they
feede,

So noble nature can well ende, the worke she hath begone,
And bridle well that will not cease, her tragedy in some :
Thus in song she oft reherst, as dyd her wel behoue,
The falling out of faithful frendes, is the renuing of loue.

I meruaile much pardy quoth she, for to behold the route,
To see man, woman, boy, beaft, to tosse the world about:
Some knele, some crouch, some beck, some chek, & some
can smothly smile

And some embrace others in arme, and there thinke many
a wile.

Some stand aloufe at cap and knee, some humble and some
foute,

Yet are they neuer freendes in deede, vntill they once fall
out :

Thus ended she her song, and sayd before she did remoue,
The falling out of faithful freends, is the renuing of loue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

43. *Thinke to dye.*

The life is long, which lothfomly doth last,
The doleful dayes draw flowly to their date :
The present panges, and painful plages forepast,
Yeldes grefe aye grene, to stablisch this estate.
So that I feele in this great storme and strife,
That death is sweete, that shorthneth such a life.

And by the stroke of this strange ouerthrowe,
All which conflict in thraldome I was thrust :
The Lord be prayfed, I am well taught to know,
From whence man came, and eke whereto he must.
And by the waye, vpon how feeble force.
His terme doth stand, till death doth end his course.

The pleasant yeeres that seemes so sweetely ronne,
The mery dayes to ende, so fast that flete :
The ioyfull wightes, of which dayes drawes so sone,
The happy howres which moe do misse then mete.
Do all consume as snowe against the Sunne,
And death makes end of all that life begunne.

Since death shall dure till all the world be waft,
What meaneth man to dreade death then so fore?
As man might make, that life should alway laft,
Without regard the Lord hath ledde before.
The daunce of death, which all muft runne on rowe,
The hower wherein onely himfelfe doth knowe.

If man would mind, what burdeins life doth bring,
What greeuous crimes to God he doth commit:
What plagues, what perill thereby fpring
With no fure hower in all his dayes to fit.
He would fure thinke, as with great caufe I doe,
The day of death is happier of the two.

Death is the doore whereby we draw to ioy,
Life is the lake that drowneth all in payne:
Death is fo dole it feafeth all away,
Life is fo leude, that al it yelds is vayne.
And as by life, in bondage man is brought,
Euen fo by death is freedome likewise wrought.

Wherefore with Paule let all men wifh and pray,
To be difolued of this foule flefhly maffe:
Or at the leaft be armd againft the day,
That they be found good fouldiers preft to paffe.
From life to death, from death to life againe,
And fuch a life as euer fhall remaine.

*FINIS.**D. S.*

51. *If thou desire to liue in quiet rest,
geve eare and se but say the best.*

If thou: delight, in quietnes of life,
Desire: to shonn, from bralls, debate and strife,
To liue: in loue with god, with frend and foe,
In rest: shalt sleepe: when others cannot fo.

Giue eare: to all, yet doo not all beleue,
And see: the end, and then do sentence geeue:
But say: for truth of happy liues affind,
The best: hath he that quiet is in mind.

FINIS. *M. Hunnis.*

52. *Beeing forsaken of his frend he complaineth.*

Why should I lenger long to liue,
In this diseafe of fantasie,
Sins fortune doth not cease to giue,
Things to my mind most contrarie.
And at my ioyes doth lowre and frowne,
Till she hath tourned them vpsidowne,

A freende I had to me most deere,
And of long time faithfull and iust:
There was no one, my hart so neere,
Nor one in whome I had more trust.
Whome now of late without cause why,
Fortune hath made my enemy.

The grasse me thinkes should grow in skie,
 The starres vnto the earth cleaue fast :
 The water streame should passe awrie,
 The winds should leaue their strength of blast.
 The Sunne and Moone by one assent,
 Should both forsake the firmament.

The fishe in ayre should flye with finne,
 The foules in floud, should bring forth fry :
 All thinges methinkes should erst beginne,
 To take their course vnnaturally.
 Afore my frend should alter fo,
 Without a cause to be my foe.

But such is Fortunes hate I say,
 Such is his will on me to wreake :
 Such spite he hath at me alway,
 And ceaffeth not my hart to breake.
 With such despite of crueltie,
 Wherefore then longer liue should I.

FINIS. E. S.

53. *Prudens. The history of Damacles, & Dionise.*

Who so is fet in princely throne, and craueth rule to beare,
 Is still beset on euery side, with peril and with feare.
 High trees by stormy winds are shakt, and rent vp from
 the ground,
 And flashy flackes of lightning flames on turrets do rebound.
 When little shrubs in fauetie lurke, in couert all alowe,

And freshly flourish int heir kind, what euer wind doe blowe.
The cruel king of Scifili: who fearing Barbaras hands,
Was wont to sing his beard himselfe, with cole and fire
brands.

Hath taught vs this, the prooffe whereof, full plainly we
may see,

Was neuer thing more liuely touched, to shewe it so to be.
This king did seeme to Damacles, to be the happiest wight,
Because he thought none like to him in power or in might.
Who did alone so farre excell the rest in his degree,
As doth the Sunne in brightnes cleare, the darkest starre
we see.

Wilt thou (then sayd this cruell king) proue this my
present state,

Possesse thou shalt this feate of mine, and so be fortunate.
Full gladly then this Damacles, this proferd honour tooke,
And shooting at a princely life, his quiet rest forfooke.
In honours feat then was he plapt, according to his will,
Forthwith a banquet was prepard, that he might feast
his fill.

Nothing did want wherin twas thought, that he could take
delite,

To feede his eye, to fill his mouth, or please the appetite.
Such store of plate, I thinke in Grece, there scarcely was
so much,

His seruitours did angels seeme, their passing shape was such.
No daynty dish but there it was, and thereof was such store,
That through out Greece so princely cheere, was neuer
seene before.

Thus while in pompe and pleasures feat, this Damacles
was plapt,

And did begin with gladfome hart, each dainty dish to tast.
At length by chaunce cast vp his eyes, and gan the houle
to vewe,

And saw a fight that him enforst, his princely state to rewe.
A sword forfooth with downeward poynt, that had no
stronger thread,

Then one horse heere that peised it, direct vpon his head.
Wherewith he was so fore amazed, and shoke in euery part,
As though the sword that hong above, had stroke him to
the hart.

Then all their pleasures tooke their leaue, & sorrow came
in place,

His heauie hart the teares declard, that trickled down
his face.

And then forthwith with sobbing voyce, besought the king
of grace,

That he would licence him with speede, to depart out of
that place.

And sayd that he full long enough, had tried now with feare,
What tis to be a happy man, and princely rule to beare.

This deede of thine oh Dionise, deserues immortal fame,
This deede shall alwayes liue with prayse, though thou
didst liue w^t shame

Whereby both kinges be put in mind, their dangers to be
great,

And subiects be forbid to clime, high steppes of honours
feat.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

48. *Fortitude. A young man of Ægypt, and Valerian.*

Eche one deserues great prayse to haue, but yet not like I
thinke,

Both he that can sustaine the yoke of paines, and doth not
shrinke.

And he whom Cupids couert craft can nothing moue at all,
Into the hard and tangled knottes of Venus snares to fall.

Besturre you then who so delightes in vertues race to ronne,
The flying boye with bow ibent, by strength to ouer come.

As one did once when he was young, and in his tender
dayes,

Whose stout and noble deede of his, hath got immortall
prayse.

The wicked Romaines did pursue the fely Christians than,
What time Valerian Emperour was a wicked cruel man.

Who spared not with bloody draughtes, to quench his
owne desire,

Dispatching all that stucke to Christ with hote consuming
fire.

At length a man of tender yeeres was brought before
his fight,

Such one as Nature seemed to make a witnes of her migh.

For euery part so well was set, that nothing was depraued,

So that the cruel king himselfe, would gladly him haue
sauen.

So loth he was to see a worke, so rare of Natures power,

So finely built so sodainly destroyed within an howre.

Then meanes he fought to ouercome, or win him at the last,

To slip from Christ whom he before had earnestly profest.

A bedde preparte, so finely dect, such diuers pleasant fmels,
That well it might appeare a place, where pleasure onely
dwels,

By him he layd a naked wench, a Venus darling fure,
With sugred speach & louely toyes, that might his mind
allure.

Such wanton lewres as these he thought, might easly him
entife,

Which thinges he knew with lustie youth, had alwayes ben
in prife.

Such wayes I thinke the Gods themselues, could haue
inuented none,

For flattering Venus ouercomes the senses euery chone,

And he himselfe was euen at poynt, to Venus to consent,

Had not his stout and manly mind resisted his entent.

When he perceiued his flesh to yeeld to pleasures wanton
toyes,

And was by flight almost prouoked, to tast of Venus ioyes.
More cruel to himselfe then those, that glad would him
vndoo,

With bloody toth, his tender tongue, bote quite and cleane
in twoo.

Thus was the paine so passyng greate of this his bloudie bitt,
That all the fire and carnall luste, was quenched euery
whitt.

Doe ill and all thy pleasures then full sone will passe awaie,
But yet the shame of those thy dedes, will neuermore
decaie.

Doe well and though thy paines be great, yet some eche
one will cease,

But yet, the praise of those thy deedes will euermore increafe.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

58. *Iustice. Zaleuch and his Sonne.*

Let rulers make most perfect lawes, to rule both greate
and final,

If thei them selues obeye them not, it boteth not at all.

As lawes be nought but rulers dome, continyng egall might,

So rulers should bee speakyng Lawes, to rule by line of right.

Zaleuch the Prince of Locrine once, appoincted by decree,

Eche Lecherer should bee punished, with losse of either eye.

His sonne by chaunce offended first, whiche when his
father sawe,

Lorde God how earnest then was he, to execute the Lawe.

Then ranne the people all by flocks, to hym with weepyng
eyes,

Not one among the route there was, but pardon, pardon
cries.

By whose outcries and earnest sute, his sonne in hope did
stande,

That he thereby should then obtaine, some pardon at his
hande.

But all in vaine, for he is founde to bee the man he was,

And maketh haste so muche the more, to haue the Lawe
to passe.

The people yet renued their sute, in hope of some relief,

Whose faces all besprent with teares, did testifie their grief.

And cried all for pities sake, yelde now to our request,

If all you will not cleane remit, yet ease the paine at least.

Then somewhat was the father moued, with all the peoples
voyce,

And euery man did giue a shoote, to shewe they did rejoyce.

Well then qd he, it shall bee thus, the Lawe shall bee fulfild,
And yet my sonne shall fauour haue, accordyng as you
wilde.

One eye of his shall bee pulde out, thus hath his leud-
neffe got,

And likewise so shall one of myne, though I deserue it not.
This worde no soner was pronounced, but straite the deede
was doen,

Twoo eyes, no mo were lefte, betwene the father and the
sonne.

Saie nowe who can, and on my faithe Apollo he shall bee,
Was he more gentle father lo? or iuster Judge trowe ye.
This man would not his Lawes belike, the webbs the
Spiders weue

Wherein thei lurke when thei intende the simple to
deceiue.

Wherewith small flies full sone be caught, and tangled ere
the[i] wifte,

When greate ones flie and scape awaie, and breake them
as the[i] lifte.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

59. *Temperaunce. Spurina and the Romaine Ladies.*

If nature beare thee so greate Loue, that she in thee haue
beautie plaft

Full hard it is as we doe proue, to keepe the bodie cleane
and chaft:

Twixt comelineffe and chaftitie,
A deadlie strife is thought to be.

For beautie whiche some men suppose, to be as tware a
golden ill,
Prouoketh strief and many foes, that seeke on her to worke
her will :

Affaults to Tounes if many make,
No Toune so strong but maie be take.

And this Spurina witnesse can, who did for beautie beare
the bell,

So cleane a wight so comely made, no dame in Rome but
loued well.

Not one could coole her hote desire,
So burnyng was the flame of fire.

Like as when baite cast in the floud, forthw^t doeth cause
the fishes come

That pleasauntly before did plaie, now presently to death
to runne :

For when thei see the baite to fall,
Straight waie thei swallowe hooke and all.

So when Spurina thei did see, to hym thei flocked out
of hande,

The happiest dame was thought to be, that in his fauour
moste did stand

Not knowing vnder sweete deceits,
How Venus hides her poisoned baits.

But whē he sawe them thus to range, whō loue had linked
in his chain

This meanes he fought for to affwage, these Ladies of their
greeuous pain.

His shape intendencyng to disgrace,
With many wounds he scorcht his face,

By which his deede it came to passe, that he that semed an
angell bright

Euen now so cleane disfigured was, that he became a loth-
some wight.

And rather had he be foule and chaste,
Then faire, and filthie ioyes to taste.

What pen can write, or tong expresse, the worthy praises of
this deede,

Me thinke that God cā do no lesse, then graūt him heaūe
for his meede

Who for to faue hym self vpright,
Hym self hath first destroyed quite.

FINIS. M. E.

[51. *A bunche of herbes and flowers.*

If y^t eche flower the godds haue framed are shapt by
sacred skill,

Were as I would (no wrong to wishe) & myne to weare
at will :

Or els eche tree with lustie top, would lend me leaue to loue,
With spriggs displaied to spread my fute a wailing hart
to proue :

Vpon my helme sone should you see, my hedde ad-
uaunced hie,

Some flipp for solace there to sett and weare the same would I.
Yet would I not for greate delight, the Daisies strange desire,
The Lillie would not like my lust, nor Rose would I require :
The Marigould might growe for me, Rosemary well might
reste,

The Fenell to that is more fit, for some vnfrendly geft :
Nor Cowfloppe would I craue at all, sometymes thei seme
to coy :

Some ioly youth the Gelliflower esteemeth for his ioye :
The Lauender sometymes aloft alures the lookers eyes,
The Paunsie shall not haue the praise, where I may geve
the prife :
And thus no flower my fansie feeds, as liketh so my luste,
As that I maie subiect my self, to toyes of tickle truste :
For flowers though thei be faire and fresh, of sent excelling
fwete,
Yet grow thei on the ground belowe, we tred them with
our fete :
And shall I then goe stoupe to fuche, or els go seke to those ?
Shall flowers enforse me once to faune for feare of frēds
or foes ?
Yet rather yelde I to the right, as reason hath assignde,
Myne authour saied there was no salue in flowers for me
to finde :
And yet perhapps some tree there is to shroud me frō the
shower,
That with her armes maie salue y^e foule, y^t yeldeth to her
power.
Where I maie finde some pleasant shade, to salue me frō
the sonne :
Eche thing we see that reason hath vnto the trees doe runne,
Bothe men and beafts, fuche foules as fly, the treasures are
the trees,
And for my part when braunches fall, I wishe no other fees,
But whē that stormes beset me round, fuche succor God me
fende,
That I maie finde a frendly tree, that will me well defende.
No tree there is whiche yelds no good, to some that doe it
seeke,

And as thei are of diuers kynds their vses are vnlike :
The Eue tree serues the Bowiers turne, the Ash the Cou-
pers art,
The puifant Oke doeth make the post, the Pine some other
part :
The Elme doeth helpe to hide the birds in wearie winters
night,
The Briers I gesse are nothyng worth, thei serue but for
despight :
The Willowe wisht I farre frō hens, good will deserue no
wrong,
The Sallowe well maie serue their states that fyng so fad
a song.
The Boxe and Beche eche for hymself aboue the reste
doeth bofte,
The Eglantine for pleasure oft is pricked vpon the poste.
The Hawthorne so is had in prise, the Baies doe beare
the bell,
And that these Baies did bryng no blisse, I like it not so well,
As erst I doe that femely tree by whiche those Baies I
founde,
And where withall vnwittyngly I tooke so greate a wounde.
As if the tree by whiche I lent doeth lende me no relief,
There is no helpe but doune I fall, so great is growne my
grief :
And therefore at the last I craue this fauour for to finde,
When euery tree that here is told beginns to growe vnkinde.
The B. for beautie whom I bofte and shall aboue the rest,
That B. maie take me to her trust, for B. doeth please
me best :
It likes me well to walke the waie, where B. doeth kepe
her bower,

And when it raines, to B. I ronne to faue me from the
flower.

This braūche of B. whiche here I meane to kepe, I chiefly
craue :

At becke vnto this B. I bowe to farue that beautie braue.
What shall I faie, the tyme doeth passe, the tale to
tedious is,

Though loth to leaue yet leaue I must and faie no more
but this :

I wishe this B. I might embrace when as the fame I see,
A league for life then I require betwene this B. and me,
And though vnworthy yet good will doeth worke the waie
herein,

And B. hath brought the fame about which beautie did
begin.

FINIS.

53. *In commendation of Musick.*

Where gripyng grief the hart would wound & dolfull
domps thē oppresse,

There Musick with her siluer soūd is wont with spede to
giue redresse :

Of troubled minde for euery fore swete Musick hath a salue
therfore.

In ioye it makes our mirth abound, in grief it chers our
heauy sprights,

The carefull head releafe hath found, by Musicks pleasant
swete delights :

Our fences, what should I faie more, are subiect vnto
Musicks lore.

The Godds by Mufick hath their praie, the foule therein
doeth ioye,
For as the Romaine Poets faie, in feas, whom pirats would
deftroye,
A Dolphin faued from death moft sharpe Arion plaiyng on
his harpe.

A heauenly gift that turnes the minde, like as the fterne
doth rule the ship,
Mufick, whom the Gods affignde to comfort man, whom
cares would nip,
Sith thou both mā & beaft doeft moue, what wife man then
wil thee reproue?

FINIS. M. Edwards.

When fage Uliffes failed by
The perillous feas, where Cirenſ fyng,
Hymſelf vnto the maſt did tye
Left their alluryng tunes might bryng
His minde on maze, and make hym ſtaie,
And he with his become their praie.

Uliffes, O thou valiant wight,
It femed dame Circes loued thee well,
What tyme ſhe told to the aright
The feas wherein the Sirens dwell:
By meane where[of], againſt thy faile,
Their ſubtill ſonges could not preuaile.

Were thou amongs vs here againe,
And heard our Sirens melodie,

Not Circes skill nor yet thy braine,
Could kepe thee from their trecherie :
Such Sirens haue we now adaies,
That tempt vs by a thoufande waies.

Thei fyng, thei daunce, thei sport, thei plaie,
Thei humbly fall vpon their knees,
Thei figh, thei sobb, thei prate, thei praie,
With fuch diffemblyng shifts as theſe :
Thei calculate, thei chaunt, thei charme,
To conquere vs that meane no harme.

Good ladies all letts ioyne in one,
And banishe cleane this Siren kinde :
What nede we yelde to heare their mone,
Since their deceit we daiely finde.
Let not your harts to them apply,
Defie them all, for ſo will I.

And if where Circes now doeth dwell,
You wiſht you witt aduiſe to learne :
Loe I am ſhe that beſt can tell
Their Sirens ſonges and them diſcerne :
For why experience yeldeth ſkill,
To me that ſcapt that Sirens ill.

FINIS. *M. Bew.*

55. *Findyng no ioye, he deſireth death.*

The cony in his caue the Feret doeth anoye,
And fleying thence his life to faue himſelf he doeth deſtroyc

His Berrie rounde about besett with hunters snares,
 So that when he to scape starts out, is caught therein
 vnwares :

Like choise poore man haue I to bide and rest in loue,
 Or els from thence to start and still as bad a death to proue.

I see in loue to rest vnkindnesse doeth pursue,
 To rente the harte out of his breast whiche is a louer true :
 And if from loue I starte, as one that loue forsake,
 Then pensiue thoughts my hart doeth perse, & so my life
 it take :

Thus then to fly or bide, harde is the choise to chuse,
 Since death hath cāpde, & treāhed eche side, & faith life
 now refuse.

Content I am therefore my life therein to spende,
 And death I take a salue for fore my wearie daies to ende :
 And thus I you request, that faithfull loue professe,
 When carcas cased is in chest, and bodie laied on hears
 Your brinishe teares to saue, fuche as my corse shall moue,
 And therewith write vpon my graue, behold the force
 of loue.

W. H.

Hope well and haue well.

In hope the Shipman hoiseth faile, in hope of passage good.
 In hope of health the sickly man doeth suffer losse of blood :
 In hope the prisoner linckt in chaines hopes libertie to finde.
 Thus hope breds helth, & helth breds ease to euery
 troubled mynd.

In hope desire getts victorie, in hope greate comfort spryngs,
In hope the louer liues in ioyes, he feares no dreadfull styngs :
In hope we liue, and maie abide fuche stormes as are
 affignde,
Thus hope breds helth, & helth breds ease to euery
 troubled mind.

In hope we easely suffer harme, in hope of future tyme,
In hope of fruite the pain semes fwete, that to the tree
 doeth clime :
In hope of loue fuche glory growes, as now by profe
 I finde,
That hope breds helth, & helth breds ease to euery
 troubled minde.

W. H.

He repenteth his folly.

Whē first mine eyes did vew & marke thy beutie faire for
 to behold,
And whē myne eares gan first to harke the pleasant words
 y^t thou me told :
I would as thē I had been free frō eares to heare & eyes
 to se.

And when my hands did handle oft, that might thee kepe
 in memorie,
And when my feete had gone so softe to finde and haue
 thy companie,
I would eche hand a foote had been, and eke eche foote a
 hand so feen.

And when in minde I did consent to followe thus my
 fanfies will,
 And when my harte did first relent to taft fuche baite
 myfelf to fpill,
 I would my harte had been as thine, or els thy harte as
 foft as myne.

Thē ſhould not I fuche cauſe haue found to wiſh this
 mōſtrous fight to ſe,
 Ne thou, alas, that madeſt the wounde, ſhould not deny me
 remedy :
 Then ſhould one will in bothe remain, to graūt one hart
 whiche now is twaine.

W. H.

*He requesteth ſome frendly comfort
 affirmyng his conſtancie.*

The mountaines hie whose loftie topps doeth mete the
 hautie ſky,
 The craggie rocke, that to the ſea free paſſage doeth deny :
 The aged Oke that doeth reſiſt the force of bluſtryng blaſt,
 The pleaſant herbe that, euery where, a fragrant ſmell
 doeth caſt :
 The Lyons forſe whose courage ſtout declares a princelike
 might,
 The Eagle that for worthineſſe is borne of kyngs in fight :
 The Serpent eke whose whoſe poiſoned waies doeth belche
 out venim vile,
 The lothſome Tode that ſhunneth light, and liueth in exile :
 Theſe, theſe, I ſaie and thouſands more by trackt of tyme
 decaie,

And like to tyme doe quite confume and vade from forme
to claie:]

But my true harte and seruice vowed, fhall laste tyme out
of minde,

And still remaines as thyne by dome, as Cupid hath
affignde.

My faithe loe here I vowe to thee, my trothe thou knowest
right well,

My goods my frends, my life is thyne, what neede I more
to tell?

I am not myne, but thyne I vowe, thy hefts I will obeye,
And serue thee as a seruaunt ought, in pleasynge if I maie:

And fith I haue no flyng wyngs, to see thee as I wishe,
Ne finnes to cut the siluer streames, as doeth the glidyng

fishe,

Wherefore leaue now forgetfulnesse, and sende againe to me,

And straine thy azured vaines to write, then I maie gret-
yng see:

And thus farewell more deare to me, then chiefest frende
I haue,

Whose Loue in harte I minde to fhine, till death his fee
doe craue.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

His complaneth his mishapp.

Shall rigour raigne where ruth hath run, fhall fanfie now
forsake?

Shall fortune lose that fauour wonne, fhall not your anger
flake?

Shall hatefull harte be had in you, that frendly did
pretende,

Shall flipper thought and faithe vntrue, that harte of yours
defende?

Shall nature fhewe your beautie faire, that gentle femes
to bee?

Shall frowardnesse your fancies heire, be of more force
then she?

Shall now disdaine the dragg of death, directe and leade
the waie?

Shall all the imps vpon the yearth, reioyce at my decaie?

Shall this the seruice of my youth, haue suche reward
at laste?

Shall I receiue rigour of ruthe, and be from fauour caste?

Shall I therefore berent my heares, with wights that wishe
to dye?

Or shall I bathe my self with teares, to feede your fickle eye.

No, no, I shall in paine lye still, with turtle Doue most true,
And vowe my self to witt and will, their counsels to enfue :
Good Ladies all that Louers be, and that to be pretende,
Giue place to witt, let reason seme, your enemie to defende.

Left that you thinke as I haue thought, your self to stroue
in vaine,

And so to be in thraldome brought, with me to suffer paine.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

No foe to a flatterer.

I would it were not as I thinke, I would it were not fo,
I am not blinde although I winke, I feele what winds doe
blowe :

I knowe where crafte, with smilyng cheare, creps into
boldned breaſte,

I heare how fained ſpeache ſpeaks faire, where hatred is
poſſeſte.

I ſee the Serpent lye and lurcke, vnder the greene alowe,
I ſee hym watch a tyme to worke, his poyſon to beſtowe.

In frendly lookes fuche fraude is founde, as faith for feare
is fled,

And frendſhip hath receiue fuche wounde, as he is al-
moſte ded.

And hatefull harte with malice greate, ſo boiles in cankred
mynde,

That flatterie flearyng in the face, had almoſte made me
blinde.

But now I ſee all is not golde, that glittereth in the eye,
Nor yet fuche friends as thei professe, as now by prooſe
I trye.

Though ſecret ſpight by crafte, hath made a coate of
Panter ſkin,

And thinks to finde me in the ſhade, by ſleight to wrapp
me in,

Yet God bee praized my eye is cleare, and can beholde
the Sunne :

When falshood dare not once appeare, to ende that he
begunne,
Thus tyme shall trie the thyng amiffe, whiche God faue
shortly fende,
And tourne the harte that fained is to bee a faithfull frende.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

His comparifon of Loue.

The Spider with greate skill, doeth trauell daie by daie,
His lymmes no tyme lye still, to fet his houle in staie :
And when he hath it wrought, thinkyng therein to raigne,
H blaste of winde vnthought, doeth driue it doune againe.

The prooffe whereof is true, to make his worke indure,
He paines hym self a newe, in hope to dwell more fure :
And in some secrete place, a corner of a wall,
He frameth hym self a pace, to builde and rest withall.

His pleasure sweete to staie, when he to rest is bent,
An ugly shamble Flee, approacheth to his tent :
And here entendes by force, his labours greate to win,
Or els to yelde his corse, by fatall death therein.

Thus is the Spiders nest, from tyme to tyme throwne downe,
And he to labour prest, with endlesse paine vnknowne :
So fuche as Louers bee, like trauell doe attaine,
Those endlesse works ye see, are alwaies full of paine.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

A Louers ioye.

I haue no ioye, but dreame of ioye, and ioye to thinke
on ioye,

A ioye I withstoode, for to enioye, to finishe myne annoye,
I hate not without cause alas, yet Loue I knowe not why,
I thought to hate, I can not hate, although that I should dye.
A foe most sweete, a frende moste sower, I ioye for to
embrace.

I hate the wrong, and not the wight, that workt my
wofull case :

What thyng it is I knowe not I, but yet a thyng there is,
That in my fancie still perfwads, there is no other blisse.
The ioyes of life, the pangs of death, it make me feele
eche daie,

But life nor death, this humour can, deuise to weare awaie.
Faine would I dye, but yet in death no hope I see remaines,
And shall I liue? since life I see, a course of sorie paines :
What is it then that I doe seeke, what ioye would I aspire,
A thyng that is deuine belike, to high for mans desire.

FINIS. F. K.

Euill to hym that euill thinketh.

The subtill flilie fleghts, that worldly men doe woorke,
The friendly shoves, vnder whose shade, moste craft doeth
often lurke :

Enforceth me alas, with yernfull voyce to faie,
Wo worthe the wilie heads that seeks, the simple mans
decaie.

The birde that dreads no guile, is foneft caught in fnare,
Eche gentle harte deuouide of crafte, is foneft brought
to care :

Good nature foneft trapt, whiche giues me caufe to faie,
Wo worthe the wilie heads, that feeks the fimple mans
decaie.

I fee the Serpent vile, that lurkes vnder the grene,
How fubtilly he fhroods hym felf, that he maie not be fene :
And yet his fosters bane, his leryng lookes bewraie,
Wo worthe the wilie heads that feeks, the fimple mans
decaie.

Wo worthe the feinyng looks, on fauour that we doe waite,
Wo worthe the feined frendly harte, that harbours deepe
deceite :

Wo worth the Vipers broode, oh thrife wo worthe I faie,
All worldlie wilie heads, that feeks the fimple mans decaie.

FINIS. M. Edwardes.

He affureth his conftancie.

With painted fpeache I lift not proue, my cunnyng for
to trie,

Nor yet will vfe to fill my penne, with gilefull flatterie :
With pen in hand, & hart in brest, fhall faithful pro-
mife make

To loue you beſte, and ferue you moſte, by your great
vertuts fake.

And fure dame Nature hath you deckt with gifts aboue
the reſte,

Let not Diſdaine a harbour finde, within your noble breſte :
For Loue hath lead his lawe alike, to men of eche degree,
So that the Begger with the Prince, ſhall Loue as well as he.

I am no Prince I muſte confeſſe, nor yet of Princes line,
Nor yet a brutiſhe Begger borne, that feeds emong the
Swine :

The fruite ſhall trie the Tree at laſte, the bloſſomes good
or no,

Then doe not iudge of me the worſe, till you haue tried
me ſo.

As I deferue, ſo then reward, I make you iudge of all,
If I be falſe in woorde or deede, let Lightnyng Thunder
fall :

And Furies fell with franticke fitts, bereue and ſtay my
breathe,

For an example to the reſte, if I ſhall breake my faithe.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

*Complainyng his miſhapp to his frende, he complaineth
wittely.*

A. The fire ſhall freze, the froſt ſhall frie the frozen mou-
tains hie.

B. What ſtraunge things hath dame natures force, to turne
her courſe awrie.

A. My Loue hath me left, and taken a newe man :

B. This is not straunge, it happes ofte tymes, the truthe
to scan,

A. The more is my paine, *B.* her Loue then refraine.

A. Who thought she would flitt. *B.* eche one that hath
witt,

A. Is this not straunge, *B.* light Loue will chaunge.

A. By skilfull meanes I here reclaime, to stoope vnto
my lure,

B. Suche haggarde Haukes will foare awaie, of them who
can be sure

A. With filuer bells and hoode, my ioye was her to decke,

B. She was full gorgde, she would the foner giue the checke,

A. The more is my paine, *B.* her Loue then refraine :

A. Who thought she would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt,

A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light Loue will chaunge.

A. Her chirpyng lips should chirpe to me, swete words
of her desire,

B. Suche chirpyng birdes who euer sawe, to preach still on
one brire,

A. She faied she loued me beste, and would not till she die,

B. She faied in wordes, she thought it not, as tyme doeth
trie.

A. The more is my paine, *B.* her Loue then refraine :

A. Who thought she would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt,

A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light Loue will chaunge.

A. Can no man winne a woman so, to make her Loue
endure,

B. To make the Foxe his wiles to leaue, what man will
put in vre?

A. Why then there is no choise, but all women will chaunge,
B. As men doe vse, so some women doe Loue to raunge.
A. The more is my paine, *B.* her Loue then refraine,
A. Who thought she would flitt, *B.* eche one that hath witt :
A. Is not this straunge, *B.* light Loue will chaunge.

A. Sith flipper gaine falles to my lot, farewell that glidyng
 praie.
B. Sith that the dice doeth runne awrie, betymes leaue of
 thy plaie.
A. I will no more lamente, the thyng I maie not haue,
B. Then by exchange the losse to come, all shalt thou faue.
A. Loue will I refraine, *B.* thereby thou shalt gaine,
A. With losse I will leaue, *B.* she will thee deceiue :
A. That is not straunge, *B.* then let her raunge.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

No paines comparable to his attempt.

Like as the dolefull Doue, delights alone to bee,
And doeth refuse the bloumed branche, chusyng the leaf-
 lesse tree.
Whereon wailyng his chaunce, with bitter teares besprent,
Doeth with his bill, his tender breaste ofte pearse and all
 to rent:
Whose greeuous gronyngs tho : whose grips of pinyng paine,
Whose gastly lookes, whose bloudie streams out flowyng
 frō ech vain.
Whose fallyng from the tree, whose pantyng on the grounde,
Examples bee of myne estate, tho there appere no wounde.

FINIS. *W. Hunnis.*

He repenteth his follie.

Alacke when I looke backe, vpon my youth thatz pafte,
And deeply ponder youthes offence, and youths reward
at lafte.

With fighes and teares I faie, O God I not denie,
My youth with follie hath deferued, with follie for to die.
But yet if euer fynfull man, might mercie moue to ruthe,
Good Lorde with mercie doo forgiue, the follies of my
youth.

In youth I rangde the feelds, where vices all did growe,
In youth alas I wanted grace, fuche vife to ouerthrowe,
In youth what I thought fweete, moſte bitter now do finde,
Thus hath the follies of my youth, with folly kept me blind
Yet as the Egle caſts her bill, whereby her age renueth,
So Lorde with mercie doe forgiue, the follies of my youth.

FINIS. M. Hunnis.

No pleaſure without ſome paine.

How can the tree but waſt, and wither awaie,
That hath not ſometyme comforte of the Sunne :
How can that flower but fade, and ſone decaie,
That alwaies is with darcke clouds runne.
Is this a life, naye death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knoweth no ioye at all.

What foodleſſe beaſt can liue long in good plight ?
Or is it life, where fences there be none :
Or what auaieth eyes without their light ?

Or els a tongue, to hym that is alone?
Is this a life? naye death you maie it call,
That feeles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at all.

Wherto ferue eares, if that there be no found
Or fuche a head, where no deuise doeth growe:
But all of plaints, since forrowe is the grounde,
Whereby the harte doeth pine in deadlie woe.
Is this a life, naye death you maie it call,
That feles eche paine, and knowes no ioy at al.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

The fruite of feined frendes.

In choise of frends what hap had I, to chuse one of
Cirēs kind
Whose harpe, whose pipe, whose melody could fede my
ears & make me blind
Whose pleasant voice made me forget, y^t in fure trust is
gret deceit.

In trust I see is treason founde, and man to man deceit-
full is,
And where as treasure doeth abounde, of flatterers there
doe not misse:
Whose painted speach, & outward showe, do seme as frends
& be not fo.

Would I haue thought in thee to be, the nature of the
Crocadill:

Whiche if a man a slepe maie see, with bloudie thirst
 defires to kill :
 And then with teares a while gan wepe, the death of him
 thus slain a slepe

O fauell false, thou traitor borne, what mischief more
 might y^u deuise
 Then thy deare frend to haue in scorne, & him to wound
 in fundry wise
 Which still a frende pretends to bee, and are not so by
 prooffe I see.

Fie, fie vpon such trecherie. *W. H.*

If fuche false Shippes doe haunte the shore,
 Strike doune the faile and trust no more. *M. Edwardes.*

A dialogue betwene a Gentleman and his Loue.

A. Shall I no waie winne you, to graunt my desire?

B. What woman will graunt you, the thyng you require :

A. You onely to Loue me, is all that I craue,

B. You onely to leaue me, is all I would haue.

A. My deare alas, now faie not so,

B. To Loue you beste, I must faie no :

A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.

B. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not.

A. Make me your man, *B.* bestrewe me than.

A. The swifter I followe, then you flie awaie,

B. Swift hauks in their flyng, oft tymes misse their praie,

A. Yet some killeth deadly, that flie to the marke :

B. You shall touche no feather, thereof take no carke.

A. Yet hope shall further my desire,

B. You blowe the coales, and raife no fire.

A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt,

B. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,

A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. To Loue is no daunger, where true Loue is ment,

B. I will Loue no ranger, leaft that I repent :

A. My Loue is no raunger, I make God auow,

B. To trust your smothe faiyngs, I fure knowe not how.

A. Moste truthe I meane, as tyme shall well trie,

B. No truthe in men, I ofte espie,

A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.

B. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,

A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. Some women maie faie naie, and meane Loue moste true,

B. Some women can make fooles, of as wise men as you.

A. In tyme I shall catche you, I knowe when and where :

B. I will sone dispatche you, you shall not come there.

A. Some speds at length, that ofte haue misfe,

B. I am well armde, come when you lifte.

A. Yet will I not flitt, *B.* then plaie on the bitt.

A. I will, *B.* doe still, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,

A. Make me your man, *B.* beshrewe me than.

A. Yet worke your kinde kindly, graunt me Loue for Loue,

B. I will vse you frendly, as I shall you proue :

A. Moste true you shall finde me, I this doe protest,

B. Then fure you shall binde me, to graunte your request.

A. O happie threede, now haue I spunne,

B. You fying before the conquest wonne.

A. Why then, will you fwarue, *B.* euen as you defarue :

A. Loue still, *B.* I will, *A.* yet kill not, *B.* I will not,

A. Make me your man, *B.* come to me than.

FINIS. *M. Edwardes.*

*Exclamyng vpon his vnkinde Loue, his frende replieth
wittely.*

M. What death maie bee, compared vnto Loue ?

H. What grief therein, now doest thou proue ?

M. My paines alas, who can expresse,

H. I fee no cause of heauineffe.

M. My Ladies looks, my woe hath wrought :

H. Then blame thyne eyes, that first hath fought,

M. I burne alas, and blowe the fire,

H. A foole consumes by his desire,

M. What shall I doe than ? *H.* come out and thou can.

M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M. My sugred sweete, is mixed with gall,

H. Thy Ladie can not doe with all :

M. The more I seeke, the lesse I finde,

H. Then striue not with the streame and wind.

M. Her must I Loue, although I smarte,

H. With her owne fworde, thou flaieft thy hart

M. Suche pleasaunt baits, who can refraine,

H. Suche baits will fure breede thee greate paine.

M. What shall I doe than ? *H.* Come out and thou can.

M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M. Her golden beames, myne eyes doe daze,

H. Vpon the Sunne thou maiest not gaze :

M. She might rewarde my cruell smarte,

H. She thinks thou hardst a fained harte,

M. She laughs to heare my wofull cries,

H. Forfake her then, in tyme bee wife :

M. No, no, alas, that maie not bee,

H. No wife man then, will pitie thee,

M. What shall I doe than ? *H.* come out and thou can.

M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

M. A liuyng death, loe thus I proue,

H. Suche are the fruits of froward Loue :

M. O that I might her Loue once gaine,

H. Thy gaine would not, halfe quite the paine.

M. Her will I Loue, though she be coye,

H. A foole hym self, will still annoye :

M. Who will not die, for fuche a one ?

H. Bee wife at length let her alone :

M. I can not doe so, *H.* then be thy owne fo,

M. Alas I die, *H.* what remedie.

FINIS.

E. S.

*The complaint of a Louer, wearyng
Blacke and Taunie.*

A Croune of Baies shall that man weare,
That triumphs ouer me :
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare,
Whiche mourning coulers bee.

The more I followe on, the more she fled awaie,
As Daphne did full long agoe, Apollos withfull praie :
The more my plaints resounde, the lesse she pities me,
The more I fought, the lesse I founde, that myne she
meant to be.

Melpomene, alas with dolefull tunes helpe than,
And syng *Bis* woe worthe on me forsaken man :
Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs
ouer me,
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare, whiche mournyng
colours be.

Droune me you tricklyng teares, you wailefull wights
of woe,
Come helpe these hands to rent my heares, my rewfull hap
to shoue :
On whom the scorchyng flames of Loue, doeth fede you see,
Ah a lalalant ida my deare Dame, hath thus tormented me.

Wherefore you Muses nine, with dolefull tunes helpe
than,
And syng *Bis* woe worthe on me forsaken man :
Then Daphnes Baies shall that man weare, that triumphs
ouer me,
For Blacke and Taunie will I weare, whiche mournyng
colours be.

An Ancres life to leade, with nailes to scratche my graue,
Where yearthly wormes on me shall feede, is all the ioyes
I craue :

And hide my self from fhame, fithe that myne eyes doe fee,
Ah a lalalant ida my deare dame, hath thus tormented me.

And all that present bee, with dolefull tunes helpe than :
And fyng *Bis* woe worthe on me, forsaken man,

FINIS. E. O.

Findyng no releef he complaineth thus.

Inquest of my releef, I finde distresse,
In recompence of Loue, moſte deepe disdaine :
My languor fuche, as words maie not expresse,
A ſhower of teares, my watriſhe eye doeth raine.
I dreame of this, and doe deuine of woe,
I wander in the thoughtes of my ſweete foe.

I would no peace, the cauſe of warre I flie,
I hope, I feare, I burne, I chill in Froſte :
I lye a lowe, yet mounts my mynde on hie,
Thus doubtfull ſtormes, my troubled thoughts haue toſte,
And for my paine, this pleaſure doe I proue,
I hate my ſelf, and pine in others Loue.

The worlde I graſpe, yet holde I nought at all,
At libertie I ſeme, in priſon pent :
I taſte the ſweete, more ſower then bitter gall,
My ſhipp ſemes founde, and yet her ribbs be rent.
And out alas, on Fortune falſe I crie,
Looke what I craue, that ſtill ſhe doeth denie.

Bothe life and death, be equall vnto me,
 I doe desire to die, yet craue I life.
 My witts with fondrie thoughts doe difagree,
 My self am with my self at mortall strife.
 As warmth of Sunne, doeth melte the siluer Snowe,
 The heate of Loue, beholde consumes me fo.

FINIS. R. Hall.

A Louer disdained, complaineth.

If euer man had loue to dearly bought,
 Lo I am he that plaies within her maze:
 And finds no waie, to get the fame I fought,
 But as the Dere are driuen vnto the gaze.
 And to augment the grief of my desire,
 My self to burne, I blowe the fire:
 But shall I come nye you?
 Of force I must flie you.

What death alas, maie be compared to this,
 I praie within the maze of my sweete foe:
 And when I would of her but craue a kis,
 Disdaine enforceth her awaie to goe.
 My self I checke: yet do I twiste the twine,
 The pleasure hers, the paine is myne,
 But shall I come nye you?
 Of force I must flie you.

You courtly wights, that wants you pleasaunt choyse,
 Lende me a floud of teares, to waile my chaunce:

Happie are thei in Loue, that can reioyfe,
To their greate paines, where Fortune doeth aduaunce.
But sith my fute alas, can not preuaile,
Full fraught with care, in grief still will I waile:
Sith you will nedes flie me,
I maie not come nye you.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Beyng in Loue he complaineth.

If care or skill, could conquere vaine desire,
Or reasons raignes, my strong affection staie
Then should my sighs to quiet brest retire,
And shunne fuche signes, as secret thoughts bewraie.
Vncomely Loue, whiche now lurks in my breast,
Should cease my grief, through wisedomes power opprest.

But who can leaue, to looke on Venus face?
Or yeldeth not, to Junos high estate:
What witt so wise, as giues not Pallas place,
These vertues rare, eche God did yelde amate.
Saue her alone, who yet on yearth doeth raigne,
Whose beauties stryng, no God can well deftraine.

What worldly wight, can hope for heauenly hire,
When onely sighs, must make his secret mone:
A silent fute, doeth felde to grace aspire,
My haplesse happ doeth roule the restless stone,
Yet Phebe faire, disdaine the heauens aboue,
To ioye on yearth, her poore Endimions loue.

Rare is reward, where none can iustly craue,
 For chaunce is choise, where reason maks no claime:
 Yet lucke sometymes, dispairyng foules doeth faue,
 A happie Starre made Giges ioye attaine.
 A flauishe Smithe, of rude and rascall race,
 Founde meanes in tyme, to gaine a Goddes grace.

Then loftie Loue, thy sacred failes aduaunce,
 My fithyng seas shall flowe with streames of teares:
 Amidds disdaine, driue forthe my dolefull chaunce,
 A valiaunt mynde, no deadly daunger feares.
 Who loues alofte, and fetts his harte on hie,
 Deferues no paine, though he doe pine and die.

FINIS. E. O.

A Louer reiected, complaineth.

The tricklyng teares, that falles along my cheeks,
 The secret sighs, that shewes my inwarde grief:
 The present paines perforce that Loue aye seeks,
 Bidds me renewe, my cares without relief.
 In wofull song in dole displaie,
 My pensive harte for to bewraie.

Bewraie thy grief, thy wofull harte with speede,
 Resigne thy voyce, to her that causde thy woe:
 With irksome cries, bewaile thy late doen deede,
 For she thou louest, is sure thy mortall foe,
 And helpe for thee, there is none sure,
 But still in paine, thou must endure.

The striken Deare hath helpe to heale his wounde,
The haggerd Hawke, with toyle is made full tame:
The strongest Tower, the Canon laies on grounde,
The wisest witt, that euer had the fame.
Was thrall to Loue, by Cupids fleights,
Then waie my case with equall weights.

She is my ioye, she is my care and wo,
She is my paine, she is my ease therefore:
She is my death, she is my life also,
She is my value, she is my wounded fore,
In fine, she hath the hande and knife,
That maie both saue, and ende my life.

And shall I liue on yearth to be her thrall?
And shall I sue, and serue her all in vaine?
And kisse the stepps, that she letts fall,
And shall I praie the Gods, to keepe the paine.
From her, that is so cruell still.
No, no, on her woorke all your will.

And let her feele the power of all your might
And let her haue her moste desire with speede:
And let her pine awaie, bothe daie and night,
And let her mone, and none lament her neede,
And let all those, that shall her see,
Despise her state, and pitie me.

FINIS. E. O.

Not attaynyng to his desire, he complaineth.

I am not as feme to bee, nor when I smile, I am not glad :
A thrall although you count me free, I moſte in mirth,
moſt pēſiue fad :

I ſmile to ſhade my bitter ſpight, as Haniball that ſawe in
fight :

His cōtre ſoile with Carthage tounē: by Romain force
defaced doun.

And Ceſar that preſented was, with noble Pompeis princely
heade,

As twere ſome iudge to rule the cace, a floud of teares he
ſemde to ſhed

Although in deede it ſprong of ioye, yet other thought it
was annoye,

Thus contraries be vſed I finde, of wiſe to cloke the couert
mynde.

I Haniball that ſmiles for grief, and let you Ceſars grief
ſuffice,

The one that laughs at his miſchief, the other all for ioye
that cries :

I ſmile to ſee me ſcorned ſo, you weepe for ioye that ſee
me woe,

And I a harte by Loue flaine deade, preſents in place of
Pompeis head.

O cruell happ, and harde eſtate, that forceth me to loue
my ſo,

Accurſed bee ſo foule a fate, my choyſe for to prefixe it ſo :

So long to fight with fecret fore, and finde no fecret falve
therefore,

Some, urge their paine by plaint I finde, but I in vain doe
breathe my winde.

FINIS. E. Ox.

His mynde not quietly fetled, he writeth thus.

Euen as the waxe doeth melte, or dewe confume awaie
Before the Sunne, fo I behold through carefull thoughts
decaie :

For my beft lucke leads me, to fuche finifter ftate,
That I doe wafte with others Loue, that hath my felf
in hate.

And he that beats the bufhe, the wifhed birde not getts,
But fuche I fee as fitteth ftill, and holds the foulyng netts.

The Drone more Honie fucks, that laboureth not at all,
Then doeth the Bee, to whose moſte paine, leaſt pleaſure
doeth befall :

The Gardner ſowes the feeds, whereof the flowers doe growe,
And others yet doe gather them, that tooke leſſe paine
I knowe.

So I the pleaſaunt Grape haue pulled from the Vine,
And yet I languish in greate thirſte, while others drinke
the wine.

Thus like a wofull wight, I woue the webb of woe,
The more I would weede out my cares, the more they
feme to growe :

The whiche betokeneth forfaken is of me.
 That with the carefull Culuer climes, the worne and
 withered tree.
 To entertaine my thoughts, and there my happ to mone,
 That neuer am leffe idle loe, then when I am alone.

FINIS. E. Ox.

*Verses written of 20. good precepts, at the request of his
 Especiall good freend and kinsfeman, M. Robart Cudden
 of Grayes Inne.*

Olde frendship binds (though faine I would refuse)
 In this discourse, to please your honest mind :
 For trust me frend, the counfeling words I vse,
 Are rather forst of cause, then come of kind.

Your theames are short, and yet in substance large,
 As of the least, some would a volume write,
 The first, *Sarue God*, a seruice of such charge,
 As should not be, forflowed day or night.

For what we do is present in his eye,
 Well doing then, he must with grace regard :
 And vsing course: if he ill doing spy,
 He can not but, the leude with wrath reward.

Obey thy Prince, or Tyborne coole thy pride,
 The head commaunds, the feete to goe or stay :
 So we our prince, euen as our head and guide,
 In what she wils, of dewty must obey.

Like well thy frende, but trye him are thou loue,
For frends, we may, to Æsopes tongues compare :
The faithful frende, no fortune can remoue,
The fayre mouth foe in neede, doth feede thy care.

Shun many words, a sentence short and swete,
For lauish speach, is cause of much vnrest :
It makes men oft, their freendes in sorrow meete,
And beaft aplyde, fayre words, fyld bides the test.

Auoyde anger, or looke to liue in woe,
The harbraine Jade, is far more spurd and beat :
Then cooler horse, which meaner mettel shoe,
The like reward the hafty man doth geat.

Appease debate, an honest worke in troth,
Muche phisicke oft, increaseth sickly qualmes :
Recounting wronges, so many makes so wroth
As liues, leagwes, armes, are often dealt for almes.

Be merciful haue Diues scourge in mind,
None liues so iust, but some way doth offend :
Then cruel man what fauor shouldst thou find,
When thou thy eares to pitie will not bend.

Slaunder no man, mirth is a leach to mone,
Health, phyfick helpes, fortune restoreth welth :
But honest fame, by slaunder spoyld and gone,
Health, wealth, nor myrth, can fatisfy the stealth.

Report the Truth, once there one tryal standes,
Note wel, the fall of good Sufannas foes :

Vpon thy lyfe oft lyeth life and lands,
A wayghty charge, leaft thou the truth difclose.

Take heede of drinke, therin much mifchefe lyes,
It doth difclose the feacrets of the breafte:
What worfe account, then fornone to be wife,
When none is pafte to be eftemed a beaft.

Disdayne no man, miffe iudgement often blindes,
All is not fyre, like flame, that feemes to blaze:
Once homely weades, oft hides more gallant mindes,
Then gawdy cotes, which fets each eye to gafe.

Thy fecretes keepe, or make thy felfe a flaue,
The babling foole, is made a iefting flock:
When clofely men account, and credit haue,
Then beaft y^t thou thy tongue with fylence locke.

Try ere thou trust, thy fayth leaft falfehod quite,
The Crocadill with teares doth win her praye,
The flattrer fo, doth seeme a faynt in fight,
To cut thy throte, in abfence if he may.

Cherifh the poore, a worke in nature due,
Brute beaftes releue, the feable of their kind,
Then man for fhame, with fucker fee thou rue,
Of man dyftrest, the ficke, the lame, or blind.

Ayde honeft mindes, and prayfe fhall pay thy meede,
The subtil wretch for pence, with fraude will fifhe:
The honeft man, had rather ftarue in neede,
Then by deceit, to feede difhoneft wifh.

Shun wanton Dames, as Sirens they intice
Both body and purse, they witch wound and waft,
And in the end (for all this fawcy price)
There sweete delites, of fower repentance tast.

Sucker souldiers. They watch to keepe thy wealth,
In wars they ferue, that thou in peace maist feede:
Then if throwe lacke, the souldier liue by stelth,
I wishe a churle fayre hanged in his stead.

Strangers fauor thy fortune is vnknowne,
In youth or age, none liues but needes a freend:
And vsing grace, if thou be ouerthrowne,
Thou yet mayst hope, thy greefe with grace to end.

Provide for age, or looke to dye with greefe,
Some forst throw shame ther aged freends do ayde:
But O fowre lookes, *so salues this sweete releefe*,
As day and night, with sighes they are dismayde.

Thinke on thy end. the tyde for none doth waight,
Euen so pale death, for no mans wil doth stay:
Then while thou mayst thy worldly reckning straight,
Least when thou wouldest Death doth goodwil dismay.

G. Whetstones. Formæ nulla fides.

61. *Now mortall man, behold and see,
This world is but a vanitye.*

Who shall prfoundly way or scan, the assured state of man,
Shall well perceiue by reason than:
That where is no stabilitie, remayneth nought but vanitie.

For what estate is there thinke ye, throughly content with
his degre,

Whereby we may right plainly see :
That in this vale of miserie, remaineth nought but vanitie.

The great men with y^e meane estate, mean men again their
state do hate,

Olde men thinke children fortunate :
A boy a man would faynest be, thus wandereth man in
vanitie.

The country man doth daily swel, with great desire in
court to dwell,

The Courtier thinkes him nothing well :
Till he from Court in country be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

The sea doth tosse y^e marchants brains, to wish a farme &
leue those pains,

The Farmer gapeth at marchants gaines :
Thus no man can contented be, he wandreth so in vanitie.

If thou haue lands or goods great store, consider thou thy
charge y^e more,

Since thou must make account therefore :
They are not thine but lent to thee, and yet they are but
vanitie.

If thou be strong or faire of face, ficknes or age doth both
disgrace,

Then be not proude in any case :
For how can there more folly be, then for to boist of vanitie.

Now finally be not infect, with worldly cares, but haue
respect,

How God rewardeth his true elect :
With glorious felicitie : free from all worldly vanitie.

FINIS. M. Thorn.

That Loue is requited by disdaine.

In searche of thyngs that secret are, my mated muse began,
What it might be, molested most the head and mynde
of man.

The bendyng brow of princes face, to wrathe that doeth
attende,

Or want of parents, wife or childe, or losse of faithfull frende.
The roryng of the Canon shot, that makes the peece to shake,
Or terrour such as mightie Joue, from heauen aboue
can make.

All these in fine maie not compare experience so doeth
proue,

Vnto the torments sharpe and strange, of fuche as be in loue.

Loue lookes a loft and laughs to scorne all fuche as grefe
anoye,

The more extreme their passions be, the greater is his ioye.
Thus Loue as victor of the felde, triumphs aboue the rest,
And ioyes to see his subiects lye, with liuyng death in brest.
But dire disdaine letts driue a shaft, and gauls this brag-
gyng foole,

He plucks his plumes, vnbendes his bowe and sets hym
newe to fcole,

Whereby this boye, that bragged late, as conquerer ouer all,
Now yelds hym self vnto disdaine his vessall and his thrall.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Of a contented state.

In wealth we fe some wealthie men, abound in wealth
moſte welthely

In wealth we fe thoſe men again, in wealth do liue moſte
wretchedly.

And yet of wealthe hauing more ſtore,

Then erſt of wealth thei had before.

Theſe welthy men do ſeme to want, thei ſeme to want
y^t moſt thei haue

The more poſtes, y^e more thei craue, the more thei craue
y^e greater ſtore

That moſte thei haue, thei thinke but ſkant.

Yet not content, wo be therefore,

The ſimple men that leſſe wealth haue, with leſſer wealth
we ſe contēt,

Content are thei twixt wealth and ſcath, a life to lead
indifferent.

And thus of wealth theſe men haue more,

Then thoſe of whiche we ſpoke before.

FINIS. W. Hunnis.

Beyng diſdained, he complaineth.

If frendleſſe faith? if gilty thought maie ſhilde?

If ſimple truthe that neuer meant to ſwarue:

If deare desire accepted fruite doe yelde,
If greedie luste in loyall life doeth farue.
Then maie my plainte bewaile my heauie harme :
That seekyng calme, haue stumbled on the storme.

My wonted cheare, ecclipsed by the cloude,
Of deepe disdaine, through errour of reporte :
If wearie woe enwrapped in the shroude,
Lies flaine by tongue of the vnfrendly forte.
Yet heauen and yearth, and all that Nature wrought,
I call to vowe of my vnspotted thought.

No shade I seeke in parte, to shield my tainte,
But simple truthe, I hunte no other fute :
On that I gape, the issue of my plainte,
If that I quaile, let Justice me confute.
If that my place, emongs the giltlesse forte,
Repaie by dome, my name and good reporte.

Goe heauie verse, pursue desired grace,
Where pitie shrinde in cell of secret brest :
Awaits my hafte, the rightfull lot to place,
And lothes to see, the giltlesse man opprest.
Whose vertues greates, hath crounde her more with fame,
Then kyngly state, though largely shine the fame.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Of the meane estate.

The higher that the Ceder tree, vnto the heauens doe growe,
The more in daunger is the top, when sturdie winds gan
blowe,

Who Judges then in princely throne, to bee deuoide of hate,
Doeth not yet knowe, what heapes of ill, lies hid in fuche
estate.

Suche dangers great, fuche gripes of minde, fuche toile do
thei sustain

That often tymes, of God thei wish, to bee vnkyngde again.

For as the huge and mightie rockes, withstande the
ragyng seas,

So kyngdomes in subiection bee, whereas dame Fortune
please :

Of brittle ioye, of smilyng cheare, of Honie mixte with Gall,
Alotted is to euery Prince, in freedome to bee thrall.

What watches long, what steps vnfare, what grefes and
care of minde

What bitter broiles, what endlesse toiles, to kyngdomes bee
affingde.

The subiect then maie well compare, with prince for
pleasant daies,

Whose filent nighe bryngs quiet rest, whose steps no storme
bewraies :

How muchee bee we, then bounde to God, who fuche pro-
uision makes,

To laie our cares vpon the Prince, thus doeth he for
our fakes.

To hym therefore let vs lifte vp our harts, and praie amaine,
That euery Prince that he hath plaft, maie long in quiet
raigne.

FINIS.

W. H.

Of a contented mynd.

When all is doen and faied, in the ende thus shall you finde,
The moſte of all doeth bath in bliſſe, that hath a quiet
minde :

And cleare from worldlie cares, to deame can bee content,
The ſweeteſt tyme, in all this life, in thinkyng to bee ſpent,

The bodie ſubieſt is, to fickle Fortunes power,
And to a million of miſhapps, is caſuall euery hour :
And death in tyme doeth chaunge it to a clodde of claie,
When as the mynde whiche is deuine, runnes neuer to
decaie.

Companion none is like, vnto the mynde alone,
For many haue been harmde by ſpeech, through thinking
few or none :

Fewe often tymes refraineth words, but maks not thoughts
to ceaſe,

And he ſpeaks beſte that hath the ſkill, when for to holde
his peace.

Our wealth leaues vs at death, our kinsmen at the graue,
But vertues of the mynde, vnto the heauens with vs haue :
Wherefore for vertues fake, I can be well content,
The ſweeteſt tyme of all my life, to deeme in thinkyng
ſpent.

FINIS.

L. Vaux.

Trie before you trust.

To counsell my estate, abandonde to the spoile,
Of forged frendes whose grofeste fraude, is set with finest foile.
To verifie true dealyng wights, whose trust no treason dreads,
And all to deare thacquaintaunce be, of fuche moste harm-
full heads.

I am aduised thus who so doeth frende, frende so,
As though to morrowe nexte he feared, for to become a fo.

To haue a fained frende, no perill like I finde,
Oft fleryng face maie mantell best, a mischief in the minde :
A paire of angels eares oft tymes, doeth hide a serpents
harte,

Vnder whose gripes who so doeth come, to late complaines
the smart.

Wherefore I doe aduise, who doeth frende frende so,
As though to morrowe next he should become a mortall fo.

Refuse respectyng frends, that courtly knowe to faine,
For gold that winnes for golde, shall lose, the self same
frende againe :

The Quaile needes neuer feare, in foulers netts to fall,
If he would neuer bende his care to listen to his call.
Therefore trust not to sone, but when you frende frende so,
As though to morrowe next, ye feard for to become a fo.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

He renounceth all the affectes of Loue.

Like as the Harte that lifteth vp his eares,
To heare the hounds, that hath hym in the chafe :
Doeth cast the winde, in daungers and in feares,
With fliying foote, to passe awaie apace,
So must I flie of Loue the vaine pursute,
Whereof the gaine is lesser then the fruite.

And I also must lothe those learyng looks,
Where Loue doeth lurke still with his subtill flaite,
With painted mocks, and inward hidden hoks,
To trapp by trust, that lieth not inwaite.
The ende whereof, affaie it who so shall,
As fugged smart, and inward bitter gall.

And I must flie fuche Cirian songs,
Wherewith that Circes, Ulisses did enchaunt :
These wilie Watts I meane with filed tongs,
That harts of steele, haue power to daunt,
Who so as Hauke, that stoupeth to their call,
For moste defarte, receiueth least of all.

But woe to me that first behelde these eyes,
The trapp wherein I faie, that I was tane :
An outward salue, whiche inward me destroies,
Whereto I runne, as Rat vnto her bane.
As to the fishe, sometyme it doeth befall,
That with the baite, doth swallow hooke and al.

Within my breast, wherewith I daiely fedd,
 The vaine repast of amorous hott desire :
 With loitryng lust, so long that hath me fedd,
 Till he hath brought me to the flamyng fire.
 In tyme as Phenix ends her care and carks,
 I make the fire, and burne my self with sparks.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Bethinking hym self of his ende, writeth thus.

When I beholde the baier, my last and postyng horffe,
 That bare shall to the graue, my vile and carren corffe,
 Then saie I feely wretche, why doest thou put thy truste,
 In thyngs eithe made of claye, that sone will tourne to duste,

Doeft thou not see the young, the hardie and the faire,
 That now are past and gone, as though thei neuer were :
 Doeft thou not see thy self, drawe hourly to thy laste,
 As shafts whiche that is shotte, as birds that flieth faste.

Doeft thou not see how death, through smiteth with his
 launce,

Some by warre, some by plague, and some with worldlie
 chaunce :

What thyng is there on yearth, for pleasure that was made,
 But goeth more swifte awaie, then doeth the Sommer shade.

Loe here the Sommer floure, that sprong this other daie,
 But Winter weareth as faste, and bloweth cleane awaie :
 Euen so shalt thou consume, from youth to lothsome age,
 For death he doeth not spare, the prince more then the page.

Thy houle fhall be of claie, a clotte vnder thy hedde,
Vntill the latter daie, the graue fhall be thy bedde :
Vntill the blowyng trumpe, doeth faie to all and fome,
Rife vp out of your graue, for now the Judge is come.

FINIS. L. Vaux.

Beyng in Loue, he complaineth.

Enforst by Loue and feare, to please and not offende,
Within the words you would me write, a message must
I fende :

A wofull errande fure, a wretched man must write,
A wretched tale, a wofull head, befemeth to endite.

For what can he but waile, that hath but all he would,
And yet that all, is nought at all, but lacke of all he should :
But lacke of all his mynde, what can be greater grief,
That haue and lacke, that likes hym best, must neds be
moſte miſchief.

Now foole what makes thee waile, yet ſome might faie
full well,
That haſte no harme but of thy ſelf, as thou thy ſelf
canſt tell :

To whom I aunſwere thus, ſince all my harmes doe growe,
Vpon my ſelf, ſo of my ſelf, ſome happ maie come I trowe.

And ſince I ſee bothe happ, and harme betids to me,
For preſent woe, my after bliſſe, will make me not forget thee :
Who hath a fiede of golde, and maie not come therein,
Muſt live in hope till he haue forſe, his treaſure well
to winne.

Whose ioyes by hope of dread, to conquere or to lose,
So greate a wealth doeth rise, and for example doeth
disclose,

To winne the golden Flese, stode Jason not in drede,
Till that Medeas hope of helpe, did giue hym hope to spede.

Yet fure his mynde was muche, and yet his feare the more,
That hath no happ but by your helpe, maie happ for to
restore :

The ragyng Bulls he dread, yet by his Ladies charme,
He knewe it might be brought to passe, thei could do little
hame.

Vnto whose grace yelde he, as I doe offer me,
Into your hands to haue his happ, not like hym for to be :
But as kyng Priamus, did binde hym to the will,
Of Cressed false whiche hym forfoke, with Diomed to spill.

So I to you commende my faithe, and eke my ioye,
I hope you will not bee so false, as Cressed was to Troye :
For if I bee vntrue, her Lazares death I wishe,
And eke in thee if thou bee false, her clapper and her dishe.

FINIS. R. L.

Beyng in trouble, he writeth thus.

In terrours trapp by thraldome thruste,
Their thornie thoughts to taste and trie :
In conscience cleare from cause vniuste,
With carpyng teares did call and trie.
And faied O God, yet thou art he,
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Thus tremblyng there with teares I trodd,
To totter tide in trutthes defence :
With fighes and fobs, I faied O God,
Let right not haue this recompence.
Left that my foes might laugh to se,
That thou wouldest not deliuer me. *Bis.*

My foule then to repentance ranne,
My ragged clothes all rent and torne :
And did bewaile the losse it wanne,
With lothsome life so long forlorne.
And faied O God, yet thou art he
That can and will deliuer me. *Bis.*

Then comfort came with clothes of ioye,
Whose femes were faithfull stedfastnesse :
And did bedecke the naked boye,
That erst was full of wretchednesse.
And faid be glad for God is he,
That shortly will deliuer thee. *Bis.*

FINIS. W. H.

Beyng troubled in mynde, he writeth as followeth.

The bitter sweate that straines my yelded harte,
The carelesse count, that doeth the fame embrace :
The doubtfull hope, to reape my due defarte,
The pensiue pathe that guids my restlesse race,
Are at fuche warre within my wounded brest,
As doeth bereue my ioye and eke my rest.

My greedie will, that feeks the golden gaine,
My luckleffe lot, doeth alwaie take in worthe:
My mated mynde, that dreads my futes in vaine,
My piteous plaint, doeth helpe to fet it forthe.
So that betwene twoo waues of ragyng feas,
I driue my daies in troubles and defease.

[My wofull eyes doe take their chief delight,
To feede their fill vpon the pleasaunt maze:
My hidden harmes that growe in me by fight,
With pinyng paines doe driue me from the gaze:
And to my hope I reape no other hire,
But burne my felf and I to blowe the fire.

FINIS. I. H.

Looke or you leape.

If thou in fuertie safe wilt fitt,
If thou delight at rest to dwell,
Spende no more words then shall seme fitt,
Let tonge in filence talke expell.
In all thyngs that thou seeft men bent,
Se all, faie nought, holde thee content.

In worldly works degrees are three,
Makers, doers, and lookers on:
The lookers on haue libertie,
Bothe the others to iudge vpon:
Wherefore in all as men are bent,
Se all, faie nought, holde thee content.

The makers oft are in fault founde,
The doers doubt of praise or shame :
The lookers on finde surest grounde,
Thei haue the fruite yet free from blame :
This doeth perfwade in all here ment,
Se all, faie nought, holde thee content.

The prouerbe is not South and West,
Whiche hath be faied long tyme agoe,
Of little medlyng cometh rest,
The busie man neuer wanted woe :
The best waie is in all worlds fent,
Se all, faie nought, holde thee content.

FINIS. Iasper Heywood.

He bewaileth his mishappe.

In wretched state, alas, I rewe my life,
Whose sorrowes rage torments with deadly paine :
In drowned eyes beholde my teares be rife,
In doubtfull state a wretche I must remaine :
You wofull wights enured to like distresse,
Bewaile with me my wofull heauineffe.

What ftonie harte fuche hardnes can retaine,
That sharpe remorse no rest can finde therein :
What ruthlesse eyes so carelesse can remaine,
That daiely teares maie pitie winne :
For right I seeke and yet renewe my fore,
Vouchsafte at length my fastie to restore.

My loue is loft, woe worth in woe I dye,
 Disdainfull harte doeth worke such hatefull spite :
 In losse of loue a wretche must ioye to dye,
 For life is death now hope is banisht quite :
 O death approche bereue my life from me,
 Why should I liue opprest with woe to be.

FINIS. R. H.

The complaint of a Synner.

O heauenly God, O Father dere, cast doune thy tender eye
 Vpon a wretche, that prostrate here before thy trone
 doeth lye :

O powre thy precious oyle of grace into my wounded harte,
 O let the dropps of mercie swage the rigour of my smarte.

My fainting soule suppressed fore, with carefull clogge
 of sinne,

In humble sort submitts it self thy mercie for to winne :
 Graunt mercie then, O fauour swete, to me moste wofull
 thrall,

Whose mornfull crie to thee O Lorde, doeth still for
 mercie call.

Thy blessed will I haue despised vpon a stubborne minde,
 And to the swaie of worldly thyngs myself I haue enclinde :
 Forgettyng heauen & heauēly powers, where God and
 faincts doe dwel,

My life had likt to tread the path, y^t leads the waie to hell.

But now my lorde, my lode starre bright, I will no more
doe fo,

To thinke vpon my former life my harte doeth melt
for woe :

Alas I figh, alas I fobbe, alas I doe repent,
That euer my licencious will so wickedly was bent.

Sith thus therefore with yernfull plaint I doe thy mercie
craue

O Lorde, for thy greate mercies fake let me thy mercie
haue :

Restore to life the wretched foule that els is like to dye,
So fhall my voyce vnto thy name fyng praise eternally.

Now blessed be the Father first, and blessed be the Sonne,
And blessed be the holie Ghoſte, by whom all thyngs
are doen :

Bleſſe me o blessed Trinitie, with thy eternall grace,
That after death my foule may haue in heauen a dwellyng
place.

FINIS.

F. K.

*The fruite that ſprynges from wilful witts, is ruthe and
ruins rage :*

*And ſure what heedeleſſe youth committes repentaunce rues
in age.*

I rage in reſtleſſe ruthe and ruins rules my daies,
I rue, to late, my rechleſſe youthe by rules of reaſons waie :
I ran ſo long a race in ſearche of ſureſt waie,
That leaſure learnde me tread the trace that led to leud
decaie.

T

I gaue so large a raine to vnrestrained bitt,
That now with prooffe of after paine I waile my want of witt.
I trifeled forth the time with trust to self conceiptes,
Whilst plēties vse prickt forth my prime to search for fugred
baïtes :

Wherein once learnde to finde I founde so sweete a taste,
That dew foresight of after speede self will esteemed wast :
Whiche will through wilfulnesse, hath wrought my witleffe
fall,

And heedlesse youthes vnskilfulnesse hath lapt my life in
thrall :

Whereby by prooffe I knowe that pleasure breedeth paine,
And he that euill feede doeth fowe euill frute must reape
againē.

Let suche therefore whose youth and pursses are in Prime,
Foresee, & shun the helplesse ruthe which rews misspence
of time.

For want is next to waste, and shame doeth sinne ensue,
Euil spending prooffe hath hedeles haste, myself hath proued
it true.

When neighbours next house burnes to tyme thereof take
hede,

For fortunes whele hath choise of turnes which change of
chafes brede.

My faile hath been aloft though now I beare but lowe,
Who climes to high felde falleth soft, dedst ebbe hath high-
est flowe.

FINIS. Q. Yloop.

Imprinted at London by Henry Diffe, dwellyng at the
Southwest doore of S. Paules Churchē.

1576.]

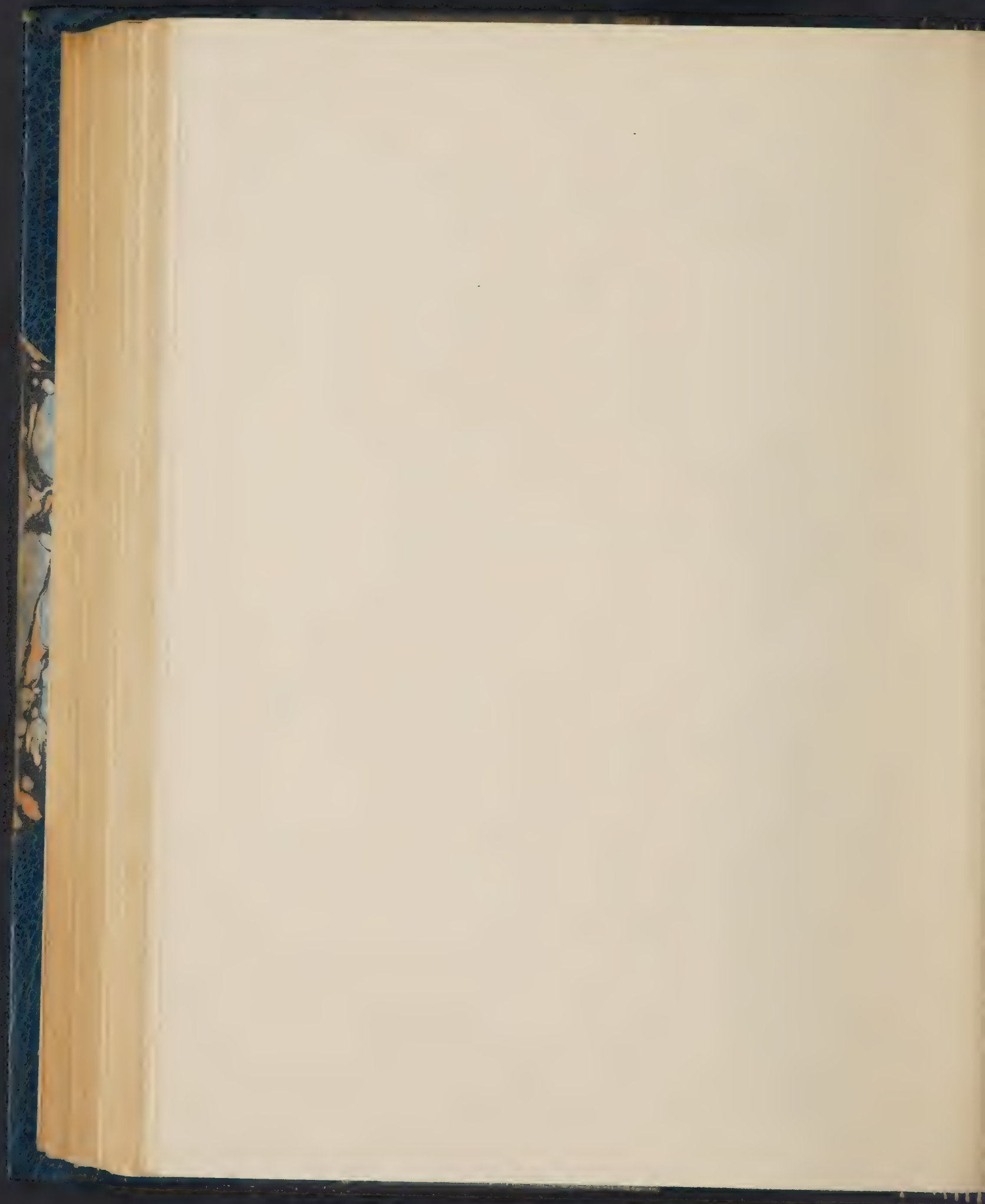
THE MISERIE
OF FLAUNDERS, CA-
lamitie of Fraunce, Miffortune of
Portugall, Unquietnes of Irelande,
Troubles of Scotlande,
And the blessed State
of ENGLANDE.

VVritten by Tho. Church-
yarde, Gent.

1579.



Imprinted at London for Andrewe Maunfell,
dwellyng in Paules Church-yard at
the Signe of the
Parret.



TO THE QUEENES MOST

excellent Majestie, Thomas Church-

yard wisheth all heavenly blessednesse,

worldly felicitie, and unremov-

able good Fortune.



HAVING a dutiful desire, moste redoubted Sovereigne, to be daily exercised in some servisable device and action (that maie please my Prince and countrey) I neither spare paines nor season to purchase, through practise of pen and studie of heade, my desired hope.

But waiying the greatnesse of your Maiestie and princely judgement, I am to seeke, not onely what wordes dooeth best become me, but likewise what woorkes I should present, especially to her highnesse, that hath suche giftes from the heavens, as all our earthly imaginations, and base matter here belowe, maie of right give place unto.

And to offer any present, where suche perfections doe abounde, and the fountaine of many graces dooeth freely flowe, the presumption were greate, and the boldenesse scarce pardonabel. Yet, most gracious Ladie, albeit I dare not brynge water to the well heade of knowledge, and comfortable spryng (from whence all kinde of people doe drawe succour and releef) yet my hope is, that my humble and upright meanyng (of this my woorkes) shall finde favour in your highnesse sight.

In which worke I compare *Flaunders, Fraunce, Portugall, Irelande, and Scotlande*, to bee the shell of a precious nutte, the sweete kinnell whereof is the blessed state of ENGLANDE. And though with worldly wickednesse, and troubles of our tyme, the goodly shell is somewhat worm-eaten and cracked, the kinnell shewes it self so founde, that Gods greate goodnesse and glorie is partly, or altogether, therein expressed.

And now by my verses and description is onely touched (by all curtuous and reverent meanes) but the troubles and misfortunes of every countrie a parte, goying no further in any fraise of speeche then Christian zeale, love, and duetie maie commaunde a good minde to fette out,
as knoweth our livying Lorde, who sende your
Majestie many good and gracious newe
yeres, with a blessed and prosperous
olde raigne over us.

FINIS.



THE MISERIE
of Flaunders.

THE foile and welthie feate,
where people plentie founde,
With scarcities scorge is plagued fore,
and made a barraine grounde :

Where fruitfull pleasures greate
was lookt for in our daies,
And where for wealthe and worthie thyngs
did ronne our worldly praise.

O! what a chaunge is this,
that neighbours mourne therefore,
And forraine foes are greev'd at harte
to see the curelesse fore ;

That now no fence can salve,
nor witte can helpe in haste,
Nor man maie sone by force reforme,
till warrs and will maks waste.

O! Havocke, Revells sonne,
and Riotte, sifter deare
To foule misrule, a mother vice,
that raignde full many a yere,
In view and corners cloase.

O! nourse of noughtie prancks,
And needlesse pains and labour losse,

that can deserve no thanks.
Why should I blame abuse
where Gods greate wrath bears fwaie,
And peoples heads will have it so,
and worldlie witts decaie ;
So ronnyng on the race
of crooked carelesse stepps ;
Out goes good order at a jompe,
And in rude maner lepps,
That at his firste rebounde
shaks all in fonder streight ;
And eche thyng cracks that feels the force
of wilfull havocks weight.
Now leave that long discourse
that hatefull havocke bryngs,
(By meane of rage and revell route)
and speake of other thyngs
That Flaunders groens to feele,
and fondrie fighe to see,
And none but wails that weyes the weight
of staets in eche degree.
Why should riche Flaunders now,
to Fortune poore give place,
That had the harte and happe with all
from harmes to holde her face
Among the beste of name,
that wealthie state could shoue ?
Doe aske no more, but leave the cause
to hym that all doeth knowe.
Yet I with speeches free
maie tell what troubles are

In Flaunders now, for that their broils,
began of countreis care,
And matters fitte for penne,
awhile to treate upon ;
Good Whetstons for to sharpe dull witts :
the reste I looke not on ;
That ferv's for speciall sprees,
that feeth through moone and starre.
So thus to leave off[f] weightie thyngs,
and come to Flaunders warre.
(That worlde bewails and weeps
that sees thereof the ende ;
And knows that head and shoulders must
their countries cause defende).
My muse bids me bee bolde,
for therein wants no skill
To use apt woords, and searche out woorks,
to straine the ynkehorne quill,
For causes knowne to worlde.
then why, if men maie aske,
Doeth Flaunders learne the dolefull daunce
and comes in open maske,
With drom and trompet loude,
to wake the worlde from sleepe ?
That at sweete reste and peace will laugh,
and at fowre warre will weepe.
Why doeth freends faule at iarre,
and slide in sects by swarms,
And heapyng mischeef on their heads,
are grounde of their owne harms ?
Why leaps some from their holde,

and taks the weakeſt parte,
And ſo forſaketh God and man,
to winne a worlde by arte ?
Why haells the horſſes wrong,
that in right courſe ſhould goe ?
Why doeth wiſe heads embrace ſelf will,
and weave a webbe of woe ?
The cauſe doeth ſhewe it ſelf ;
for where diſſention is,
There are fewe matters well in frame,
and many thyngs amis.
Now is no other noyes
but howlyng up and downe ;
And doubt and daunger bryngs greate feare
in many a noble towne.
Now wanders peoples mynds
like waves of troubled ſeas ;
And neither man nor childe, God wot,
is free from warrs diſeas.
Death dwells in each mans dore,
and threatens miſcheevs greate :
The riche but maeks a hongrie meale,
the poore he ſtarvs for meate.
Was never ſeene fuche want
in any foile before,
And feawe have little commyng in,
but ſpendeth on the ſtore.
The ſoldiour liv's by ſpoile,
the marchaunts trade is don ;
The plowman letts the plowe alone,
and out poore people ron ;

As though that men were madde,
and knowe not where to goe
In doubt to finde a faithful freend,
and fure to meet a foe.
The *Pater noster* men
or *Mal content*, thei saie,
Hath brought our people such a plague
As breeds their whole decaie.
Eche Christian harte doeth weepe
to knowe the carefull cace
Of Flaunders now, who to the chaunge
of worldlie chaunce giv's place.

FINIS.



THE CALAMITIE
of Fraunce.

WHAT Kingdome maie compare with wofull
Fraunce,

Whose civill warres did laste, God wot, too long?
The mightie men thereby felt greate mischaunce,
The feeble folke were forst to suffer wrong,
And no estate was free from scath and foile,
Suche furie raignde, in rage of peoples mynds.
The weaklyngs went to ruin, to wracke, and spoile,
As trees be torne with blast and whirlyng wynds,
Strong goodly tounes were beaten doune to grounde,
Hye walls and towers were battred flat as cake,
When trompetts blast and drum did slaughter sounde,
And bloudie blade did wicked murther make.

O listen now, and heare my tale a while!
The warrs of Fraunce so sharpe and cruell weare,
The sonne himself the father would begile,
And brother still of brother stood in feare,
With poison foule, and murther every wheare.
The countrey through was spred and plaged sore;
And for to make the scourge and mischeef more,
One frende by crafte the other would betraie,
And suretie none, in Prince's pallaice stode:
The house of God, where people ought to praie,

And aulter stone, was daiely stainde with blood :
The streets were filde with corfes vilie flaine,
And in the streame and floud the babes were flong,
And ladies throats with knives were cutte in twaine.
There was no hope when larumbell was rong,
Bothe wives with childe, and little children yong,
Were stabbed in with daggers, divers waies.
Some from their bedds were floung a mid the streete,
Suche murthers Lorde, were in those bloudie daies,
As women laie, without a cloute or sheete,
(All deade and bare, a rufull sight to see)
In open plaine ; yea men of auncient yeers
Were mangled fore, and some of high degree
And noble race, and of the *Douze* Peers,
Were naked lefte, and wounded to the death ;
And goodlie girlls laie grovlyng voide of breath.
In market place, the furie was so greate,
The rage was suche, that none might scape the swoide,
Nor nothyng could ne coole nor quenche the heate
Of civill warre, that bothe at bedde and borde
Was bloodie still ; and yet the more was flaine,
The more the broile, and greef began againe.

To tell you all, their battailes here a rowe,
Would move your minde and heavie harte to tears.
At fondrie tymes, their owne reporte doeth showe,
(And good recorde thereof true witnesse bears)
Thei lost in feeld twoo hundreth thoufande men ;
Yet still their mindes on murther ran so faste,
Thei went about nothing but bloudshed then,
To fight it out, as long as life might laste
Revenge did worke and weave an endlesse webbe ;

Desire of will a wofull threede did spinne,
The floode of hate, that never thinks of ebbe,
A swellng sea of strife brought gushyng in.
The rooted wrathe had spred fuche braunches out,
That leaves of love were blasted on the bowe,
Yet spitfull twiggs began so faste to sprout,
That from the harte the tree was rotten throwe.
No kindly fappe did comforte any sprae,
Bothe barke, and stocke, and bodie did decaie:
So that it seemde the foile infected was,
With malice moods, that smells of mischeefe greate.
Their golden lande was tourned to rustic bras,
And eche thyng wrought as God had curste the feate.
The ground thought scorne to bryng forth frute in time,
The vines did rotte, the blade would beare no corne;
Like Winter foule became the Sommers prime.
The pleasant plotts brought forth wilde brier and thorn:
With raine and storme the land was vexed still,
The ire of God the people could not shunne,
Greate grewe the greef that came by headstrong will;
And all these plagues by proude conceite begonne,
That thought to rule, perhaps past reasons lore:
Treate that who please, my muse not framde therefore.

Of warrs and woe I meane my penn to straine,
In breef discourse, for *Wisedomes* vieu alone,
I skippe ouer doubts, I dare not be to plaine,
Least fire flie out from flinte and stricken stone:
Those broills abroche, the realme ran all to ruen.

The heads waxte sicke, the members were amis,
The notes were nought, the song was out of tune,
And badde is best where fuche rude Musick is.

Blood was so fought, that butcherie bore the swaie ;
A man and beast were waied both a like :
The shepe must dye, the wolfe would have his praie,
The riche would rule, the poore must passe the pike :
The house must burne that could not make defence,
The head must off[f], that had more witte then needs :
The fullest baggs were searched for their pence ;
The vains were fought that moste the humour feeds.
The good might starve, the badde found all the grace,
The wife might walke abroad and tell the trees,
That faunyng fooles were most prefarde in place :
The waspes would sucke the honie from the bees ;
And, to be plaine, abuse in all degrees
Bred nought but warre, and nourisht fuche debate,
That all to torne did lye that noble state.

And when one race, or noble house, did rise,
With force of armes to make revolte or stoer,
Tenne thousande flockt, as thicke as starrs in skies,
About the streets, before the Princes doore.
No woords might serve, nor reason could prevaile :
The people waxte as wilde as chafed deere,
Yea, though thei heard their wives bothe wepe and waile,
Their children crie, their frends make mournyng chere:
To bloodie fight, in furie fell thei all,
And though on heaps dead corpes laie in view,
The people made accounte thereof but small,
For battaile did but malice still renew.

A greates mans death coste many small mens lives,
A small offence did make a greates adoo ;
When men forget their children and their wives,
And madlie faulls to hate their countrey too,

A little sparke will make a marveilous fire,
And then both Prince and lawe is out of minde :
Good rule is drounde, and children doo conspire
Their fathers deaths, and kinsmen out of kinde
Doo turne and change, as weather cocke with winde.

O Fraunce ! who lookes upon thy bloodie waies,
And notes but halfe the pageant thou hast plaied,
Will be, therefore, the wiser all their daies,
Or, at the least, will howrely be afraied
To plaie fuche pranks as thou poore France hast doon.
Thou hast a tyme and wretched race to run.
For others weale, that can good warnyng take,
Thy neighbours have had laisure to regarde
The harms of thee, and so a mirrour make
Of thy greate doole, and dulfull destinie harde.
Can greater plagues bee seene in any foile
Then revell rage, and havocke every waie,
A civill warre, with wicked waiste and spoile ?
A deadlie botche, that striks stoute harte by daie,
And kills by night the harmles in his bedde.
O civill warre ! thou hast a Hidras hedde,
A vipers kinde, a serpentes nature throwe,
A spiders shape, a forme of uglie tode,
A devlishe face, a shamelesse blotted browe,
A bloodie hande, at home and eke abroad.
And if a man would painte a monster right,
Set out in shape but civill warre to fight ;
Painte all the harms that cruell murther bryngs,
And sure that snake will shewe ten thousande stings.
A man maie not in colours fet forthe well
A rude revolt, a wretched civill brawll :

He were as good affaie to painte out hell,
And seeke to shewe the forts of torments all
That fillie souls doo feelee with damned spreetts.
Who sees revolte, in feeld or civill streetts,
Will thinke he meetts mad doggs disgifde like men,
Or els wilde wolves, that lives in savage woode.
It passeth witte, and cunnyng arte of pen,
To blase out warrs began on mortall foode,
And namely broills that breeds in publike state,
The cause whereof both God and man doeth hate.

O France, the flowre and gardaine of the earth,
The foile of wealthe, and topp of triumphe all !
Where is become thy pastyme and thy mirth,
Thy glorie greate, that worldly joys we call ?
Hath wilde revolt made tame thy gallants gaie ?
Fie on that braule that breeds so greate a fraie !
Fie on that warre that bryngs riche people bare ;
And foule befaule the birds that files their neaste !
Revolte bryngs realms and mighty kyngs in care,
And roots up peace, and plants discord in breaste.
Though wilful heads in haste revenge will take,
And for some shreaude devise drawes out the blade,
Beware, through heate, how civill warre you make :
It wounds the state, and marrs all honest trade,
It rots sound harts, and spoils eche common weale ;
A curelesse fore, that no sweete salve can heale.
The fowre mischaunce that France hath felt thereby,
(And slaughters greate, which lasted many a yere)
Dooth stande so freshe and full before your eye,
That worlde maie see men bought that warre ful dere.
The flood of strife did run so through the realme :

Some dreggs must needs be left behinde the streame,
In whiche deepe droffe maie lye, more harme then good.
God shield eche lande, that loves and fears the Lorde,
From suche abuse and thirsting after blood,
And plante therein sweete peace and milde accorde:
From whiche pure tree there springs a precious balme,
That keeps of storms, and bryngs a quiet calme.

FINIS.



THE MISFORTUNE
of Portugalle.

AS Fraunce did smart through rage of civill warre,
And Flaunders is not free from such like foile,
So other foils, by meane of wicked jarre,
When leaft is thought are offred to the spoile ;
Whofe wretched ruen the wife doeth daiely rewe,
To make the fonde reforme their life a newe :
But where was peace and love long linked fafte,
And people waxt bothe riche and ftoute of minde,
If their mishappe and mifcheef come at lafte,
What harte in breaft or man is fo unkinde,
That will not waile the woe of fuche a lande,
Who[m] God alone hath toucht with mightie hand ?

In Portugall befell a dolfull cace,
The ftraungest chaunce that hath bin heard of late.
There was a kyng who had greate gifts of grace,
A princely sparke, of goodly porte and ftate ;
And as his shape was femely to the fight,
So loe ! within his minde was fhapte a right ;
For forme of face, and other outwarde fhoes
Were aunfwered full with greatneffe of the harte :
And in that prince, as now report there goes,

Of speciall points was many a noble parte.

Among the reste was one full muche to note :
He fought no will, nor would of women dote,
Desirde renowne, and yet despisde delite,
And loathed luste, yet lovde a merrie meane ;
To pastyme bent, yet banisht pleasure quite,
And glad to leade a life moste pure and cleane.

And alwaies ment to doe some mightie deede
Against the Turkes, fuche noble mynde he bore,
That of the like a man maie hardly reede,
And in our daies was feldome seen before.
Well, what avails to blase his virtues more ?
His minde was fuche, he would not idle fitte ;
He helde good fame more worth then heaps of gold ;
And to maintaine his courage and his witte,
Against the Mores a powre prepare he would.
So, with his freends, and fuche as wishte hym well,
He shippyng tooke, and spread the seas with sails.

But now I have a wofull tale to tell ;
And now, in deede, my muse bothe weeps and wails,
And I myself, of right, ought be full fadd
To shewe at large what ill successe he had.

Bothe he and his full safly sette on shore
On enemies ground, and rangyng where thei would,
His foes hym mette, and fought with hym so fore,
(Whose strength and force were stronger treble fold)
That he was slaine and all his people losfe,
And few of them retourned home againe.
Suche was their fate that fought that curffed coste,
To make us muse that doeth a live remaine,
And make us knowe, by this greate foughten feeld,

There is no life but must to Fortune yeeld ;
For at one tyme three kynges made there their ende :
But none of them maie christen men lament
Save this good kyng, to whom the Lorde did fende
A sodaine fall, to our greate discontent.
Yea, waie the losse, and worthe of christen bloode,
An let the case be throughly understoode.
There was not fuche a losse these hundreth yeers :
Be judge thereof that knowes what princes are,
And of the state and rule of kyngdoms heers.
And Portugall, thou lucklesse lande of care,
Be thou the judge if I speake trothe or noe ;
Looke how thou wylte, thou canst not hide thy woe :
In mournyng blacke let all thy people goe ;
Proclaime a fast, and stretche your hands on hie,
And in the streets for sorrowe houle and crie ;
For since thy kyng is taken from thee thus,
That was before sent thee to thy greate joye,
There is behinde a forer plague, yewus,
If carelesse heads of earnest make a toye.

Could more mishappe to any foile befall,
Then lose the lampe that gave the countrey light ?
(And in the darke can finde no torche at all,
Nor candell clere, to walke in winter's night).
Could Fortune worke to men a worse despite
Then take awaie their hope and comfort quite ?
Could people lose a pearle of greater price
Then fuche a gem as worlde can scarcely shoue ?
Could heathen men wishe any worse device
To us then give so greate an overthrowe ?
I feare the baebs that learns their Christs crosse row

Will quaile for this, when we are in our grave.
The losse is yet like fruite that is but greene
On goodlie trees, that blasted is with winde ;
But when the want of apples shalbe seene,
With more regarde the matter shall we minde.
Leave that to hym that givs and takes awaie,
Who can at length his secrete will bewraie.

Now sheepe from fold maie run and meete the wolfe,
Now gide is gone the flocke to ruen must fall ;
Now greef paste cure comes in through gushyng golfe,
Now prince is dead, adue poore Portugall !
Thy date is doen, excepte for deaftnie straunge.
God sende some chaunce, to counterpoise the chaunge !

In skies of late was seen a blasfing starre,
A comete bright, that threatned plags at hande,
Whiche did prefage, perhaps, this bloodie warre,
And plags that are a brotche in many a lande.

God is displeasd, and sure his wrathe is greate
When Turcks doe scorge and plage the christen kings :
This angrie signe and fearfull fodaine heate
Maks wifemen waie the weight of further things.
Where mightie trees are rent with thunder cracke,
With tremblyng feare the people homeward ronne ;
The tempests rage that bryngeth ruen and wracke,
Where daunger is, eche livyng thyng will shonne :
So suche as see where plague or warrs encrease
Will seek for healthe, and praie to live in peace.

FINIS.

THE UNQUIETNES
of Irelande.

O treate of Ireland's toile,
and tell the trouble now,
(And paint you out in prose or vers
the countries forowe thorowe)

Would sure containe more tyme
and earnest matter bothe,
Than easly men would spare to spend
or worlde would thinke a trothe.
For there these many yeres
hath strief in state been storde,
And seldome in the quiet sheath
can reste the trenchyng sworde.
The soldiours that are sent
to keepe the lande in awe,
Are faine to marche through thicke and thinne,
and after lye in strawe,
And feede on what thei finde ;
but loe ! plaine countrey men
Doeth saie our horse eats up their corne,
and coignie, now and then,
Maks wife and children crie,

and leavs the lande full bare :
Tis hard to knowe if commons poore
or foldiours feel moſte care.
The greef ſo common is,
that eche one beares a peece,
And God he knowes who licks the fatte,
or ſhears awaie the flece.
But now to tell the toile
and travaill foldiours take,
To thoſe that knowes not what it means
it would a wonder make.
For who that there can ſerve,
and ſuffer what doeth fall,
Maie bide the bront of any warre
in chriſten kyngdoms all.
The ſtrength and ſtraits are ſuche
that men muſt paſſe ſomtyme,
The rocks and mountains are ſo ſtraunge
whereon the ſoldiours clime ;
Thei can not well be tolde,
nor numbred here a right ;
And touchyng mightie woods and boggs,
I could name ſuche a fight
As would you wearie make
to reade or looke upon ;
And who demaunds the trothe, of thoſe
that hath the journeis gon,
Shall heare a thouſande thyngs
which worthie is the note,
The labor, paine, and prooffe thereof
will never be forgote.

Some feels it in their joynts,
and shall whiels lives thei beare ;
And so be bolde, who tries that foile
maie venter any where :
For toile doeth daiely growe
amidde that troubled lande,
But how the cause thereof doth rise,
with wisedome bee it scande.
To heare the people crie,
and see their bare estate,
Would fure move tears in any eye
that doeth the countrey hate.
I can but wishe them well,
my duetie claims the fame
For that thei are our neighbors nere,
and ought with equall name,
Like subjects live with us ;
for since one prince wee have,
One minde and maner should we shew ;
good order that doeth crave.
The hande doeth love the arme,
and arme with leggs agree,
And all the joynts the bodie bears
in perfite peace must bee :
So head shall well be servde ;
but where those members jarre,
There will burst out some bold abuse,
some braule, or irkfom warre.
Though Irelande hath bin long
in most unquiet cace,
It wil be well, when God shall plant

in peoples harts his grace :
I hope to see that daie,
and that in season short,
That my plain pen shall finde great cause
to yelde them good report.

FINIS.



THE TROBLES
of Scotlande.



IF Flaunders, Fraunce, or Portugall compare
With Scotlande now for trobles, straunge it
were:

For that is foile of forrowe and of care,
And cheefest seate of fadnesse any where.
That ofte hath had within it self such stoore,
As spoilde the lande and kepte the countrey poore:
And when that warrs awhile had taken leave,
(And woe bade want to laie doune speare and sheelde)
The one by sleight, the other would deceave,
And than sharpe sworde should plead the case in feelde;
Yea, in the house, short dagger did the deede,
When murther might serve tyme or turne for neede.
And nousled thus thei were, Godwot, in blood,
In rage thei would not spare ne hye nor lowe:
Not one might buye his life for worldly good,
If murthryng hands were bent to give the blowe.
Their hainous actes sufficient prooffe doeth showe:
I neede not name the persons thei have slaine,

For slaughters crie through highest clouds doeth goe,
And daiely craves of God redresse againe.

The murtheryng minde is never free from foe,
Nor fure of freende, nor yet of life in fine,
But dwell's in doubt, and livs like curffed Caine.
O happie wight ! that hath fuche grace devine,
That never will his harte nor conscience stain
With brothers blood ; and blessed is that hedde,
And hande withall, that never blood did shedde.
Bothe beasts and birds will fall out fondrie waies,
And strive awhile, and yet at length agree ;
But as thei waste, their collar so decaies,
And cleane forgotte the quarrells are, you see.

Shall man, that hath the reason to forbear,
Bee worfe then beast ? O God that fault forbid !
Shall mallice finde a place and succour there,
Where Gods greate giftes ought lye like treasure hid ?
Shall harts of men (the temple of the Lorde)
Lodge murther vile, and nourishe foule discorde ?
Shall those that knowes what lawe & peace is worth.
Breake lawe and peace, and breede diffention still ?
The tree is badde that bryngs fuche braunches forth ;
The hedds are vaine, that shows no deeper skill :
The ground is nought that breeds but scratting brers,
And foile not good, where murther still appers.
And yet the grounde can beare no blame of this ;
Mens harts unfounde turns many thyngs amis.
Or els the fate that is from heaven sent,
And cruell course of planetts maie be cause
That people are to troubles daiely bent,
And so forgetts good rule and wholsome lawes.

If planetts could woorke that effecte in man,
Where should Gods grace have force or vertue than ?
It were a faulte, and errour wonders greate,
To trust or thinke that planetts could doe ought
In man, who taks his force and kindly heate,
His forme and shape, his sence and feelyng thought,
From Hym that fitts above the starrs, and sees
How planetts move, and how the worlde agrees.
Would God those foiles, where greatest jarrs have bin,
And all the sorts and people of the fame,
Would from henceforthe fuche trade of life begin,
As in our worlde might purchase endlesse fame !
For bloodie brauls, that hurlie burlie breeds,
With murthers foule, and treasons voide of feare,
Coms out of vice, and spryngs from wicked feeds.
Thei are a droffe, and darnell in good corne,
A gracelesse grains, that poisons man and beaste ;
An open plague, a privie prickyng thorne ;
A bankette fine to grace a filthie feaste ;
A dishe of swill dreste up like daintie cheare ;
A messe of brothe that marrs the dinner quite ;
A colde conceite of cookrie bought full deare ;
A connyng knacke of knavrie spicst with spite ;
A tricke newe learnde beyonde the Alps I trowe ;
A toye brought home by those that travells farre ;
A fimple snake, a smilyng suddell throwe ;
A signe of peace, but grounde of greevous warre.

What can be named of all vile earthly thyngs,
But murthers reache, and monstrous treason bryngs.
The lande, that hath amid his bowels bred
This fore difeafe, and will no medson take,

Is fure not well, and ficke from feete to hed,
And of it felf but fmall account doeth make.
No ftate can ftande where Juftice bears no fwaie ;
The leggs are lame that full of humours are ;
The man muft fall that hath no certaine ftate ;
Where vertue wants, vice walks but thin and bare.
A patched waule is fhakte a fonder ftreight ;
It lafts no while that is fet up by fleight ;
Our nature haets the thyng that is not good,
And fuche as halte are fpied by upright sence,
And kinde abhors the blade embrued in blood.
Who ftriks the weake, that can not make defence,
Dare not in feeld apoint to meet his foe ;
Who maeks a bande to murther one alone,
Loves neither prince nor commonwealth, I know ;
And who delites to here the giltleffe grone,
Doeth beare mans fhape, and tygers nature fhowe.
Well, let that paffe: greate troubles maie a rife
In angrie worlde, that is displeafde for nought ;
But fuche as fall to murther are not wife:
Their witts can not conceive how man was wrought,
Nor who regards the wrongs good people have,
Whils giltleffe blood a right revenge doeth crave.

FINIS.

THE BLESSED STATE
of Englande.



WHAT blessed hap, and happie daies,
our kyngdome doeth posses,
The welth and peace that here abounds
to worlde maie well expres.
What greater joye can people have
than rest and riches bothe,
And many other fruitfull thyngs
that on those braunches groweth?
What earthly fame is like to this?
what wisedome can be more,
Than shunne the broiels that follie bryngs,
and laie up wealthe in store?
For warrs when cause commaunds the same,
what can wee wishe so well
Than, at a tyme of troubles greate,
in quiet house to dwell?
But waye a while with judging witte,
what woe our neighbours taste;
What wealthe goes out, what worlds unreste

*comes in with warre and waste.
A lustie brute cries all for warre,
and suche as little have,
With princes paie, or poor mens goods,
would faine goe gaie and brave;
But tastyng warrs, bothe he and more,
that buyes their knowledge dere,
That goes out well, coms home with losse,
and than rests quiet here ;
Cries out of warrs, finds fault with toile,
and trusts to that will laste,
And so with sadde and heavie minde
forgetts the labours paste,
And faulls to take the ease we here
enjoye, with peace at home,
A jewell whiche full feawe shall finde,
that lists abroad to rome.
For rounde about us every where
the worlde so runs on wheels,
That we are blest that here no parte
of their affliction feeles.
Here have wee scope to skippe or walke,
to ronne and plaie at base,
Still voide of feare, and free of minde,
in every poynte and cace :
Here freends maie meete and talke at will,
The prince and lawe obaied,
And neither straunge, nor home borne childe,
of fortune stands afraied.
Here hands doe reape the seeds thei sowe,
and heads have quiet sleeps,*

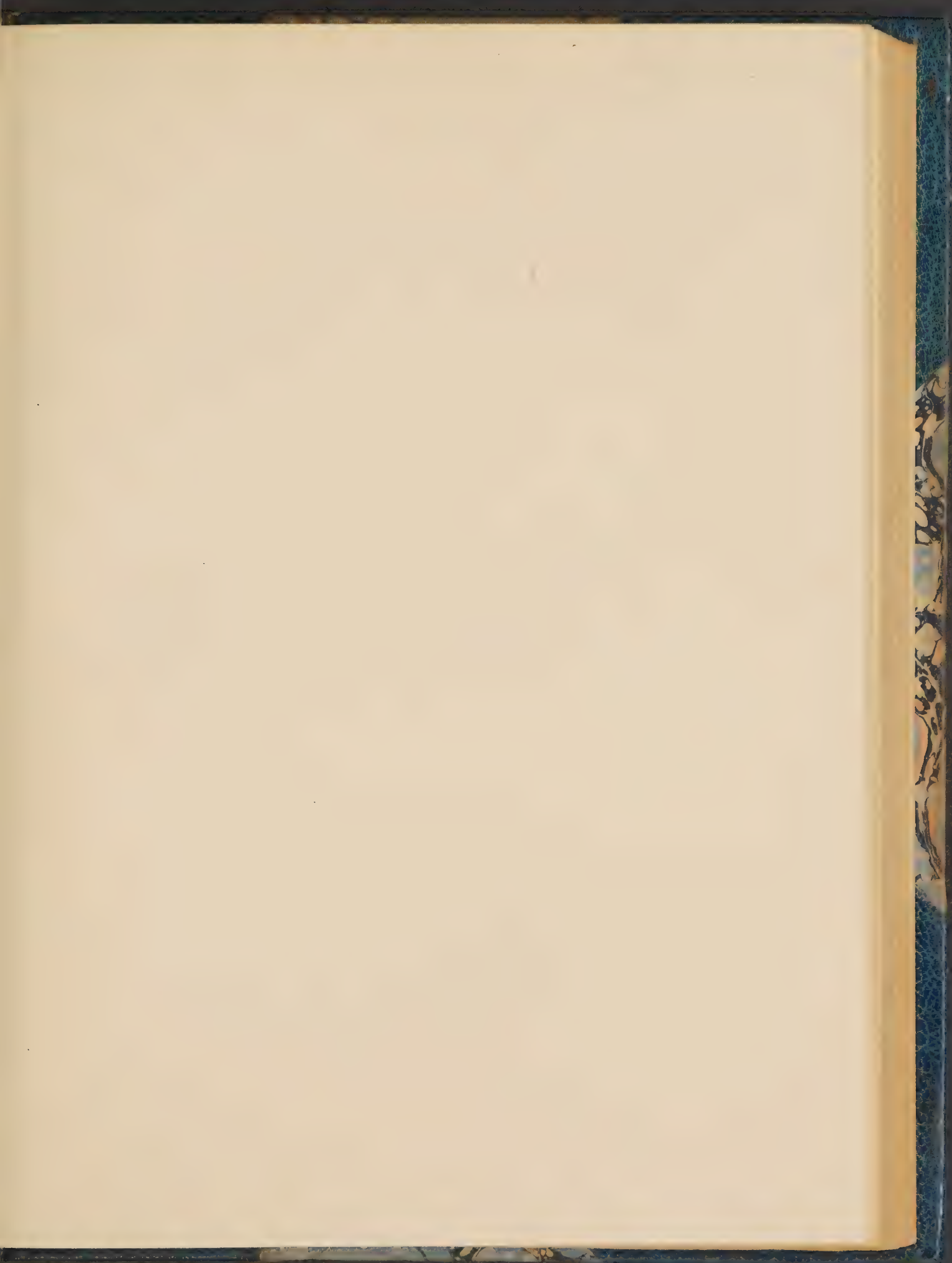
*And wisedome governs so the worlde,
that reason order keeps.
Here mercie rules, and mildnesse raings,
and peace greate plentie bryngs,
And sollace in his sweetest voice
the Christmas carrowle syngs.
Here frends maie feast, and triumph too,
in suertie voide of ill,
And one the other welcome make,
with mirthe and warme good will.
The grounde it bryngs suche blessing forthe,
that glad are forrains all,
Amid their want and harde exstreems,
in favour here to faull.
Heer wounded staets doe heale their harms,
and straungers still repaire,
When mischeef makes them marche abroad,
and drive them in dispaire.
Heer thousands haunt and finde releef,
that are in heaue cace,
And freendly folke with open armes,
doeth fillie soules embrace.
Heer thyngs are cheape, and easly had,
no soile the like can showe ;
No state nor kyngdome at this daie,
doeth in such plentie flowe.
The trav'lar that hath paste the worlde,
and gone through many a lande,
When he comes home, and noets these thyngs,
to heaven holds up hande,
And museth how this little plotte*

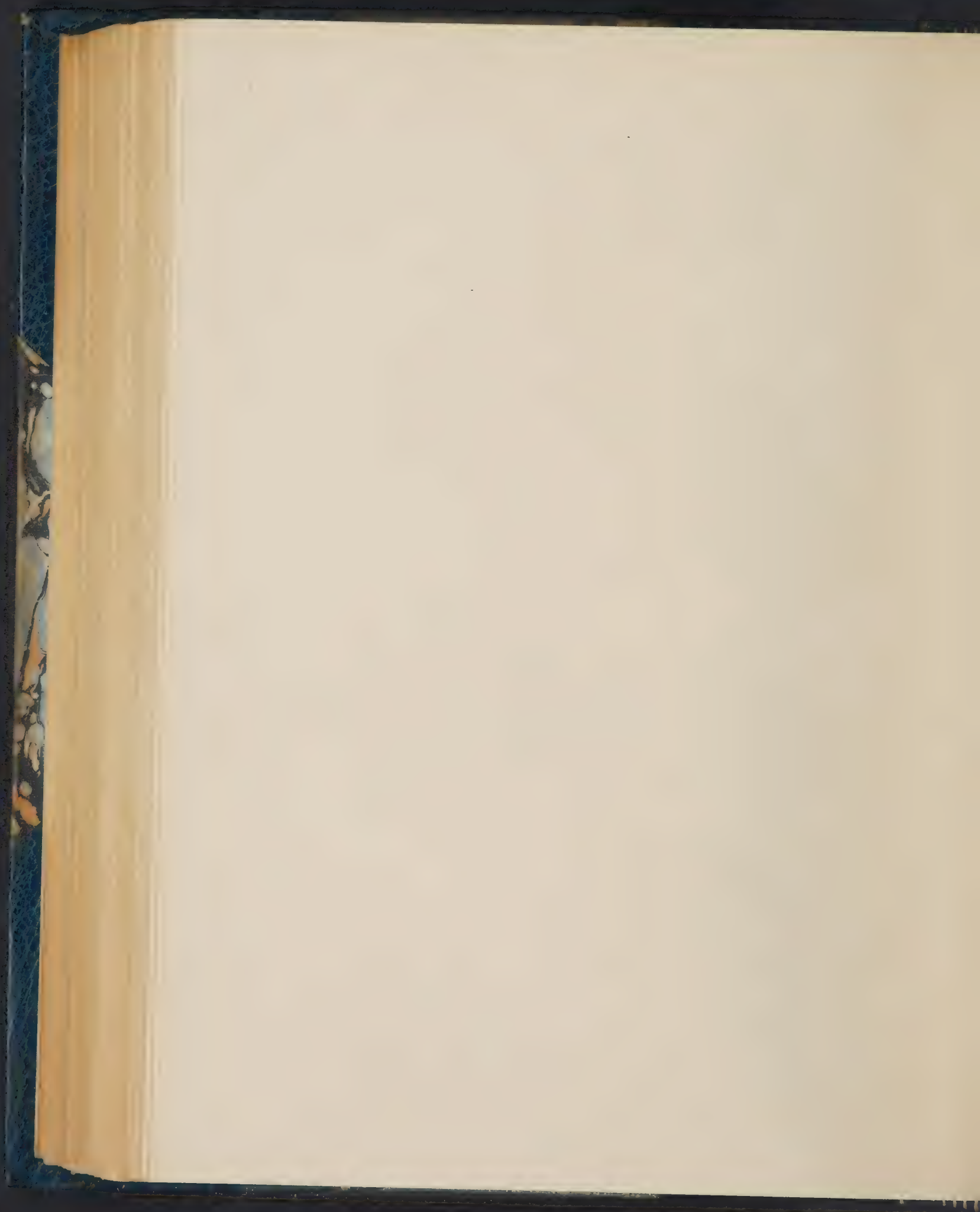
*can yeeld suche pleasures greate :
It argues where suche graces growe,
that God hath blest the seate,
Bothe prince and people every one ;
and where his blessing is
There neither wants no earthly joye,
nor hope of heavens blis.
This ILE is kirkell of the nutte,
and those that neare us dwell,
(Our forraine neighbours rounde about)
I count them but the shell,
That holdeth in this kirkell sweete,
as nature hath assiende ;
And as some shells worme eaten are,
yet kirkell founde we finde,
So sondrie foils, about this Ile,
are crackt and crosste, ye knowe,
With furies rage, and force that fills
their countrey full of woe.
Whiche force of men, or rage of warre,
maeks calme the lookers on,
And bids wise heads to quenche hotte fire,
and stande as colde as ston.
When strief would storre up quiet state,
to strive for feeble strawes,
And leave the love of countries zeale,
and holde with forraine cause,
O ENGLANDE, thou art blest in deede,
thy necke is free from yoke ;
Thy armes are strong, thy body founde,
and in good howre be spoke.*

*Thy youth and age have able joynts,
to trie thy cause in feelde :
And as that now in troublous tymes,
the Lorde hath been thy sheelde,
So looke when comes in cunnyng knacks,
thy whole account is made,
That plainnes shall make finenes feelee
the weight of Bilbowe blade.
More blessed than thy neighbours all,
by proof thou art as yet,
More likely art thou by that cause
in peace and rest to sit.
More good in season hast thou doen,
than thousands well can waye ;
Moste happie is thy state theerefore,
and surer stands thy staye.
Than, maiest thou be the kirknell sweete,
that many wishe to have,
But none can spoile, nor scarce dare touche,
suche grace greate God thee gave.
That garde shall keepe the kirknell long,
from worme and wicked foile,
And sende good fortune sondrie waies,
unto this blessed foile.*

FINIS.





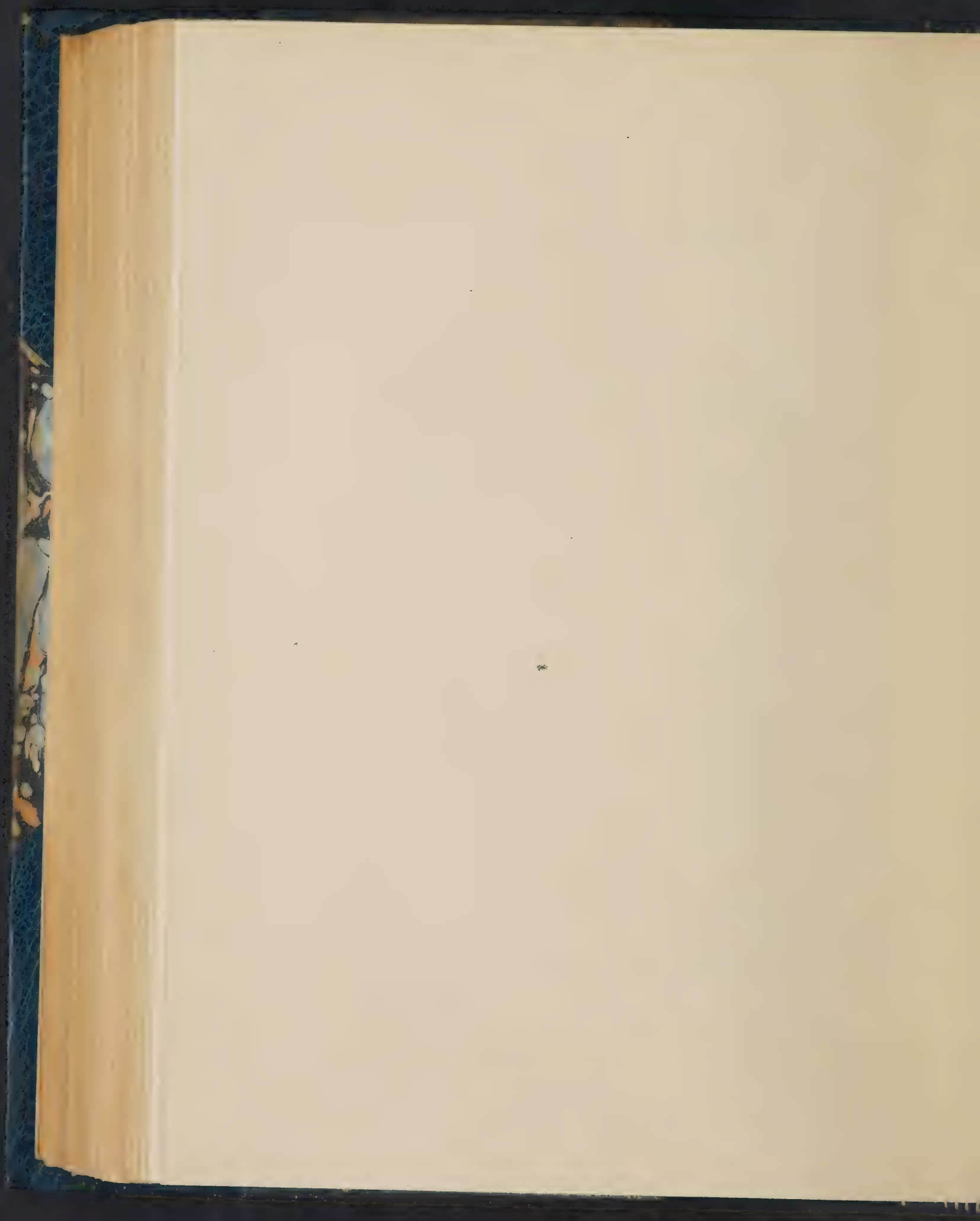


INTRODUCTION. 5/

BESIDES longer poems, Churchyard seems, in this small and rare tract, to have inserted several productions in verse written many years earlier, and which, from their character, might have formed a portion of "Tottel's Miscellany", to which it is well known he contributed before 1557. Some pieces here reproduced are historical, others merely personal ; but there is hardly one that does not illustrate some point of interest or importance. They are all dedicated to the nobleman who was grandson to that famous Earl of Surrey, who was the author of some of the most valuable and polished effusions in our language, and the execution of whom by Henry VIII is lamented by Churchyard. He was for some time in the Earl's service, must have known him well, and gives an admirable character of him, on page 10 of our reprint, which we do not recollect to have seen quoted. This piece is clearly autobiographical, though professing to be a translation, and it narrates various incidents not found in any other authority. The last poem, addressed to the Lord Mayor of 1580, on the then condition of the city of London, deserves especial notice.

As the tract is short, it is not necessary here to go more at large into the nature of its contents ; but perhaps the lawless manner in which the author uses our language, especially as regards the agreement between the verb and its nominative case, will attract the attention of the reader. In this particular, Churchyard was peculiarly, and perhaps intentionally, careless. His coat of arms ostentatiously follows the title-page.

J. P. C.



A light Bondell of li-
uly discourses called Churchyardes

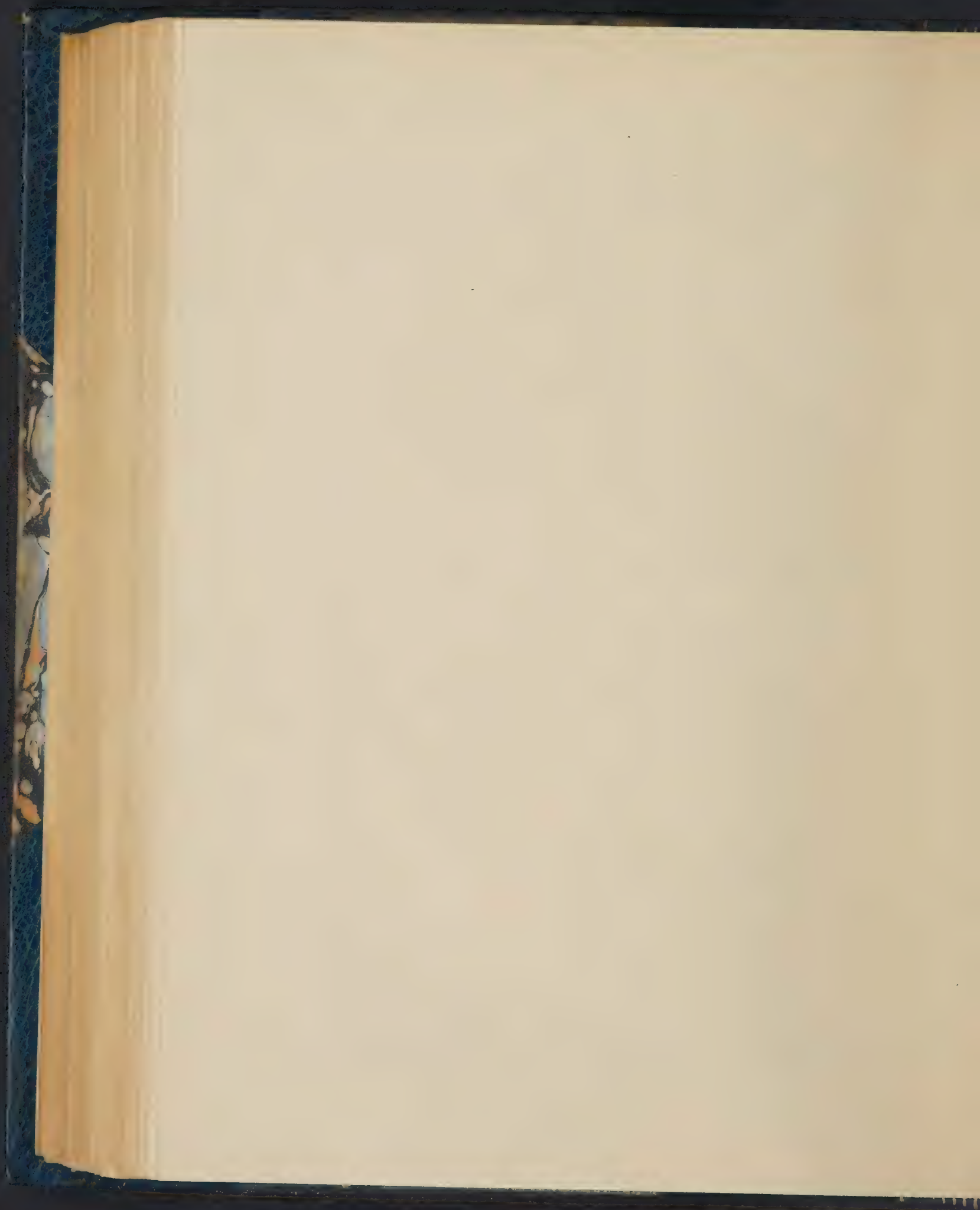
Charge, presented as a newe yeres gifte to
the right honourable, the Earle of Surrie;
in whiche Bondell of verses is futchē
varietie of matter, and feuerall
inuentions, that

maie bee as delitefull to the Reader,

as it was a Charge and labour to the
writer: sette forthē for a peece
of pastime by *Thomas*
Churchyarde,
Gent.

¶ *Imprinted at London,*
by Jhon Kyngston.

1580.



¶ TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MY
especiall good Lorde the Erle of Surrey,
Thomas Churchyarde wisheth many happie
Newe yeres, Fortunate daies and weekes,
encrease of honour and vertue, with
most assured felicitie.

I KNOWE not my good lorde, whether my boldnesse and presumption be greater then the basenesse of my matter herein penned, and I mynde to presente; confidering the worthinesse of the personage, to whom I dedicate my booke, and the weaknesse of my wit, that presenteth vaine verses, where vertue of the mynde aboundeth. But for that I treat not of mere trifles, (nor meane to corrupt sound senses and good maners with wanton words or leude rime) I am partly perswaded this myne New yeres gift shall give your lordship delite, and purchase to my self the desired thanks that every honest writer deserveth. Because the substance and effect of all my inventions are shadowed under the shield of good meaning; and a matter well meant (by the courtesie of true constructiō) maie passe the muster and good opinion of the people, emong the best assemblies that looketh on the furniture I bryng, and ableness of my penne. And albeit some weapons want to beate backe the thompyng boltes of evill tongues (in my defence be it spoken) yet the armour of right, and target of trothe shall bee sufficient to strike doune the blowes, that

hautie hartes with threatnyng thwartes can offer. And who so ever hastily or unadvisedly, through malicious wordes, hinders the credite of any honest workes, maie be thought both a rashe and a parciall speaker, and a busie medler in matters thei neither mynde to amende, nor will suffer that the worlde shall speake well therof. But now farther to proceede, and enter into the cause of this my boldnesse the troth is, in callyng to remembrance a promes that I made touching some verses, and honoryng in harte the Erle of Surrie, your Lordshipps graundfather, and my master (who was a noble warriour, an eloquent Oratour, and a second Petrarke) I coulde doe no lesse but publishe to the worlde somewhat that should shewe I had lost no time in his service. And finding an other of his race and towardnesse, who hath taste and feelyng in the good giftes of nature, and noble vertues of his auncestours, (the hope of whiche graces promiseth greate perfection to followe in tyme to come) I thought I might dedicate a booke unto your Lordshippe, named by myne owne liking *Churchyards Charge*. But now, right noble Earle, the worlde, lovyng change and varietie of matter, waxeth awearie of frevoulous verses (because so many are writers of mieter) and looketh for some learned discourse; by whiche meanes my barraine bookes maie remaine unred, or misliked, and so lye on the Stationers stall, as a fillie signe of a newe nothyng, neither worthe the buiyng, nor the regardyng. To that I maie aunswere (under pardon and correction) that the grounde which of nature yeldeth but thistles or brambles, maie bryng forthe no good corne of it self, contrary to his operation and kinde: nor a man that is accustomed to treat of trifles maie not meddle with the deepenesse of grave argu-

mentes. For, as it passeth the searche and capacitie of a simple witte, to se into any matter of importaunce, so it is necessarie that a pleasant and plaine companion should alwaies be occupied about pastymes; and namely at Christmas, when little short tales drives out a pece of the long nightes, and rather with mirth to procure a laughter, then with sadnesse provoke a lowryng: and he that sturreth up the heauie myndes to lightfome consaites, is more welcome in every place, then he that overthrowes the weake senses of common people with curious imaginations, and burthens bothe bodie and mynde with wordes of greater weight then common iudgment can conceive and be able to beare. A tale or a toye, mirrely delivered, pleaseth moste mennes eares; and an earnest sadde argument either rockes a man a slepe, or maketh the hearers awearie. And the nature of rime is to revive the spirites, or move a smile, when many a one is scarce pleasauntly disposed. A rime goeth on futch feete, standeth on futch joyntes, and rappeth out futch reasons, that wisedome taketh pleasure in, and follie will make a wonder of. The woordes by invention hits a thyng so jompe, and kepes futch a decorum and methode, that bothe order and measure is seen, in the cunnyng conveyance of the verses, especially if the swete and smothe sentences bee sifted from the sowre rough branne of needeleffe babble and vanitie, a sensible witte havynge the pennyng of the matter. But loe! my good Lorde, in shewyng the nature and qualitie of a good verse, how my hoblyng is seen, and perceived by the badnesse, or bare handelyng of the thynges herein written. Yet now I have ron so farre in overweenyng, that either I am forced to goe forward, or remaine in the midwaie discomforted,

and without remeadye. Wherefore, albeit I shall shewe but a bondell of drie devises, I must open my fardell, and make sale of futchestuffe, as my hedde hath been stuffed withall: even like the poore peddlar, that trudgeth with his packe to a faire, and there unfoldeth among some newe laces and odde trifles, a greate deale of old ware and little remnantes, that for lacke of quicke sale hath laine long in a close corner. I neede not to seeke out a patron to support them, for thei are neither worthe the readyng, nor the buiying; yet, havyng no better, am compelled to utter the thynges I have lefte. Providyng that my nexte booke maie shewe somewhat among the rest that goeth before: for that it shall be dedicated to the most worthiest (and towardes noble man) the Erle of Oxford, as my laifure maie serve, and yet with greate expedition. Thus beyng over tedious and bolde, in stretching out a short and sorie epistle (that had been better knit up in fewe lines) I wishe your lordship many newe and happie yeres, long life to your liking, to the honour of GOD, and encrease of good fame; and a peece or portion of eche goodnesse

can be named. From my lodging nere to
the Courte the first daie of Januarie.

Your Lordshippes alwaies at
commaundemente.

THOMAS CHURCHYARD.

TO THE FREENDLY
READER.

I DAILY trouble the good *Reader* with bookes, verses, pamphlettes, and many other triflyng thinges, as mutche to hold thee occupied in good will towards me (and keepe thee from losse of tyme) as for any matter that I either can gaine glorie by, or deserveth to be embrased: but usyng me and my workes thankfully, and payyng me for my paines, with the like courtesie that other men reapeth for their labours, I thinke my studie well bestowed, and promes yet with my penne to pleasure thee farther. And for that I would have all menne to thinke, that in trothe and plainnesse I have greate felicitie, and doe hate any kinde of flatterie or finenesse, I meane in my nexte booke, called my Challenge, to ronne over many of myne other woorkes; and where peradventure by some report of others, (that knewe not the trothe,) I have failed in settyng foorth of some services, emong the which Maister Ihon Norrice, and divers worthie gentlemen Captaines, now in Flaunders, have not the worthinesse of their services declared, I doe promes that, now beyng better instructed and havyng true intelligence of thynges as thei were, I will at large write the commendation of as many as merites to bee honoured for their well doying, and make amendes, where either by ignoraunce, or the report of others, I have failed. For so sure as GOD is Almightye, if I could gaine mountaines of golde to flatter any one in printyng an untrothe, I would rather wishe my handes were of, then take in hande sutch a matter; for neither affection, favor, commoditie, fame, nor parcialitie, at no tyme nor season, shall willyngly lead my penne amisse. And farther, if I thought any one for his owne glories sake, had tolde me more then is

truely to bee proved, I would not onely condempne myself for givynge sutch hastie credite to vainglorious people, but in like sorte my penne should shewe the blotte in their browes, that giveth me wrong advertisementes. And so, good Reader, condempne not mee if anything bee amisse, or lefte out that ought to have been touched; for as I knowe and am instructed (seeving not all myself) I must write, and so till my nexte booke come forth (where many thynges shall be treated of) and that my good will to the honouring of vertue shall bee seen, I bidde thee fare well, frendly Reader, cravynge thy favourable judgemente on that I have written. From those men for whom my booke hath bin a blast of fame unto (as I did beleve by the true trompet of penne) are not of sutch greate abilitie, that either their purses power or countenaunces, could compell me to followe their humours, nor by any meanes woorke my muse to their willes, whose ritchesse and wealth is not able (if men would be hired) to wrest a wrie the hande and hedde of an honest writer. And to make manifest that I neither will be infected, nor carried awaie from that whiche is good, for any badde practice and perswasions, I confesse before GOD and the worlde, I scarce have received thankses for the honest labors I have taken (at their handes that I have written of) mutche lesse have I been recompenced, or founde cause to flatter the worlde. But in one thyng I maie rejoyce, the honourable persone to whom my Choice is dedicated (and others of great callyng) hath bothe been gratefull sondrie waies (in moste bountifull maner) and also hath encoraged me to proceede in the like paines, whiche, in very deede, I mynde to go about, as well to the fame and glory of good menne, as for the advoidyng of sloth and idelnesse my self.

FINIS.

CHURCHYARDES CHARGE.

¶ *A Storie translated out of Frenche.*

IN old tyme paste, in Picardie there dwelt an honest man,
Whose name the storie doeth not tell what he was called
than :

A wife he had, a house he helde, as farmers use to doo,
And lacked little for the same that did belong there too.
And as God sent him suffisance to rubbe forthe life here lent,
So for to chere unweldie age faire children God hym sent :
Of whiche he had one moste in minde, a lad of livly spreete,
Who with great care he kept to schoole, as for his youth
was meete.

This boye, to glad his father's harte, in bookes set his delite,
And learnd to make a Latine verse, to reade and eke to
write ;

And for his nature was enclinde, to studie learnyngs lore,
The better he aplied his schoole, he profited the more.
To make his schoole the sweeter seem, with musicke mixed
was

The studie that he followd then, the time awaie to passe.
Good bookes were bought and instruments, greate charge
was but smal let,

If that thereby the father might the sonne some knowledge
get.

In seven yeres (as tyme it was) this striplyng gan to taste,

Tyme well emploied, tyme driven forth, and tyme ill spent
in waste ;
And made no small account thereof, but still fought more
to have,
Wherewith he to his father came, on knees this did he crave.
I have, qd. he, dere father, now my childishe daies ore rounne,
And, as I thinke, and you beleve, my boyes delites are
donne :
And as my witte and grace hath ferv'd, some learnyng have
I gote,
And as I knowe you love me well, on me you should not
dote.
I meane I should not still at home, under my mother's wing,
Be brought up like a wanton child, and doe no other thing :
The worlde is wide, I want no witte, your wealth is not so
greate,
But you maie thinke, in some dere yere, I scarce deserve my
meate.
And though your kinde and custome is full fatherlike
alwaie,
Yet should your sonne discretion have, to ease you as he
maie.
Wherefore to make your burthen lesse, let me goe seeke my
happ,
And let no longer now your sonne be lulde in mothers lapp.
The father wise well understoode his childs request at full,
And that the fethers of his youth, he thought awaie to pull,
(Before he gave hym leave to parte) by councell grave and
fage,
Well boye, quoth he, now thou art come unto thy flowryng
age :

Now art thou like the little wand, that bent and bowd
will bee

Unto his hande, or to his skill, that list to maister thee :
Now are ripe yeres soone rotten made, now art thou apt to
take

Bothe good and badd, but cheefly things that age bids
thee forsake.

And now large scope shall sone forget what short rein
learnd in schole,

And thou that wisely wast brought up shall plaie the
wanton foole

Abrode, as wilde harebrains are wont, newe taken from
their booke,

And in a while laie all aside nere after their on looke.

In evry place of thy repaire thou shalt no father finde,
Nor scarce a freende to whō thou maiest at all tymes sho
thy minde :

But on God's blessing goe thy waie, thy wilde otes are
unfowne,

Hereafter time shall learne thee well things to thee now
unknowne.—

The ladd his leave and farewell tooke, well furnisht for the
nonce,

And had about hym, as I trowe, his treasure all at once :
To court he came all maisterlesse, and saw what likt hym
beste,

Of runnyng leather were his shues, his feete no where could
reste.

His bookes to blade and bucklar chang'd, he gave ore
scholars trade,

Where revell roysted all in ruffe there he his residence made.

This rule had soone his purse so pickt that princoks wanted
pence,

And oft he sawe some trussed up that made but small
offence.

His father farre from feyng this, he come of honest stocke,
He hofrying forthe a hatefull life in many a wicked flocke;
And pricked oft to flipper shifts; yet some regard he tooke,
To be a sclander to his kinne, that kept hym to his booke,
And in a better moode to thrive to service did he drawe.
He must goe that the devill drives, ye knowe neede hath
no lawe.

A maister of no meane estate, a mirrour in those daies,
His happie fortune then hym gate, whose vertues must I
praise.

More heavenly were those gifts he had, then yearthly was
his forme;

His corps to worthie for the grave, his fleshe no meate for
worme.

An Erle of birthe, a god of sprite, a *Tullie* for his tong,
Me thinke of right the worlde should shake when half his
praise were rong.

Oh! cursed are those crooked crafts, that his owne countrey
wrought,

To chop of[f] futch a chofen hed as our tyme nere forthe
brought.

His knowledge crept beyond the starrs, and raught to Joves
hie trone

The bowels of the yearth he sawe in his deepe breast
unknowne:

His witt lookt through eche mans device, his judgemēt
grounded was:

Almosfe he had foresight to knowe, ere things should come
to passe,

When thei should fall what should betied : oh, what a losse
of weight,

Was it to lose so ripe a hedde, that reached futch a height !
In evry art he feelyng had, with penne past *Petrarke* sure,
A fashion framde whiche could his foes to freendship oft
alure.

His vertues could not kepe hym here, but rather wrought
his harms,

And made his enemies murmure oft, and brought them in
by swarms ;

Whose practise put hym to his plunge, and losfe his life
thereby :

Oh, cancred brefts that have futch harts, wherin futch hate
doth lye !

As told I have, this yong man serv'd this maister twife
twoo yere,

And learnd therein futch fruitfull skill, as long he held full
dere,

And ufd the penne as he was taught, and other gifts also,
Whiche made hym hold the capp on hed where some do
croch full lo.

As credite came he carefull was how to maintaine the same,
And made small count of life or death, to kepe his honest
name.

His father not a little glad of his good happ thus founde,
And he forgot no duetie, sure, to whom he ought be bounde.
From court to warrs he wounde about, a soldiours life to
leade,

And leaned to the worthiest fort, their stepps to marche and
treade,

And followd cannon wheele as fast, to learne some know-
ledge then,

As he afore at maisters heeles did waite with seruyng men.
But those twoo lives a diffrence have: at home good chere
he had,

Abroad full many a hongrie meale, and lodgyng verie bad
All daie in corslet cased faste, whiche made his shulders ake,
All night upon a couche of strawe right glad his rest to take.
Through thicke and thin a thriftlesse tyme he spent, and felt
much greef,

And ever hoppyng for the same at length to finde releef.
No small while there, as ye have hard, in colde sharpe
winter nights,

Where he did feele strange plags enowe, and sawe full ugly
fights:

Some dy for lack, some seke for death, some live as though
ther wer

Ne God nor man, nor torment here, or hence, we ought to
fere:

But yet he markt some of that sort, whose estimation stood
Upon eche point of honest name, and things that seemed good:
He sawe likewise how fortune plaied with some men for a
while,

And after paid them home for all, and so did them begile.
A wearie of these wastying woes a while he left the warre,
And for desire to learne the tongs he traveld very farre;
And had of evry langage part when homeward did he drawe,
And could rehearse all make full well, of that abroad he sawe.
To studie wholie was he bent, but countreis cause would not
But he should haunt the warrs againe, assignde thereto by lot;
And eke by hope and all vaine happ procured to the same,

As though eche other glorie grewe on warrs and warlike
fame :

Without the whiche no worlds renowme was worth a flye
he heeld,

For that is honour wonne, in deede, once got within the feeld.
Thus in his hed and hye confaite he judg'd that beste of all,
And thought no mouth for fuger mete, that could not taste
the gall.

Good lucke and bad, mixt in one cup, he dranke to quenche
his thirfte,

And better brookt the second warrs then he did like the
firfte;

And lesse found fault with fortunes freaks, time had so well
him taught

At chances fowre he chang'd no chere, nor at fwete haps
much laught.

In prision thrife, in danger oft, both hurt and mangled fore,
And all in service of his prince, and all awaie he wore.

In meane estate, in office too, fomtyme a fingle paie,
Some tyme fewe had so mutche a weeke as he was loude
a daie.

When worlde waxt wise, and wealthe did faile, and princes
pride appald,

And emptie purse, and privie plag's, for perfite peace had
cald,

And kings and kingdoms quiet were, this man to court he
came,

Newe from the gives, with face and lookes as simple as a
lame :

Frefhe from his enemies hands came he, where for his
countries right,

He prisned was, and forste to grant a randsome past his
might,
Sent home upon a bande and seale, whiche is so strange a
trade,
There to remaine till he for helpe some honest shifte had
made,
All spoiled cleane, bare as the bird whose feathers pluckt
have bin,
Bothe sicke and weake, his colour gon, with cheeks full
pale and thin.
The sight so strange, or worlde so nought, or God would
have it so,
This man had scarce a welcome home, whiche made him
muse, I tro.
His countrey not as he it left, all changed was the state,
But all one thing, this man deserv'd therein no cause of hate.
A carelesse looke on hym thei caste, favyng a fewe, in deede,
Through warrs brought lowe, for service fake, and felt
therby his neede :
Of fuche as could a diffrence make of drom and trompetts
founde,
(From tabber, pipe and maipole mirth) their helpyng
hands he founde :
And those that favord featts of warre, and favour tooke
therein,
With open armes embraste hym hard, and said "Where
hast thou bin?"
But none of these could doe hym good, to set hym up I
meane ;
His freends decaied, his father dedde, and housholde
broke up cleane.

Crave could he not, his hart so hye it would not stoupe to
steale ;

He scornde to serve a forraine prince, prefarryng common
weale.

Above all other things on yearth his countrey honourd he,
At home he likt more poore estate then thence a lorde to be.
Where should he sue, where ran those springs could cole his
fever hot,

Where durst he mone or plaine for shame, where might
releef be got,

But at the fountain or well hedde, yea, at his princes hande,
And in a fewe well couched lines to make her understand
His cace, his scourge; loe ! so he did, and boldly did he tell
The same hym self unto the prince, who knowes the man
full well ;

And gracious words three tymes he gate; the fourth, to
tell you plain,

Unfruitfull was; things were straite laeft; faire woords
maks fooles full fain.

When prince nor countrey made no count of hym nor of
his cace,

And none of bothe would help hym home of whom he
fought for grace,

For whom, and for their cause alone, in enemies hands he
fell,

And for their right to warrs he went, as all men knowes
full well ;

And losfe his blood for their defence, and for their quarell
fought,

And for the same full slenderly lookte to, and set at nought,
When he his duetie to his powre did evry daie and yere,

Sutche unkinde gwerdon had receiv'd, as well before you
here.

He said, let *Marcus Regulus* in fame of Romaines stande,
Whiche kept his othe, and did retourne againe to Carthage
lande.

If *Tullie* were a live to write his praises more at full,
Yet since I scapt my enmies hands, at home abide I wull :
He should not me perswade to goe where nought but death
is found ;

My countrey cares not for my life, then why should I be
bound

To toies or any other bande that I have power to breake,
Whiche I was forced by my foe in persone for to speake ?
And for the hope of countries helpe, and freends that there
I had,

In any fort to please my foes I was bothe faine and glad.
Not mindyng if my countrey would release me from his
hande,

To breake good order any whitte, or violate my bande :
For justice bids eche man doe right, which God doeth
know I ment,

But now a captive yeeld my self, it maie not me content ;
For where that *Tullie* doeth affirme, men ought to keepe
their othe

Unto their freends in evry point, and to their enmies bothe,
And bryngeth *Marcus Regulus* example for the same,
With other reasons many a one, whiche were too long to
name,

He shewed that the Senats all would hym have staied at
Rome,

And as in counsaill then thei fatte, their jugement and
their doome

Was that the prifners fhould be free, whiche thei of Car-
thage held,
And he fhould ftaye: full oft his freends this tale to hym
thei teld:
Thei proffred helpe, and offred ftill this *Marcus* to reedeeme;
But *Marcus*, for a further fhkill, did little that efteeme.
“I finde no fuccour, hope, nor aide; then bounde why
fhould I be,
More to my countrey in this cafe than countrey is to me?”—
Thefe wordes this heavie man rehearft, fo bade the warrs
adue,
And thought he would no raunfome paie for any thyng he
knewe.
Wherefore from court he tournd his face, and fo an othe
he fwore,
As long as he his five witts had, to come in court no more.
He kept that othe, and cut his cote as clothe and meafure
wold,
And doune to Picardie he comes, fome faied at thirtie yere
old:
And for his lands and rents were fmall, a maifter lent he too,
Who us’d his fervaunt not fo well as maifters ought to doo.
He was not made out of that mould that his lafte maifter
was:
Thefe twoo in vertues were as like as gold was unto glaffe.
Upon a daie alone he fatte, and faied thefe words right fadd:
“Are foldiours caft at carts arfe now, that long faire words
have had?
Shall kyngs nere neede for helpe again? is fortune fo their
freende?
Have thei a pattent of the gods this peace fhall never ende?

God graunt yet will I shift, I trowe, for one, or happ shall faile,
And in the stormes my ship shall learne to beare a quiet
faile,

And cleane forget brave daies agoe that fed my youthfull
yeres,

Full glad that I have gotten home, and scapt the scrattyng
breers.

Of warrs and other worldly toiles, *adue*; I see their fine:
A wife shall now content my mynde, fuche as the gods
affigne.

A wooyng thus this haplesse man rode forthe, not fet to fale,
Thought none like hym in this his fuite was meete to tell
his tale.

And, as the heavens had agreed the planetts well were bent,
He sone descended from his horse, and boldly in he went,
Where dwelt a sober widdowe then, bothe wise and wisely too,
Late fallen sicke unknowne to hym, that tyme unfitt to woo:
But her discretion was so greate, and his behaviour bothe,
These straungers fell acquainted thus, if ye will knowe the
trothe.

He faind an other ernd to make, dissemblyng yet a space,
Till he might spie a better tyme to shoue her all his cace:
So, takyng leave, for freends he wrought to bryng this
thing about.

In such affaires some spake full faire that are full well to
doubt;

For commonly men take no cars of others futes; for why?
Their profite, as thei geffe themselves, in hindryng that
maie ly.

Some promise helpe, and see no gaine maye spring to them
thereof,

Waxe cold and slowe for lacke of spurre, and use it as a
scoffe.

An other fort, with stingyng tongs, faie, Maistres take good
heede,

This man will sone your feathers pull, and cast ye of at
neede :

Will you that have bothe wealth and ease to yong mens
currie stand,

And let an other maister be of that is in your hande ?

Some seeking rule of that she hath, and fleecyng from her
fist,

Doe faune and flatter all the daie, and guide her as thei
liste ;

And live on her, and hate her life, and waite her death to see,

And well can please her, while she lives, her sectors for to be.

Such instruments these widdowes have about them evry
howre ;

Perchance this man perceiv'd the like, and had good cause
to lowre :

But as he knewe the fatall chance of things comes from
above,

So he began, and fought to knowe the fine of all his love ;

And found a daie full apt therefore : at large the same he
told,

And flatly this her aunswere was, she never marrie would,

If no newe thoughts fell in her minde, whereof no doubt
she made,

Except she chose a wealthie man that had a grounded trade

To live, and had a hord of gold, to keepe them bothe from
dette.

Good sir, quod she, on riches sure my minde is fully fette ;

I can with ritches vertues make, vertue with want is bare:
I praie you come no more at me, thus answerd now ye are.
I would be lothe to hold you on with wordes, and meane
in deede,

That neither you for all your fute, nor any yet fhall speede.
He, hearyng this, hangde doune the hedde, and smilde to
cloke his woe,

A worde or twoo he after spake, and parted even fo.
The waie he rode he curst hym felf, for cruell death he cried,
And faied: " Oh, wretche! thou livest to long; to long here
doest thou bide:

Not onely for this froward happ, but for all other chance,
At any tyme thou tookst in hande thy felf for to advaunce.
Thy vertues ought, if thei maie be, serves thee no whit at all,
Thy learnyng stands thee in no steede, thy travell helps as
small;

Thy knowledge, fought in warrs abroad, at home doth thee
no good,

Thy langage is but laught at here, where some would sucke
thy blood.

Thy poetts vaine, and gift of penne, that pleasurde thou-
fandes long,

Hath now enough to doe to make of thee a wofull song;
Thy freends that long a winnyng were, in court and coun-
trei plain,

Doeth ferve thee to as good a ende as mirth doeth ficke
mans pain.

Thy youth, though part be left behinde whose course yet
is to ronne,

With bragge of shewe or seemly shape, what botie hath it
wonne?

Thy honest life or manly harte, that through eche storme
hath paste,

Thy reputation hardly wonne, what helps thee now at laste?"

Thus to his chamber in his heate he comes with fomyng
mouthe,

And in his bloodie breast he felt full many fitts uncouth;
And on the bedde he laied hym doune, and for his lute he
raught,

And brake a twoo those gittleffe strings, as he had bin
bestraught:

And ere he flang it to the walls, "My plaiefeere, fare thou
well",

Saied he, "As sweete as *Orpheus* harpe, that wan his wife
from hell:

You instruments, eche one of you, keepe well your cace of
woode.

And to the scrallyng eatyng wormes, I you bequeath as
foode."

Up stept he to his studie doore; all that stooode in his waie
He brake and burnt, bothe booke and scroull, and made a
foule araie.

Some authours faie that could not be; his wifedome did
affwage

The inward passions of his minde, and heate of all his rage.
But, well I wotte, he did prepare to part from freends and all,
And staied but till the spring came on, for leafe was at the
fall.—

Now all these stormes and tempests past, this man had
futché a vaine,

When matter mov'd, and cause requierd, he went to warrs
againé;

And findyng fortune all a like, as haplesse people doe,

He fell straightwaies in enmies hands, and was fore wounded
too :

But, taken prisnar, promesd mutche, though little had to paie
(A subtell shift to save the life, and scape a bloody fraie).
Yet still because he gallant was, and had some charge of men,
He held up hedde, and in strange place tooke mutche
upon hym then.

The enmie seyng this yong man bothe well brought up
and trainde,

As one that kept futchē state and grace as he deceipt
disdainde,

And, to be plaine (in evry point), upon futchē termes he
stoode,

As his diffent and ofspryng came of hie and noble bloode :
Of gentill race he might make bofte ; but of so greate a stocke
He could not vaunt, for that device was but a scorne and
mocke.

Well by this meanes he was so likt, and made of evry where,
That all that lande rang of the fame, and brute that he did
bere.

And so the princes of that realme to court did call hym tho,
Where he with feasts and triumphs greate, and many a
courtly sho,

Past of[f] the tyme ; and grewe so farre in favour with the
beste,

That he would plaie at dice and cards, and so set up his restē ;
For he had money when he would, and went so gaie and
brave

On credite, that he finely wan as mutche as he could crave.
And when to takers house againe this prisner should repaire,
The greateſt lords of all that foile, when he would take
the aire,

Would in a maner waite at hande to doe this prisner ease,
And well were thei of all degrees that best this man could
 please.

A number of his nation then, of right greate wealthe and
 state,

By this mans worde and onely band, straight waie their
 fredome gate;

For he was bounde for evry one that taken were before,
And so did for their raunsome lye; and runnyng on the score,
And bravyng out the matter through, a ladie of greate race,
In honest fort and freendly meane, his freendship did
 embrace;

Who promesd hym to fet hym free, and helpe hym thence
 in haste,

But still about this prisner, loe, a privie gard was plasste:
Yea, sutch a bande and daiely watthe as he might not
 disceive;

Yet he had hope in spite to scape awaie without their leave;
And shapt to flye, and give the flipp, if fortune would agree,
The watche and ward should be begilde, and prisner should
 goe free.

And as these thyngs a doying were, a man of mutche renowne
Was taken after in the feeld, and brought so to the toun;
Where hearyng of this other wight, was askte if he did knowe
The former person namde before, that daiely brav'd it so?
"He is," quod he that last was caught, "a lustie soldiour fure,
A man that mutche hath felt of woe, and greate things can
 endure;

Of gentill blood and maners bothe, and wants but wealth
 alone."

"What, what! sir knight, have you saied trothe, and is he
 suche a one,

Then shall he bye his bravry dere, and paie therefore so well,
He shall not bofte of that he gains in heaven nor in hell."
So all in fuerie flang he forthe, and to this man he goes,
That was in deede so farre in debt for meate, for drinke
and clofe ;
And thrust hym in a prifon strong, where feeble foode he had,
And heavie irons, which might make a fillie foule full sad.
His mistres, knowyng of the cace, her promes thought to
kepe,
So wakyng in a mooneshine night, when neighbours were
a slepe,
She drue her nere the prifon doore, and at a windowe pried,
Where planly full before her vewe her servaunt had she spied:
To whom she spake, and told her mynde as closely as she
might,
And gave hym counsell in good tyme to steale awaie by
night,
And left hym files to sette hym free, and robes to do hym
good,
With some hard eggs and bread in bagg; and told hym
nere a wood
There was a brome, where she would wait for him when
time drue on.
That doen she toke a freendly leave, for then she must be gon.
The prifner did devise his beste, and bent to doe or dye,
Prepaerd eche thing in order well, as he on straw did lye.
The tyme approcht of his *adue*, and she was come in deede
Unto the place appointed right, with gold and wealth for
neede ;
But, breakyng doune a rotten wall, the prifner was in feare,
For out of bedde his keeper stept, and asked who was there?

With that the prifner ftumbled on a hatchet sharpe and keen,
And raught the gealer fuche a blowe that long was felt and
feen.

He cried and rored like a bull, where at the village throwe
Was up and freight to horfebacke went; but loe! the prifner
nowe

Was at the wood, where he had found his miftres all a lone,
Who wept and blubberd like a child, and made fo greate
a mone

For that thei bothe in daunger were: but what fhould more
be faied?

The man pluckt up his harte and fprites; the woman, fore
afraied,

Ran home againe to fathers houle; and he that now was free
Had neither minde on gold nor gilt, but to the brome goes he,
And there abode a happie howre: yea, twoo daies long, at
leaft,

He laye as clofe on cold bare ground as bird doeth in
warme neaft.

His miftres well efaped home, and in the houle fhe was
Before the crie and *larum* rofe, fo blamelefse did fhe pafse.
And her poore fervaunt had wide worlde to walke in now
at will,

Although he was in hazard greate, and long in daunger ftill,
For he had three fcore mile to goe emong his enmies all,
Which he did trudge in foule darke nights; and fo, as happ
did fall,

He fcap't a fcouge and fcouryng bothe, and came where
he defierd,

And finely had deceiv'd his foes: what could be more re-
quierd?—

Yet long at home he could not rest, to warrs againe he went,
Where, in greate service fondrie tymes, but half a yere he
spent :

And loe ! his deaftnie was so straunge, he taken was againe,
And clapt up closely for a spie ; and there, to tell you plaine,
He was condemde to lose his hedde ; no other hope he sawe.
The daie drewe on of his dispathe, to dye by marciall lawe.
The people swarmyng in the streets, and scaffold readie
there,

A noble dame his respite crav'd, and spake for hym so feare,
That then the maister of the campe his honest answere
hard,

For whiche he came in credite freight ; and was at length
prefard

To right good roome, and wages too : then ritchly home
he drewe,

And left the warrs, and in great heate he for a wife did sewe.
But haste makes waste, an old proverbe, *for he was wivd
in deede :*

God sende all soldiours in their age some better lucke at
neede !

Now he bethought hym on the woords the widdowe tolde
hym of,

Whiche long he held but as a jeast, a scorne and merrie
scoffe :

She saied that witte and wealth were good, but who a
wivyng goes

Must needs be sure of wealth before, els he his fute shall lose ;
For want but breeds mislikyng still, and wit will weave
but woe

(In lovers lomes, where clothe is rackt as farre as threde
will goe),

And when the threede of wealth doeth breake, let wit and
wifedom too

Doe what thei can to tie the threede, the knot will fure
undoo.

The storie treats no more thereof; yet therein maie you see
That some have vertues and good witte, and yet unluckie bee
In winnyng wealth, in worldly happs, whiche common are
of kinde

To all, and yet the use thereof but to a fewe a finde :
For some have all their parents left, all thei them selves
can catche,

And tenne mens livyngs in one hande, and some have nere
a patche :

And some, not borne to fixteene pence, finde twentie waies
to get

By happe ; yet some, as wise as thei, no hande thereon maie
fette.

I heard a white hoare hedded man in this opinion dwell,
That witte with wealth, and happ with witte, would gree
together well ;

But for to chuse the one alone, he held that happ was beste :
He faied, witte was a happie gifte, but wealth made all the
feaste.

Witte with the wise must companie keepe, then cold oft is
his chere ;

Wealth hath companions evry where, and banketts all the
yere :

Wealth hath the waie, the cappe and knee, and twentie at
his taile,

When witte hath nere a reftyng place, no more then hath
a snaile :

Wit is compeld to be a slave to wealth, and serve hym still;
 Yet wealth is naked without witte, nought worthe where
 lacketh skill;

But if that wealth maie match with hap, then bid fine wit
 goe plea.

Our old proverbe is, given me hap and cast me in the sea :
 Unhappie must I judge this man, in fondrie sortes and waies,
 Yet fortunate I call hym then, in true report of praies.
 The cheefest jewell of our life is vertues laude well won,
 Whiche liv's within the other worlde, when fame of this is
 doen.

FINIS.

¶ *Churchyardes Farewell from the Courte, the
 Seconde Yere of the Queenes Majesties Raigne.*

THOUGH Fortune casts me at her heele,
 And lifts you up upon her wheele,
 You ought not joye in my ill happe,
 Nor at my harms your hands to clapp ;
 For calmes maie come, and skies maie cleare,
 And I maie chaunge this mournyng cheare
 To gladfome thoughts and merrie looks.
 Although you fishe with golden hooks,
 And make the worlde bite at your baits,
 And feede your selves with sweete confaits,
 Myne anglyng maie at length amende :

My rodde it can bothe bowe and bende,
As caufes falls for my behoofe.
I leave you courtiers in your ruffe ;
I will goe live with plainer menne,
And use my booke and plie my penne.
Perhapps that I asmutche have feen
As thei that braves it on the Spleen :
Where cannon roard and dromme did founde,
I did not learne to daunce a rounde ;
And vaunte I maie my happe the woorfe
I have, with many a threede bare purffe,
Been glad to serve in countries cause,
When you at home were pickyng strawes.
Since you did spite my doynges all,
And tosse from me the tennis ball
By woords and woorks, and privie nipps :
A man maie saie, Beshrewe your lipps !
And use a kinde of ridyng rime
To futche as wooll not let me clime
Where every one would apples sheake :
Though at the hiest the bowes are weake,
The crowe bils there full saffe, ye wotte,
And neare the topp the fruite is gotte.
Well, I full lowe must beare my failes ;
In climyng often footyng failes.
Watche you the ball at first rebounde,
So I maie stande on even grounde,
And plaie at pleasure, when I please,
I am not greeved at your ease :
Although that you, with shiftyng braine,
Doe reape the profite of my paine,

And thrusts your hedds tweene hap and me,
Whose hands doe plucke the barke from tree.
So greate and greedie is your gripe,
You eate the fruite ere it be ripe,
And none maie feede but you alone ;
You can not spare a dogge a bone,
Ye cleave together so like burre.
Perhapps, in winnyng of the spurres,
You maie the horse and faddell lose,
When that her hedde, whose vertue flowes,
Shall see the deepnesse of your sleight,
And sette your crooked dealyngs streight ;
And all your painted sheathes espie,
And waie what stuffe in shadowes lye.
Thinke you she smiles not once a daie,
To see how many vices plaie
Upon the stage where matter lacks.
You doe no soner tourne your backs,
But greater laughyng riseth there
Then at the baityng of a beare.
Me thinke you chuse your shopp not well,
In court your follies for to sell :
That shopp stands full within the winde,
Or els so muche in peoples minde
That if one fault be in your ware,
Tenne thousande eyes thereon doe stare ;
And when thei finde a counterfeite,
Or see fine merchaunts use defeite,
Thei crie a loude, Wee smell a ratte.
Some have more witte within their hatte
Then in their hedde, that sells fuche stuffe.

Well, every man unto his ruffe,
And I into my coate of Frees,
For I in courte can hive no bees :
The honie there is bought fo deare,
I were as good with countrey cheare
Sitte free in mynde, and farre from ftats,
And daiely matche me with my mats,
As waite emong the hautie breede,
Whose humours are full hard to feede ;
Where small is wonne, and mutche is spent,
And needleffe hands doe stoppe the vent
That well might ferve a thoufands tourne.
Tufhe ! at the pricke to kicke and fpourne,
I fhould but hurte my fhinnes, ye knowe.
From court to countrey will I goe,
With mutche ill happ, and losse with all.
Now maie my boule to byas fall,
In alleys fmothe, where it maie ronne.
I fee in court fhines not the sonne
But on a fewe, that fortune likes ;
And there a man fhall paffe the piks,
Eare he maie purchace that he craves.
As one doeth poole, an other fhaves ;
And marquesotts the beard full trimme,
Yet nothyng runneth ore the brimme
Till purffe be full ; and then, perhapps,
When ftrings doe breake, there falles fome scrapps
Into your hands : watche that who lifte,
A birde is better fure in fifte,
Than five in feeld ; keepe that thou hafte :
Where wealth, and witte, and tyme doeth wafte,

Looke not to dwell : what drawes thee there
But gaine or glorie, love, or feare.
If gaine to courte doeth make thee goe,
Thou art no freend, but flatteryng foe,
That daiely seeks thy felf to helpe,
And couchest like the faunyng whelpe,
Till prince hath filde thy purse with pence,
And then Sim Subtill gets hym thence.
If thou in courte for glorie iette,
As dizard daunfeth in a nette,
The worlde shall thee rewarde with praise :
Was never courtier in our daies
So brave as he, then will thei faie,
And all not worthe a trusse of haye.
At home thy love as well is seen,
And better then in courte, I wene.
If like a subiecte there thou live,
And often good example give
To fuche as stands thereof in neede.
If feare drawe thee to courte, in deede,
The prince can finde futche quakyng foals :
She knowes whose harte is full of hoals,
And seeth what lurks in hollow stocks,
And treads upon futche tremblyng blocks.
From futche is bounties larges bard,
And then is bountie laced hard ;
From fuche the well hedde stopped is.
A volume could I write of this,
As large as any Chequer rowle ;
But I, the plaine and fellie soule,
Must thinke and wishe the best I maie,

And little of these matters faie :
Yet he that stands and giveth ame,
Maie judge what shott doeth lose the game,
What shooter beats the marke in vaine,
Who shooteth faire, who shooteth plaine.
At little hoales the daie is seen ;
Some in this cace maie over ween,
And thinke thei see in milftones farre,
And take a candle for a starre.
Passe ore futch toyes, and aunswere me :
What cause hast thou in court to be ?
If gaine, ne glorie, feare, nor love,
To courtyng doeth thy fancie move.
What drawes thee thether hedlong now ?
Give eare, and I shall shewe thee how
Thei fitte and stare in courte some while ;
Yea, on the other doeth beguile
With fairest semblaunce, that is sure,
And every craft is put in ure
To snatche or compasse that thei seeke,
Although it be not worthe a leeke.
The finest hedds have furthest fatche,
The deepest sight doeth neereft watche
To trapp the upright manyng man,
And eche one doeth the beste he can
To helpe hym self by others harme,
The courtiers have so fine a charme.
I graunt there is honour wonne,
And thether ought the subjects ronne
To shewe their dueties by some meane ;
But why have some consumed cleane

Their lives and lands in this desire ?
Ye knowe a man maie love the fire
Full well, and leape not in the flame.
Some thinke thei winne a goodly name
When thei at home are courtiers calde :
It is full gaie, if he be stalde
An almes knight ere that all be gon :
His happ is hard that hopes thereon.
Yet sith I favour courtyng well,
Would God I had more lands to sell,
To be at their commaundement still !
If that a man have their good will,
He hath enough : what needeth more ?
Old ladds maie shifte upon the score,
And let their garments ly and sweate,
Or with their oftes woorke a feate
To sette the horse in stable free ;
But now the wives so hongrie bee,
And housbands looke so neere their gaine,
A man as sone on Salsbrie plaine
Shall have a cheate, as by that trade.
The daie hath bin, who could with blade
And buckler square it in the streets,
Had bin a minion fine for sheets,
But now the pence doe make the place,
And worlde is in an other cace.
Well, let the matter passe a while,
And heare my tale, but doe not smile.
I hapt in courte (as newe brome maie,
That sweepeth trimely for a daie)
To be desierd to plaie and fyng,

And was full glad in every thyng
To please the lordes, and lordely forte ;
For that, ye knowe, with chaunge of sporte
These courtiars humours should be fedde ;
And glad I was to bende my hedde,
And be at becke when thei did call,
In hope that somme good happ would fall
To me for that apt will of myne,
Although my doyngs were not fine :
(A tabber, with a pipe full loude,
To better noyse is but a cloude.)
Well, as the hackney is desierd
And ridden till the jade be tierd,
I did continewe long me thought,
And still I spent the small I brought,
And never got I one denere.
Then, thought I, to beginne the yere
On newe yeres daie, with some device ;
And though that many men be nice,
And blushe to make an honest shifte,
I sent eche lorde a newe yeres gifte,
Suche treasure as I had that tyme,
A laughyng verse, a merrie ryme.
Some thinke this is a cravyng guise ;
Tush ! holde your peace ; world waxeth wise :
A dulle horse that will not sturre
Must be remembred with a spurre ;
And where there serves ne spurre nor wand,
A man must needs lead horse in hand.
So I was forste, on causes greate,
To see in fire where laye the heate,

And warme their witts that cold did waxe,
But thrust the fire into the flax :
It will not burne if flaxe be wette.
The fishe these daies can shonne the nette,
And hide them in the weeds full ofte :
Thou knowest that waxe is tempered softe
Against the fire, so frosen minds
Must be assaied by many kinds
To bryng them to a kindely thawe :
Who thrusts a candle in the strawe
Shall make a blase and raise a smoke.
An honest meane there is, by cloke
To sturre the noble harts from sleepe,
Whose coffers custome makes to keepe
Faste lockte, that should be opened wide
To helpe the poore at every tide.
Thei saie, that knewe our elders well,
That often tymes thei hard them tell,
That larges linketh love full faste,
And hardnesse loseth harts at laste ;
And honour leanes on liberall waies,
And fame and honour nere decaies,
Till hoorde in horie mucke doeth holde
The free and worthie use of golde.
Oh, sentence hye, of fathers wise !
I sweare, by all the gods in skies,
These woords deserve immortall fame,
And nothyng is so mutche to blame
As pintchyng hands that should be franke.
Admit the taker yeelds no thanke
To hym that gives, the gifte doeth binde
Eche vertuous man and honest minde

As captive in all good respects,
To be a freende in full effects
As farre as powre maie stretch unto.
And thei that have in warres to doo,
Can faie what bountie bryngs about :
Where that is not, the fire goeth out
And dyes, as coale to ashes falls,
As fouler taks the birde by calls,
In strawyng corne and chaffe by heapes,
So bountie as a fickle reapes
The harts, and all within the brest,
No perfect love can be posselt,
Where francknesse makes no place before,
Though force of earnest love is more,
And looks not on the gifte a whit.
If men in neede and daunger fit,
And finde their freends both cold and drye,
Then love will shewe a lowryng eye,
And halte with you, as you with hym,
Although that some can cloke it trim.
I tell you, love is easly losse,
If you on love bestowe no cosse.
Thus, as before I did rehearse,
I sent eche lord a merrie vearse,
A jollie libell, long and large,
And therein did good will discharge ;
But nothyng did retourne to me,
That I could either feele or se,
Save from a Brooke, set penne before,
Ranne dropps of gold ; what will ye more ?
Thus, in this withred age of ours,
The smell is gone from goodly flowrs,

And golden worlde is tournd to brasse,
Or hardnesse dwells where bountie was.
There is no waie to gaine nor save,
Then learne to keepe the thyngs we have,
For he that wants shall hardly gette,
Except he fishe with finer nette
Then either rime or reason knitts.
This worlde yeelds not to pleasaunt witts ;
To basest mynds sometymes it bends.
For all the happs blinde fortune sends,
Doeth light on those she favours mitche.
Some man, you see, can nere be ritche,
Though twentie yere he toyle and tosse,
For he is borne to live by losse :
And some that never taketh paine,
In wordly wealthe doeth still remaine.
Ne court nor countrey serv's some man
To thrive in, doe the best he can :
Then, finde thou no faut with none of bothe ;
With blinde affection eche thyng gothe.
Happ lyes not in mans ronnyng still,
Nor fortune follows finest skill ;
Nor he doeth not the wager win
That in the race hath formoste bin.
In judges mouthe the sentence lyes ;
So, whether man doeth fall or ryes,
Looke up to hym that ruels the skies :
The ritche, the poore, the foole, the wise,
And thei shall finde my woords are true.
Thus, for a while, now Courte *adue*.

FINIS.

¶ *Of a Mighty Greate Personage.*

WHEN *Phebus* tooke his purple bedd, to rest from daies
diseafe,
Naie, seemde to dippe his golden hedde under the ocean
feas,
And faire *Lucina* ganne to shine and mount in starrie skies,
Then crepte the sweete and kindely slepe a long my slom-
bryng eyes,
And prickt me so to take a napp, that, as in coutche I laie,
I dreampt that Natures little babes about my bedde gan
plaie,
And bad me rise and vewe a worke that Kinde a newe
would frame,
For that she thought bothe gods and men would help to
forge the fame.
You speake but like yong girles, quoth I ; she hath all
ready doen
Sutche works as now her hands would misse, if thei were
unbegon.
With that Dame Nature had, I spide, with angrie visage
redde,
And in her furie fatte her doune full right against my bedde.
Why, foole, quod she, is Nature not so perfite of her skill,
That she can give to fleshe and fell what shape and forme
she will ?
Thou seest eche woorkman finer growes, each wit doeth
riper waxe,
And knowledge can amende at full the faults where cun-
nyng lacks ;
The goldsmith and the carver bothe, and all that works
with toole,

Doe mende their hands, and daiely are by Nature fet to
fchoole.

The princes pallace, made of old, lookes like a sheepe
coat now,

So, if this tyme and Nature lifte to shewe their connyng
throw,

Wee can fet forthe a candle blase beyond the shynyng sonne,
And take the light from twinkling starrs, while moone her
cours shall ron.

Can I not call for beauty whom that I have lent at large?
Have not the hye immortall gods giv'n beauty to my
charge?

And maie not Nature breake eche mould that once her
hand hath made,

And worke this yearthly droffe againe unto a finer trade?
Yes, fure, faied she: and I therewith did humble pardon
crave;

And at one instaunt, by a signe that mightie Nature gave,
A thoufande workmen, all with tooles, came thrustyng in
a rout,

And eche unto his labour falls, as tourne doeth come about:
Thei blewe, and puft, and fmoke out sweate, as though in
them did lye

To shape a mould, or shew through cloude, that *Venus*
dropt from skie.

Have doen, quod Kinde, it shalbe thus: too long ye trifle
here.

Then, cunnyng by her curious art devisde fuche collour clere,
That did the ruddie rose disdaine, and passe the lilie white,
If that a medley of those twaine were made to please delite.
The workmen in this hastie broile had raied up a mould,
And eche one in his office fine had doen the beste he could:

Now fatte thei still, in silence fadd, and rested for a space.
With that dame Nature, by her skill, set forthe so trimme
a face,
That sonne and moone and seven starrs did seem therein to
shine,
In whiche the pleasant gods had plaist a paire of glad-
some eyne :
Yea, every god one gift her gave, as *Pallas*, for her parte,
Possessd her with a noble hedde, to judge or talke by arte ;
And *Juno* made request to *Jove*, that *Venus*, Queene of
Love,
Should never with false fonde desiers her modest maners
move :
Dan *Cupid* brake a bowe for joye when this faire dame
was made,
In signe that she with *Dians* nimphes should walke in
grenewood shade.
The silly woorkmen, seying this, that servaunts were to Kinde,
Trust up their tooles and stole awaie, yet left the mould
behinde ;
Whiche, as I gesse, of divers stones was wrought by deepe
device,
For therein jazings might you see, and pearles of passyng
price,
The rubbie ritche, and pretie sparkes of diamonds clere and
bright,
The emerald greene, and margarets faire, and turkes blew
to sight,
Whose vertues passeth farre my penne, or yet my tong, to tell ;
Demaunde ye that of skilfull men, that knowes their
natures well.

Loe! foolishhe man, loe! here, thou dolte, quod Kinde to
 me aloude,
 How faiest thou, is not this new worke more faire then star
 in cloude?
 Doeth not this worke make all them blushe that I have
 wrought before?
 Yea, sure, for Nature is in minde to make the like no more.
 By this tyme was the larke a loft, loude chirpyng in the
 aire,
 And eche one to their daiely toiles gan busily repaire:
 So rose I up, and rold in thought where this faire wight
 doeth dwel,
 And, at the length, I founde in deede I knewe the worthy
 well.

FINIS.

¶ *Of Beautie and Bountie.*

WHEN Beautie, *Venus* doughter deare, from *Jove* descended
 doune,
 To reigne on yearth, an empresse here, with scepture and
 with croune,
 To Pleasures pallace she repairde, where, with a princely
 porte,
 She helde an open housholde long, in feasts and royall sporte:
 The fame whereof rang through the worlde, so shrill in
 every eare,
 That well was him, and glad was she, that might come
 banquet there.

The lifts were made, the scaffolde deckt, eche thyng in good
arraie,
The lords full brave, the ladies fine, the courtiers trim and
gaie.
And as these states in triumphe were all plashte in their
degrees,
And to beholde the shiverd staves the people swarmde like
bees,
In stept a goodly armed knight, on courser white as snowe,
And twise he paste the tilte about as soft as horse could goe;
And when he came where Beautie fatte, he pausde with
bowed hed,
And loude in open audience then, All haile, faire queene!
he fed :
I came, quod he, from Manhood's court, the worthiest prince
alive,
Who keepes his kyngdome all by fworde, and doeth for
honor strive
By battail and by breakyng launce ; who sent me hether
plaine,
To chalenge for my mistresse sake the stoutest in thy traine.
No foner he his message saied, but in there rusht a bande,
Whose clattering harnessse causde their steeds upon no
ground to stand :
The dust flewe up, the preace did shrinke, the fomyng
horses naied,
The trumpets blewe, the launce in rest, the spurres on sides
thei laied.
Fie, coward knight[s] ! quod Courage then, can all you
fight with one ?
So thei retierd, and to the shocke came Youth all armde
alone.

These champions met as yearth should shake, so fierce they
seemd to be,
As man became a lyon woode, and horse in aire should flee.
At eche encounter crasht their staves, and fell amid the
throng ;
The buffetts were so freely dealt, the blood through beaver
sprong.
The queene cride Hola ! cease, quod she, you turne your
sport to spite ;
Some cause your collour doeth encrease, and mars the
pastime quite.
A cause, quod Youth (most worthy dame), and my leege
ladie dere,
Came ever yet before a prince so stout a challenge here ?
Who dare with *Venus* doughter boste, dame Beautie justly
calde,
That came from skies, and satt next *Jove*, in sacred honor
stalde ?
Though Beautie sprang from yearthly cause, and had but
shape of Kinde,
And did no heavenly gifts possesse, nor vertues lodge in
minde,
Yet Boldnesse churlishe challenge brave too fauzie is, you
knowe,
And Beautie hath too many freends to see her handled so.
When Boldnesse hard this taunting tale, and markt the
peoples chere,
He thrust through the thickest throng, and drewe the
scaffolde nere,
And all on knees he crav'd to speake, and aunswere to this
cace ;

On whom the queene, for honours fake, did shewe a gracious face :

Speake on, quod she; so stept he up, and thus to her he saied.

O puissant prince! thinks Youth of braggs that Boldnes stands afraied?

I am a braunche of Manhoods blood, that stoute conceite begate,

The hope and helpe of hie attempts, and staie of every state,
That hether came, for that no courte can be where I am not;
No tornay seen, no triumph made, no fame nor glorie got.
And wotte you well, a princeesse too, in court I serve this howre,

That is as greate in some respects as she is small in powre.
If stately honour can be gest by goodly graces trime,
Or perfect beautie be possesst where bountie fwimes at brime,
Or wisedome under seemly shaeds maie shine or yet be seene,
My mistres is a worthie dame, though Beautie be a queene.
Report hath blowne to Manhoods eares the trothe of that I tell,

Then Boldnesse needs not blushe to boast that Bountie beares the bell;

And, sith you license me to speake, I dare, devoide of blame,
Light suche a torche unto your eyes shall shewe this ladies name.

When skie is clere, and sommer set to shewe the weather faire,

I meane when calmie blowes the winde and pleasaunt is the aire,

A marie gold then maie you finde full nere an eglantine,
Whose flowrs within the north new buds, and yet in court doth shine :

Her countenance carries futch a state full right amid her
face,
As though therein the Muses nine had made their mansion
place.
A ratlyng founde unto your eares of her now here I shoue,
Now racke and wrest my meanyng out, and you my mind
shal knowe.
This faied, eche one on others lookt, and he on horsebacke
leapt,
And some that dwelt in their concept full close in corners
creapt :
The glorious forte, that gapte for fame where no deserts
could be,
Did drawe a backe, and preast a pace with plaine reproche
to flee ;
The hautie minds held doune their heds, hye looks gan
blush for fere.
As Youth beheld this sodaine chaunge, he thought no
tariyng there :
The gods, regardyng from the starres what strife by Beautie
rose,
Bad *Venus* call her daughter home, and homewards so she
goes.
Then sawe I Boldnesse turne againe, who gave for Bounties
weare
A garlande of the goodliest flowres that ever yearth did
beare ;
And foarst her for to take the same in signe of glorie
wonne,
As Beautie mounted to the gods, and all the triumphe
doen.

The people, feyng Beautie gon, with one assent did crie,
That Bountie pleased more their mindes, then Beautie did
the eye.

FINIS.

¶ *Of one that by Dissemblyng fedde his Desire.*

If love be luste, the more my lakke, and lesse I thinke your
lucke ;
Yet love I not for leude delight, nor gaine of worldly mucke,
But for a finer freake ; be you the judge thereof.
When craft, to cloke some secret smart, beginns to scorne
and scoffe,
Witte workes with words and wiells a waie to winne his will,
And where that sleight shewes gladsom smiles the world
conceivs none ill.
Mirthe blears the peoples eyes, and makes the matter light,
And sadnesse breeds suspect to sone in hedds of deepe
forefight ;
And worlde mislikes no toyes that mirrie laughter bryngs :
God knowes what care the birde doeth feele in cage that
fwetly sings.
Some weepe in weddyng weeds, and laugh in mournyng
gounes ;
And fure I smile my self sometyme, when froward fortune
frounes.
Where is moste cause of care, moste signe of joye I showe ;
For pleasure is redoubled oft, where men dissemble woe.
Who bluntly bites a baite, and swallows up a hooke,

Is caught like gogon in a nette, or conquerd by a looke;
 But futche as warely feedes, and pikes out bones full cleane,
 Shall eate their fill, and learne to knowe what daintie mor-
 fells meane.

Thus, reftyng at your will, I feede my hidden thought
 With fancies merrie, sweete conceipts, a foode full dearly
 bought.

FINIS.

¶ *Of Stedfastnesse and Constancie.*

WHEN Constance maks her boed in bloudie breast,
 And builds her bowre with bowes of bloming trothe,
 There frendly faithe is sure a welcome geast,
 And *Jove* doeth dwell and ladie *Venus* bothe,
 The gods are glad to vewe futche trothe belowe;
 The heavens hopp to see futche Constance flowe.

But where fonde luste doeth leade firme love awrie,
 And fickle toies in feeble fancie falls,
 And foul delite doeth feede the wantons eye,
 And stedfast harts are toste like tennis balls,
 There *Pluto* raignes, with all his hounds of hell,
 In irksome shame and smotheryng smoke to dwell.

Oh! what a praise hath Constance shynyng face;
 What greater blott maie be then breache of love?
 The constant minde hath sodaine change in chace;

But thei that will of evry water prove,
Shall drinke sowre whey, in steede of sirup sweete :
For licrus lusts a licour fitte and meete.

Tenne thousande false I finde where one is true ;
With faithe forsworne, loe ! evry face apears :
These faithlesse fooles, that chaunge for evry newe,
Doe looke full smothe, yet prove but scrattyng brears.
Since foule deceipts hath filde the worlde with vice,
We ought to give dame Constance all the price.

O blasfynge starre, that burnes like *Eathna* flame !
O fickle dames, goe hide your hedds in holes !
Approche not nere where I doe Constance name ;
Your dwellyngs are among the dampned soles.
Goe, girnyng girls and giglotts, where ye luste,
Dame Constance sits in glorie with the iuste.

FINIS.

¶ *Of one that founde Falshe in Fellowship.*

If faithe take foile, and plaine good will be losse,
Let fained love seke larks when skie doeth fall :
If triall greate be made a double poste,
No practise serv's to shoffull cards with all :
If waityng long can winne but cold reward,
Bid wilie witts goe warme his hands at fire :
If trothe want happ for toile and greate rega[r]de,

There is no hope that workeman shall have hire.
 If letters large but little likyng winne,
 Your bablyng tongs in fine fmall bofte shall make :
 If service paste a fute must newe beginne,
 Newe hangers on in hafte their leave maie take.
 Since fuertie shrinks, and freendship smells of gile,
A due, badd worlde, thy favour lafts no while.

FINIS.

*Written to a vertuous Gentlewoman, whose
 Name is in the Verses.*

DEME all my deedes by true defarts, that sheweth evry
 frute,
 And paife my woords, and prove my woorkes, and fo
 efteme my fuite :
My trothe untried bids me retire, and bryngs me in dispaire;
Pass on, faith hope, good hap maie come, the weather
 maie be faire.
Prease not to faste, faieth danger then, for feare thy foote
 doe slide ;
Of hastie speede greate harmes doe rise, as often hath bin
 tried :
Repentance comes eare men beware, for want of perfite skill,
 Therefore let reason rule the raine, and wisedome master
 will.
 Thus in myne hedde a battaill is betwene my hope and
 dreed ;

Hope pricks me forth, feare driv's me backe ; my fancie
thus I feed :
Though hope be farre above my happ, good lucke maie me
advance,
And this greate warre maie be a peace, as al things have
their chance.
The tossed shipp maie haven it, that anker holde hath none,
As rainie droppe, by length of tyme, maie pearce the
marble stone.
What fort or holde is halfe so strong, that ever man could
make,
But poulders force and cannon blast can make it doune to
shake ?
The pelletts all that I must bryng unfained faithe must be ;
The ladder for to scale the walls is trothe, when tried is he :
This aunfwere maie the captaine make, to whom my siege
I laie,
Whose fort is wonne by futch a fault, or by none other
waie.
With ensigne spred, and battrie fet, I hope to make a breache,
And trust to winne by suite at length that now is past my
reache.

FINIS.

A Farewell to a Fondlyng.

THE heate is past that did me fret,
The fire is out that nature wrought ;
The plants of love, which youth did fet,
Are drie and dedde within my thought :

The froft hath kilde the kindly fappe
 Whiche kept the harte in livly ftate ;
 The fodaine ftormes and thonder clappe
 Hath tourned love to mortall hate.

The mifte is gone that bleard myne eyes,
 The lowryng clouds I fee appere :
 Although the blinde eats many flies,
 I would she knewe my fight is clere.
 Her fweete, difceivyng, flatteryng face
 Did make me thinke the crowe was white :
 I mufe how she had futche a grace
 To feeme a hauke, and be a kite.

FINIS.

¶ *Written to the good Lorde Maior (of London,
 now in office) called Sir Nicholas
 Woodroffe, Knight.*

THE tyme showes all, as fire woorks waxe, in tyme greate
 thyngs are doen ;
 Tyme weav's the web, and wrought the flaxe, that paine
 through tyme hath sponne :
 Tyme muft be fought, tyme muft be ufde, tyme muft be
 tempred well,
 Els out of tyme, in any forte, the tale is that we tell.
 So tyme moves pen, and fturrs the mufe (that tyme had
 lulld a flepe)
 To write of tyme, and matter futche as maie good credite
 kepe.

Then, my good Lorde, to former tyme I doe referre my
 verse,
And auncient yeres, with elders daies, that can great
 things reherse.
Tyme brought the sworde (that eche one fears) to rule the
 rurall fort ;
Tyme wonne this citie hie renowne, and gatt it good
 report :
Time made the chofen Maior a knight ; and time did
 greater things,
For tyme made subjects love the lawe, and honour right-
 full kyngs.
Thus tyme was nours and mother bothe to chofen children
 here,
And tyme out worne takes life of trothe ; so shoves like
 candle clere.
Whiche time my verse reviv's againe, and bringeth freshe
 to minde
The tyme that long is paste before, and thoufandes left
 behinde ;
For those that in this present tyme list looke on elders daies,
Who in their tyme did some good deeds, and reaped
 peoples praise,
As gwerdon for the tyme well spent, and vertues right
 reward,
That given is to graffs of grace, that God doeth mutche
 regard.
As tyme hath taught good men to rule, and made the
 bad obaie,
So tyme hath rooted up all weedes that made good flowers
 decaie.

This citie claimes, by tracte of tyme, a stately civill trade,
And is a lampe, or shynyng funne, to countries fillie shade;
For civill maners here began, and order roote did take,
When savage fwaines in rubbishe foiles did civill life forsake.
Here wit throwe wisedome weldeth wealth, and worlde
good tyme attends,
And God, through trafficks toile and paine, a worlde of
treasure sends:
Here states repaire, and lawes are tried, and noble customes
shine;
Here dwells the fages of the worlde, and all the Muses nine.
The Court it self, and Innes of Court (where wit and know-
ledge floes)
Haunts here as terme and time commands, and people
comes and goes;
Here are embastours feasted still, and forraine kynges have
bin;
Here are the wheeles of publike state that bryngs the
pagent in,
And here is now the maiden toune, that keepes her self so
cleane
That none can touche, nor staine in trothe, by any cause
or meane.
Then here ought be no member left that maie infecte the
reste;
Whip faultors hence, and plage the worst, and make but of
the beste.
Let stubburne route be taught to worke; bid paltrars
packe awaie;
Give idell folke no lodgyng here; cause wantons leave
their plaie;

Search out the haunts of noughtie men, and break the
nest of theves :

Yea, plucke their livrey oer their eares, and badges from
their sleves,

That breeds misrule, and rudeneffe shoves; so shall the
civill feate

(As lanterne to all Britaine lande) remaine in honour greate.

Demaunde how thredbare figboies live, and fwearing
dampned spretes ;

Reforme those blading desprate Dicks that roiste aboute the
stretes ;

Disperse that wicked shamelesse swarme that cares not for
reproch ;

Purge evry houle from gracelesse geastes, that setts all vice
abroche.

Rebuke those common alehouse knights, that spends awaie
their thrift ;

And aske on benche where justice fitts, how roges and
beggars shift ?

Teache railyng tongs to tune their speeche, and talke of
that is fitte ;

Holde in the rashe and harebraine hedds by lawe and
orders bitte.

Knowe whence these fausie libells come, that faine discord
would make,

And woorke by art and crafte to plu[c]ke the styng from
subtil snake.

This citie is no harbryng place for vessells fraught with vice,
Here is the foile and feate of kyngs, and place of precious
price ;

Here worthies makes their mantions still, and buildeth
stately towers ;

Here fitts the nobles of the realme, in golden halles and
bowers.

O London ! looke to thy renowne : thy fame hath stretched
farre ;

Thou art a staie in tyme of peace, a helpe in cause of warre :
A feare to foes, a joye to freends, a jewell in our daies,
That well maie matche with any toun or seate of greatest
praise.

Here people are so meeke and milde, that forraine nations
throwe,

In civill fort, with wealth and ease, may live in quiet nowe.
What citie can make boste and saie (greate God be blest
therfor !)

It doeth so many straungers feede, and so maintaine the
store ;

For here the more the number is, the lesse of want we finde ;
Of corne and cates, futch store is here, it answers eche
mans minde.

Waye well the dearth of other realmes, and you shall see,
in deede,

The plentie of this little ile supplie our neighbours neede.
In worlde who travailes any where, and then repaireth here,
Shall finde eche thing good chepe at home that is abroad
full dere.

And none but London, note it well, doeth keepe one stint
and rate

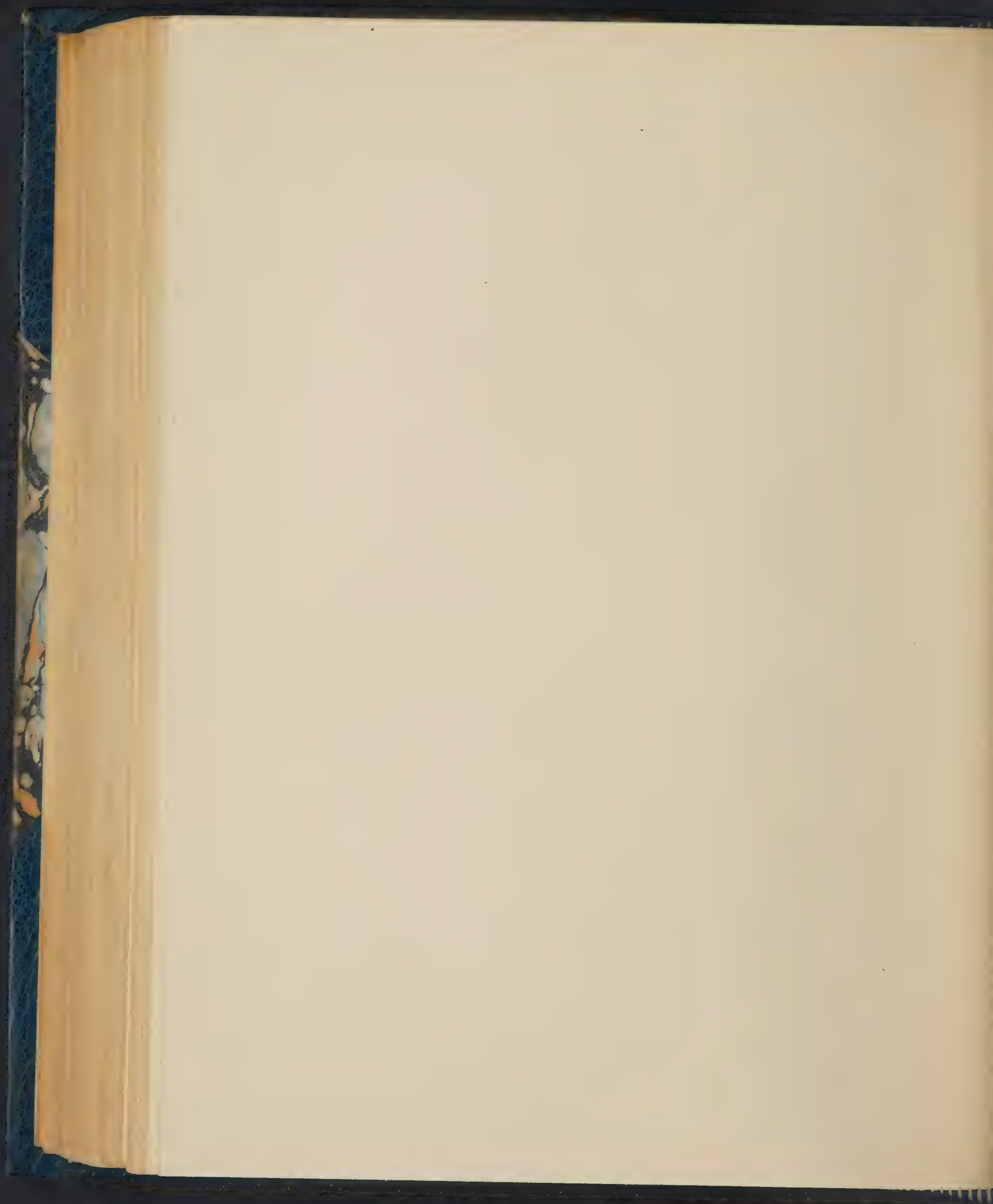
Of vittales in the market place : looke throughout evry state.
Yea, here, when God for wicked life his bountie will with-
drawe,

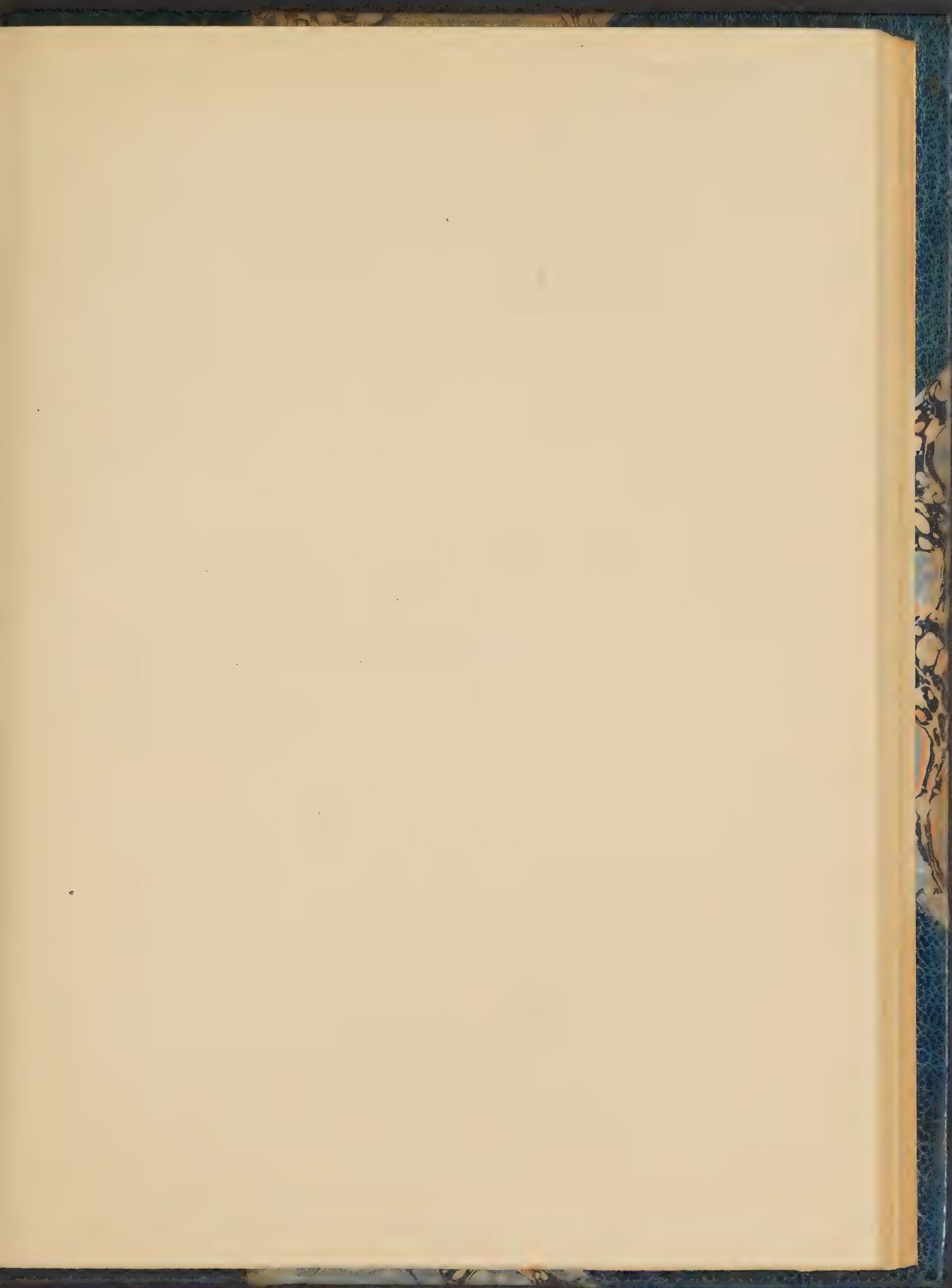
The Maior and brethren shonneth dearth by rule and noble
lawe.

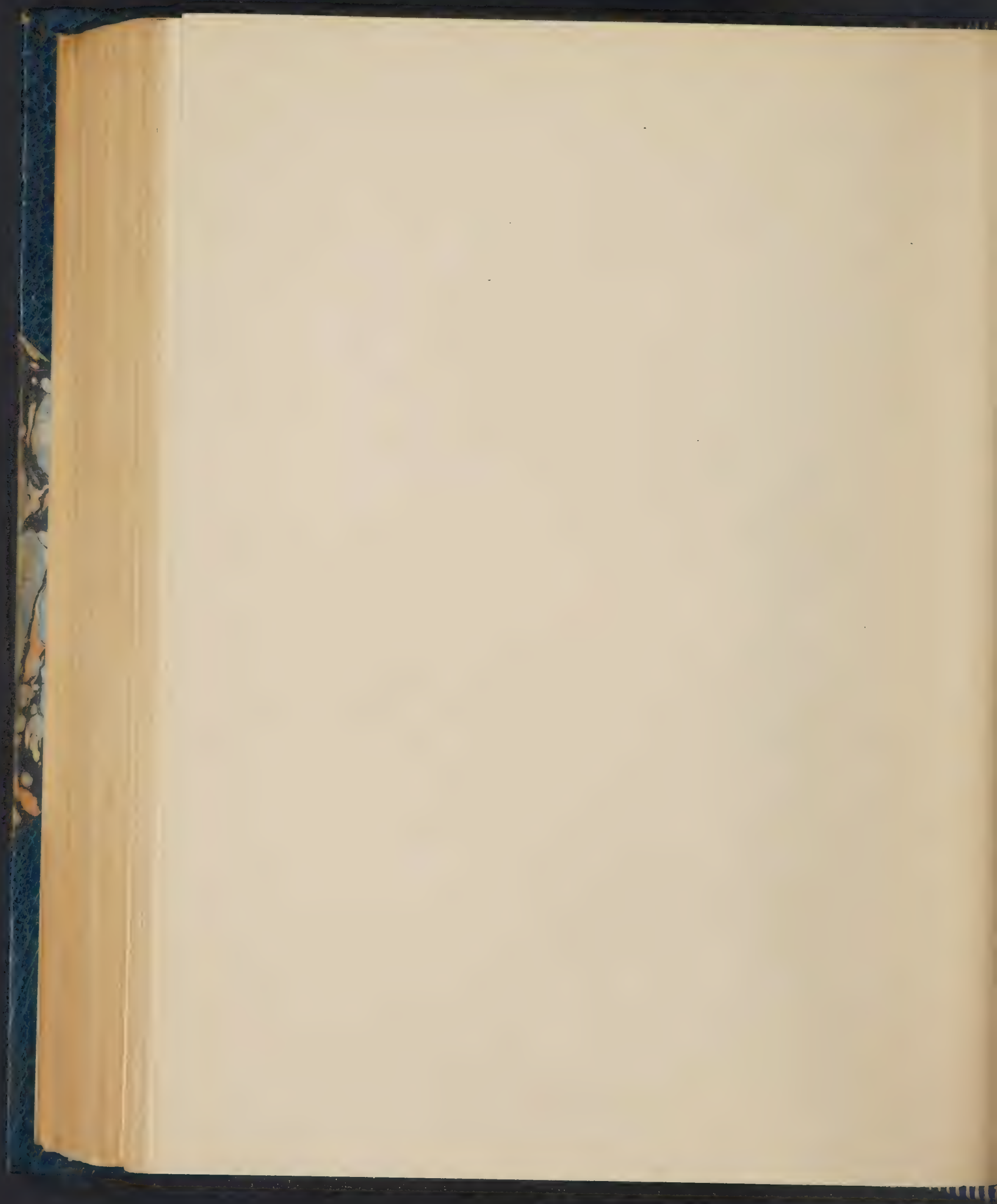
Here is provision for the poore ; and who that markes the
fame
Shall see that worthie fages grave deserves a noble name.
My boldneffe now (O, my good lorde !) excuse through my
good will,
That ever in my countries praise is preft and readie ftill.
And where the noughtie lives of fome are touched by my
penne,
It is for Londons honour fpoke, that can reforme futche
menne,
Whiche, in this ftately shepheards folde, like rotten shepe
doe live,
And who, for want of looking too, doe ill example give.

God graunt, whiles worthie *Woodroffe* rules (and every
other yere),
There comes no mothes emong good men, nor caterpillars
here.
Thus wifhyng well, in Londons laude, my penne I muft
excufe :
To printer fent thefe verfes plaine of this lafte mornyngs
mufe.

FINIS.







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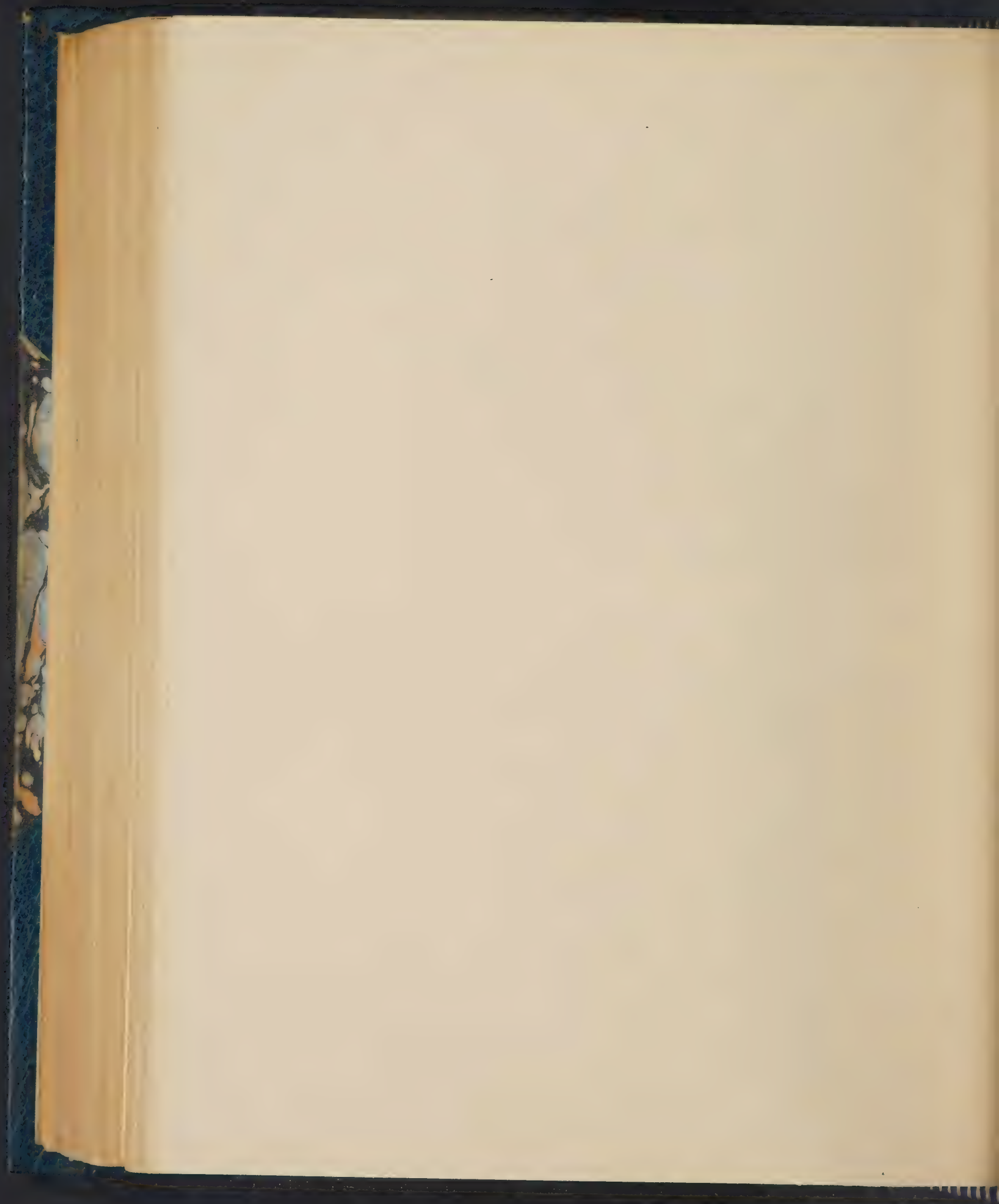
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A PREFACE TO THE READER UPON THE
DEAD MANS RIGHT.

I WRITE not (gentle Reader) to flatter, for the dead are not vainglorious : nor to gain, they reward not trauels : for pride leffe, they are other mens vertues not mine owne that I publish : for malice leaft of all, bicaufe I fee how ill it becomes them to whom I write. But I write to admonish, and (if it might be) to amend vile and enuious toongs : if not, I feeke no other hire nor glorie than the fatisfaction of mine owne confcience, by difcharging the dutie of a Christian. So fare you
well.

THE DEAD MANS RIGHT.

WRITTEN VPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE
THE EARLE OF LEICESTER.

IT is not vnknowne how wicked Libellors haue most odiouslye fought the slander of our wise, graue, and Honorable superiours: diuulging defamatorie Libels, so full of immodest railings and audacious lies, as no indifferent Reader but may easily discouer their enuie, and iudge of the veritie: The Authors whereof, though in the qualitie of their offence (tending wholie to fedition) they haue woorthily deserued death, yet the substance of their Pamphlets haue not merited answere.

For want whereof some as euill affected as themselues, to whose hands mostly such bookes haue come, are flattered with a poore aduantage, imputing the wise and silent digesting of such inhonest and scurilous cartels to their guiltinesse: when (simple as they are) who is else so foolish as knoweth not if all diuulged were true, how easily Authoritie might excuse them, hauing pens and Presses at commandement, and power to patronize: Much more when so vntrue, as themselves ashamed of their falsehoods, dare not auouch them vnder their owne names being without reach and feare of Authoritie.

Amongst others, whose Honors these intemperate railors haue fought to scandalize, none haue more vildly bin slandered than the late deceased Earle, the godly, loiall, wise

and graue Earle of Leiceſter: Againſt whom (void of all iuſt touch of diſhonor) they forged millions of impieties, abuſing the people by their diueliſh fictions, and wicked wreſting of his actions, all to bring his vertues & perſon in popular hatred.

Which though he during his life meekely bare as a man vntouched, without publiſhing defence of his innocencie. Yet, becauſe the tooſongs of men irritated to enuie by the instruments of thoſe libellors, being without feare of controulment, ſith his death are become ouer ſcandalous and of too much libertie. It ſhall not be amiſſe to perſwade more modeſtie and pietie of ſpeech.

And for as much as I perceiue the greateſt and moſt generall obiection they haue to blemiſh his honor, is but an opinion of his ambition and aſpiring minde, wherewith the capitall and cardinall Libellor of them all hath cunninglie infected the ignorant that knew not the ſtate of his honors: Let vs ſee how he may iuſtly be touched.

Did he euer aſſume vnto himſelfe anie vaine or vnlawfull tytle, or was vnfatiate of rule? Did he purchaſe his honors otherwiſe than by his vertues, or were they ſo extraordinarie, as now or in times paſt they haue not beene equaled by others inferior vnto him in condition of birth, and more in deſart? If not? I maruell the father of this peſtilent inuention bluſh not as red as his cap, and his children be not aſhamed of his falſehood.

Admit this woorthie Earles and our moſt gracious Soueraigne who wiſely iudged of his vertues, and worthily rewarded his loialtie and paines, did honor him with titles aboue others of his time: (in humble and ſeemely fort, I ſpeake it without compariſon) who euery way was more fit

for the dignitie he bare, and more complet to accomplish them ; whereof the Libellor could not be ignoraunt, but that too much yeelding to his malice, he fought to flander this notable testimonie of his Excellencie.

Such rather woulde I iudge ambitious, as for promotions whether Ecclesiasticall or Temporall, hauing once conceiued a hope of greatnesse, without regard of conscience or Countrey, with voluntarie hazarde of all things pursue the same, by shamefull, traiterous, and vngodlie meanes, exasperating their naturall Prince, and superiour Magistrates, by rebellious and seditious Libels. These be the true tokens of an aspiring minde, whose nature is to hinder by malice, where it cannot hurt by power.

But leauing further pursute of their malice, I will remember this Earles woorthinesse. For the first and principall vertue of his vertues, his Religion, it shall be needlesse to speake much, sith all Christendome knows he professed one faith, and worshipped one onely God, whom he serued in vprightnes of life, and defended with hazard thereof in armes and action against his enimies. How he succoured and relieued distressed members of the Church, I leaue to those that haue made prooffe, who ought in dutie to make relation thereof.

Next I thinke there is none that will, dare, or can impeach his loialtie, either in fact or faith, sufficiently testified by hir Maiesties gracious loue to whom that belonged, as also by his dutifull and carefull seruice vnto hir. So as further narration thereof shall not neede.

His wisedome by the grauitie of his place, the causes he managed, and the cariage of his person, is approoued not onely vnto vs, but to most nations of the world.

Lastlie of his valour and affection to his Countries peace, no honest minde but is satisfied : whereof what greater testimonie can we require than the trauels his aged bodie vndertooke, and dangers the same was subiect vnto, in the warres of the Low Countries, where he voluntarily offered his person in combate against the deuoted enimies of this state and hir Maiestie. Leauing his Wife, possessions, and home, not regarding his safetie, riches and ease, in respect of the godly, honourable and louing care he bare the common quiet.

All which the vngratefull Malecontents of this time, on whome any thing is ill bestowed (much more the trauels of so memorable a Noble) spared not to reproch : Hyring the toongs of runawaies and roges, such as neither feare God nor the diuell, or are woorth a home, to proclaime hatefull and enuious lies against him, in alehouses, faires, markets, and such assemblies.

At whose returne when his dealings were truely discussed, and truth ouercame their flanders, this was the refuge of their whispering malice : His greatnesse and smooth toong (saie they) beares it awaie : as if Honor once lost in act, could be hidden by greatnes, or recouered by grace and eloquence of speech. Both which taken away by his happie death, and our unhappie losse, he is sithence more cleared than before.

Maruell then not at their enuie, sith, *Virtutis comes inuidia*, but detest the enuious, that thus blaspheme vertues, whom (for mine owne part) as I see measure their rage, so will I iudge of their affection to the state : for vndoubtedly none but the discontented with the time, or such as he hath iustlie punished for their lewdnesse, will thus calumniouſlie interpret his proceedings.

If I meant to write a discourse of this Earles life, or an apologie in his defence, I would proceede more orderly in repetition of his vertues, and more effectually in answere to their poisoned Libels : But as mine intent at first was onelie to admonish loose toongs (such as mine eares have glowed to heare of) and forewarne the ouer credulous that are easily abused, hauing finished my purpose, if it effects amendment, I shall be glad, if not, their shames be on their owne heads.

Befeeching God this realme feele not the want of him alreadie dead, and greater iudgements insue for our vnthankfulnesse.

Leicester, he liu'd, of all the world admir'd,
Not as a man, though he in shape exceld :
But as a God, whose heauenlie wit inspir'd,
Wrought hie effects, yet vertues courses held,
His wisdome honored his Countries name,
His valure was the vangard of the fame.

AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PASSION, FOR
HIS ASTROPHILL.

WRITTEN YPON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HONORABLE
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, KNIGHT, LORD GOUERNOR
OF FLUSHING.

As then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the aire,
The skie, like glasse of watchet hew,
Reflected Phoebus golden haire,

The garnisht tree, no pendant ftird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion king, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was Acteons horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With Loue iuice ftaind the mulberie,
The fruit that dewes the Poets braine,
And Phillis philbert there away
Comparede with mirtle and the bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke and dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compaft were,
Like to an Amphitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie winged people fat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One fort in this, another that,
Here Philomell, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie bred Egle roiall bird,
Percht there vpon an oke aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer ftird,
Example of immortall loue.
The swan that sings about to dy,
Leauing Meander stood thereby.

And that which was of woonder most,
The Phœnix left sweete Arabie :
And on a Cædar in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I coniecture by the fame,
Preparde to take hir dying flame.

In midft and center of this plot,
I faw one groueling on the grasse :
A man of ftone, I knew not that,
No ftone, of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the image made of ftone.

At length I might perceiue him reare
His bodie on the elbow end :
Earthly and pale with gasty cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in vncouth ftound,
To be afcending out the ground.

A greeuous figh foorthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall ftrings,
Then downe his cheekes the teares fo flowes,

As doth the streame of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine,
After his throbs did somewhat stay,
Thus heauily he gan to fay.

O funne, (said he) feeing the funne,
On wretched me why dost thou shine,
My star is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of my eine,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse might.

O grieve that liest vpon my foule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Confort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of Astrophill.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno,
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Lissen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruthe.

You knew, who knew not Aftrophill,
 (That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession ftill)
 Things knowne permit me to renew,
 Of him you know his merit fuch,
 I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of Arcadie,
 He cheefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine Parthenie,
 Vpon the chryftall liquid brooke,
 The Mufes met him eu'ry day,
 That taught him fing, to write, and fay.

When he defcended downe the mount,
 His perfonage feemed moft diuine,
A thoufand graces one might count
 Vpon his louely cheerefull eie,
 To heare him fpeake and sweetely fmile,
 You were in Paradife the while.

A fweete attraētiue kinde of grace,
 A full affurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
 The lineaments of Gofpell books,
 I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
 Whofe thoughts are legible in the eie.

Was neuer eie, did fee that face,
 Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer minde, did minde his grace,

That euer thought the trauell long,
But eies, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that fuch a woorthy man,
In whom so rare defarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed fit.

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue,
As Bacchus opes diffembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heauenly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our Astrophill did Stella loue,
O Stella vaunt of Astrophill,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou finde an Astrophill,
The rose and lillie have their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and iudgement too,
Sees more than any other doe.

Then Astrophill hath honord thee,
For when thy bodie is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue
To short liude beautie aye to liue.

Aboue all others this is hee,
Which erst approoued in his song,
That loue and honor might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong,
Sweete faints it is no finne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall breft before,
Did neuer muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store :
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie reard aboue hir height.

Then Pallas afterward attyrde,
Our Aftrophill with hir deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,

As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fierie starrs.

The blaze whereof when Mars beheld,
(An enuious eie doth see afar)
Such maiestie (quoth he) is feeld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a futer be,
To fet Mars by his deitie.

In this furmize he made with speede,
An iron cane wherein he put,
The thunder, that in cloudes do breede,
The flame and bolt together shut.
With priuie force burft out againe,
And so our Aftrophill was flaine.

The word (was flaine) ftraightway did moue,
And natures inward life ftrings twitch,
The skie immediately aboue
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wraftling winds from out the ground,
Fild all the aire with ratling found.

The bending trees exprest a grone,
And sigh'd the sorow of his fall,
The forrest beasts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And Philomell for Aftrophill,
Vnto hir notes annex a phill.

The turtle doue with tunes of ruthe,
Shewd feeling passion of his death,
Me thought she said, I tell thee truthe,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more trustie found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The swan that was in presence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to sing,
Good things (quoth he) may scarce appeere,
But passe away with speedie wing.
This mortall life as death is tride,
And death giues life, and so he di'de.

The generall sorrow that was made,
Among the creatures of kinde,
Fired the Phoenix where she laide,
Hir ashes flying with the winde,
So as I might with reason see,
That such a Phoenix nere should bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breede an offspring neere that kinde,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt,
It cannot finke into my minde,
That vnder branches ere can bee,
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing sight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,

To signifie to Ioue the case,
What sorow nature doth sustaine,
For Astrophill by enuie flaine.

And while I followed with mine eie,
The flight the Egle vpward tooke,
All things did vanish by and by,
And disappeared from my looke,
The trees, beasts, birds, and groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This spectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compassion in my sprights,
My molting hart issue me thought,
In streames forth at mine eies aright,
And heere my pen is forst to shrinke,
My teares discollors fo mine inke.

AN EPITAPH VPON THE RIGHT HONORABLE SIR PHILIP
SIDNEY KNIGHT : LORD GOVERNOR OF FLUSHING.

To praise thy life, or waile thy woorthie death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obscurde in secret brest,
And loue that enuie in thy life supprest,
Thy deere life done, and death hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing ftate,
Did onely praife thy vertues in my thought,
As one that feeld the rifing funne hath fought,
With words and teares now waile thy timeleffe fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor leffe than fuch, (by gifts that nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue fhew, and princely lineage fhine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly minde,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this bafe world, and hath refumde it neere,
To fit in fkies, and fort with powres diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made hafte, & ftaide nor yeeres, nor time;
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy firft prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words, the feales of truth.

Great gifts and wifedome rare imploide thee thence,
To treat from kings, with thofe more great than kings,
Such hope men had to lay the higheft things,
On thy wife youth, to be tranfported hence.

Whence to fharp wars fweete honor did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of woorthy men the marks, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labor all.

Thus didft thou vanquifh fhame and tedious age,
Griefe, forow, ficknes, and bafe fortunes might:

Thy rising day, saw neuer wofull night,
But past with praise, from of this worldly stage.

Backe to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
First thine owne death, and after thy long fame ;
Teares to the foldiers, the proud Castilians shame ;
Vertue exprest, and honor truly taught.

What hath he lost, that such great grace hath woon,
Yoong yeeres, for endles yeeres, and hope vnfare,
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that still shall dure,
Oh happie race with so great praises run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the fame,
Flaunders thy valure where it last was tried,
The Campe thy sorow where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want ; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our mindes lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy losse, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts sorow hath made thy tombe,
Thy foule and spright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalmd in gratefull teares.
Yoong fighes, sweete fighes, fage fighes, bewaile thy fall,
Enuie hir sting, and spite hath left hir gall,
Malice hir selfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their Haniball died, our Scipio fell,
Scipio, Cicero, and Petrarch of our time,
Whose vertues wounded by my woorthles rime,
Let Angels speake, and heauens thy praises tell.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME. EXCELLENTLY WRITTEN BY A
MOST WOORTHY GENTLEMAN.

Silence augmenteth griefe, writing encreaseth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd, & loft, the wonder
of our age,
Yet quickned now with fire, though dead with frost ere now,
Enrag'de I write, I know not what : dead, quick, I know
not how.

Hard harted mindes relent, and rigors teares abound,
And enuie strangely rues his end, in whom no fault she
found,
Knowledge hir light hath loft, valor hath flaine hir knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend, dead is the world's
delight.

Place penfiue wailes his fall, whose prefence was hir pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come : his life was my spring
tide,
Fame mournes in that she loft, the ground of hir reports,
Ech liuing wight laments his lacke, and all in fundry forts.

He was (wo worth that word) to ech well thinking minde,
A spotlesse friend, a matchles man, whose vertue euer
shinde,
Declaring in his thoughts, his life, and that he writ,
Higheft conceits, longest foresights, and deepest works
of wit.

He onely like himfelfe, was fecond vnto none,
Whofe deth (though life) we rue, & wrong, and al in vain
do mone,
Their losse, not him waile they, that fill the world with cries,
Death flue not him, but he made death his ladder to
the fkies.

Now finke of forrow I, who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wifhing death, whom deth denies, whose thred is al
to long,
Who tied to wretched life, who lookes for no reliefe,
Muft spend my euer dying daies, in neuer ending grieve.

Harts ease and onely I, like parables run on,
Whofe equall length, keepe equall bredth, & neuer meete
in one,
Yet for not wronging him, my thoughts, my forowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will, for liking him
fo well.

Farewell to you my hopes, my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell fometime enioied ioy, eclipsed are thy beames,
Farewell felfe pleafing thoughts, which quietnes brings
foorth,
And farewel friendshiips facred league, vniting minds of
woorth.

And farewell mery hart, the gift of guiltles mindes,
And all fports, which for liues reftore, varietie affignes,
Let all that sweete is, voide? in me no mirth may dwell,
Philip, the caufe of all this woe, my liues content farewell.

Now rime, the fonne of rage, which art no kin to skill,
And endles griefe, which deads my life, yet knowes not
 how to kill,
Go seeke that haples tombe, which if ye hap to finde,
Salute the stons, that keepe the lims, that held so good a
 minde.

THE PRAISE OF CHASTITIE. WHEREIN IS SET FOORTH BY
WAY OF COMPARISON, HOW GREAT IS THE CONQUEST
OUER OUR AFFECTIONS, BY G. P. MASTER OF ARTS.

The noble Romans whilom woonted were,
For triumph of their conquered enimies,
The wreathes of Laurell and of Palme to weare,
In honor of their famous victories,

And so in robes of gold, and purple dight,
Like bodies shrinde, in feates of Iuorie,
Their names renownde for happines in fight,
They beare the guerdon of their chiuallrie.

The valiant Greekes, for facke of Priams towne,
A worke of manhood, matcht with policie,
Haue fild the world with bookes of their renowne,
As much as erst the Romane emperie.

The Phrygian knights, that in the house of fame,
Haue shining armes of endles memorie,
By hot and fierce repulse did win the fame,
Though Helens rape, hurt Paris progenie

Thus strength hath guerdon, by the worlds award,
So praise we birth, and high nobilitie,
If then the minde, and bodie reape reward,
For natures dowre, conferred liberally.

Preffe then for praise, vnto the highest roome,
That art the highest of the gifts of heauen,
More beautifull by wifdomes sacred doome,
Than Sol himfelfe, amid the Planets feauen.

Queene of content, and temperate desires,
Choice nurse of health, thy name hight Chastitie,
A foueraigne powre to quench fuch climbing fires,
As choake the minde, with fmoke of infamie.

Champion at armes, re'ncounter with thy foe,
An enimie foule, and fearfull to behold,
If then stout captaines haue bene honor'd fo,
Their names in bookes of memorie enrolld,

For puissant strength: ye Romane peeres retire,
And Greeks giue ground, more honor there is woon.
With chaste rebukes to temper thy desire,
Than glory gaind the world to ouer run.

Than fierce Achilles got, by Hectors spoyle
Than erst the mightie prince of Macedon,
King Philips impe, that put his foes to foyle.
And wisht more worlds to hold him plaie than one.

Beleeue me, to contend 'gainst armies royall,
To tame wilde Panthers but by strength of hand,

To praise the triumph, not so speciall,
As ticing pleasures charmes for to withstand.

And for me list compare with men of war,
For honor of the field, I dare maintaine,
This victory exceedeth that as far
As Phœbus chariot Vulcans forge doth staine.

Both noble and triumphant in their kindes,
And matter woorthie queene Remembrance pen,
But that that tangles both our thoughts and mindes,
To master that, is more than ouer men,

To make thy triumph. Sith, to strength alone,
Of body it belongs, to bruze or wound,
But raging thoughts, to quell, or few, or none
Saue vertues imps, are able champions found.

Or those whom Ioue hath lou'd? or noble of birth,
So strong Alcydes, Ioues vnconquered son,
Did lift Achelous bodie from the earth,
To shew what deeds by vertues strength are don.

So him he foyld, and put to sudder flight,
By aime of wit, the foule Stimphalides?
And while we say he mastered men by might,
Behold in person of this Hercules.

It liketh me to figure Chastitie,
His labor like that foule vncleane desire,
That vnder guide of tickling fantasie,
Would mar the minde, through pleasures scorching fire.

And who hath seene a faire alluring face,
A lustie girle yclad in quaint aray,
Whose daintie hand, makes musicke with hir lace,
And tempts thy thoughts, and steales thy fense away.

Whose ticing haire, like nets of golden wire,
Enchaine the hart, whose gate and voice deuine,
Enflame thy blood, and kindle thy desire,
Whose features wrap and dazle humane eie.

Who hath beheld faire Venus in hir pride,
Of nakednes all Alablafter white,
In Iuorie bed, strait laid by Mars his side,
And hath not bin enchanted with the sight,

To wifh, to dallie, and to offer game,
To coy, to court, & cætera to doe :
(Forgiue me Chastnes if in termes of shame,
To thy renowne, I paint what longs thereto.)

Who hath not liu'd, and yet hath seene I say,
That might offend chaste hearers to endure,
Who hath bene haled on, to touch, and play,
And yet not stowpt to pleasures wanton lure.

Crowne him with laurell for his victorie,
Clad him in purple, and in scarlet die ?
Enroll his name in bookes of memorie,
Ne let the honor of his conquest die.

More roiall in his triumph, than the man,
Whom tygres drew in coach of burnisht golde,

In whom the Roman Monarchie began,
Whose works of worth, no wit hath erst controlde.

Elysium be his walke, high heauen his shrine,
His drinke, sweete Nectar, and Ambrosia,
The foode that makes immortall and diuine,
Be to his taste, to make him liue for ay :

And that I may in briefe describe his due,
What lasting honor vertues guerdon is,
So much and more his iust defart pursue,
Sith his defart awards it to be his.

LENUOY.

To thee in honor of whose government,
Entitled is this praise of Chastitie,
My gentle friend, these hastie lines are ment,
So flowreth vertue like the laurell tree,
Immortall greene, that euerie eie may see,
And well was Daphne turnd into the bay,
Whose chaftnes triumphes, growes, & liues for ay.

AN EXCELLENT DIALOGUE BETWEENE
CONSTANCIE AND INCONSTANCIE:

AS IT WAS BY SPEECH PRESENTED TO HER MAIESTIE, IN
THE LAST PROGRESSE AT SIR HENRIE LEIGHES
HOUSE.

Constancie. Most excellent: shall I say Lady or God-
desse? whom I should enuie to be but a Lady, and can not

denie to haue the power of a Goddesse? vouchsafe to accept the humble thankfulnes of vs lately distressed Ladies, the pride of whose wits was iustly punished with the inconstancie of our wits, whereby we were caried to delight, as in nothing more than to loue, so in nothing so much as to change louers: which punishment, though it were onely due to our discents, yet did it light most heauily vpon those knights, who following vs with the heate of their affection, had neither grace to get vs, nor power to leaue vs. Now since by that more than mortall power of your more than humane wisedome, the enchanted tables are read, and both they and we released, let vs be punished with more than inconstancie, if we faile either to loue constantly, or to alienize your memorie.

Inconstancie. Not to be thankfull to so great a person, for so great a benefite, might argue as little iudgement as ill nature: and, therefore though it be my place to speake after you, I will striue in thankfulnes to go before you, but yet rather for my libertie, bicause I may be as I list, than for any minde I haue to be more constant than I was.

Const. If you haue no minde to be constant, what is the benefit of your deliuerance?

Inconst. As I tolde you before, my libertie, which I loue better than my selfe, for though I loue inconstancie as my selfe, and had as leeuie not be, as not be vnconstant; yet can I not but hate that which I loue; but when I am enforced vnto it: and (by your leaue) as daintie as you make of the matter, I am perswaded that you would euen hate your selfe, if you were but wedded vnto your selfe.

Const. Selfeloue is not the loue that we talke of, but rather the kinde of knitting of two harts in one, of which

fort if you had a faithfull loue, what shoulde you loose by being faithfull to him ?

Inconst. More than you shall get by being so.

Const. I seeke nothing but him to whom I am constant.

Inconst. And euen him shall you loose by being constant.

Const. What reason haue you for that ?

Inconst. No other reason than that which is drawn from the common places of loue, which is for the most part, reason beyond reason.

Const. You may rather call it reason without reason ; if they conclude, that loue and faith, the more they haue, the lesse they shall finde.

Inconst. Will you beleeeue your owne experience ?

Const. Farre beyond your reason.

Inconst. Haue you not then found amongst your louers, that they would flie you, if you do but follow them, and follow you most, when you do most flie them ?

Const. I graunt I haue found it too true in some, but I now speake of a constant loue indeed.

Inconst. You may better speake of him than finde him ; but the onely way to haue him, is to be vnconstant.

Const. How so ?

Inconst. I haue heard Philosophers say, that *Inquisito termino cessat motus*, there is no motion (and you know loue is a motion) but it ceaseth (or rather dieth) when it has gotten his end ; and to say the truth, loue hath no edge when it is assured, whose verie foode and life is hope, and hope of hauing, is dull without the feare of loosing, where there are no ryuals.

Const. But the more constant he findes me, the more carefull he will be to deferue well of me.

Inconst. You deceiue your selfe with that conceite, and giue him no small aduantage to range where he listeth, when you let him know that you are at his deuotion, whom you shall be fure to haue at yours, if by an indifferent cariage of your selfe, you breede an emulation betweene him and others.

Const. It were against nature for her which is but one, to loue more than one, and if it be a fault to beare a double hart, what is it to diuide the hart among many?

Inconst. I aske no other iudge than nature, especially in this matter of loue, than which there is nothing more naturall, and surely for any thing that I can see, nature delighteth in nothing so much as in varietie; and it were hard, that since she hath appointed variety of colours for the eie, varietie of sounds for the eare, varietie of meates for the mouth, and varietie of other things for euery other sense, she should binde the hart (to which all the rest doe seruice) to the loue of one any more, than she bindeth the eie to one colour, the eare, to one sound, or the mouth to one kinde of meate.

Const. Neither doth she deny the hart varietie of choyse, she onely requires constancie when it hath chofen.

Inconst. What if we commit an error in our choise?

Const. It is no fault to choose where we like.

Inconst. But if our liking varie, may we not be better aduised?

Const. When you haue once chofen, you must turne your eies inward, to looke onelie on him whom you haue placed in your hart.

Inconst. Why then I perceiue you haue not yet chofen, for your eies looke outwarde, but as long as your eies

stand in your head as they doe, I doubt not but to finde you inconstant.

Const. I do not denie but I looke vpon others beside him that I loue best, but they are all dead pictures vnto me, for any power they haue to touch my hart.

Inconst. If they were but (as you account^t them) dead pictures, I do not doubt, but they would make an other Pigmalion of you, rather than you would be bound to the loue of one onely ; but what if that one prooue inconstant ?

Const. I would rather the fault should be his than mine.

Inconst. It is a small comfort to say the fault is his, when the losse is yours, but how can you auoid the fault, who can helpe it and will not ?

Const. I see no way to helpe it, but by breach of faith, which I hold deerer then my life.

Inconst. What is the band of your faith ?

Const. My worde.

Inconst. Your word is but winde, and no fooner spoken than gone.

Const. Yet doth it binde, to see what is spoken done.

Inconst. You can do little, if you cannot master your worde.

Const. I should do lesse, if my word did not master me.

Inconst. It masters you indeed, for it makes you a slaue.

Const. To none but one, whom I choose to serue.

Inconst. It is basenes to serue, tho it be but one.

Const. More base to dissemble with more than one.

Inconst. When you loue all alike, you dissemble with none.

Const. But if I loue many, will any loue me ?

Inconst. No doubt there will, and so much the more, by how much the more they are that striue for you.

Const. But the hart that is euery where, is indeede no where.

Inconst. If you speake of a mans hart, I grant it to be true; but as for the hart of a woman, it is like a foule in a bodie; *tota in toto, & tota in qualibet parte*: that though you had as many louers as you haue fingers and toes, you might be but one amongst them all, and yet wholly euery ones: but bicause I see you are peruerfly deuoted to the cold sinceritie of imaginarie constancie, I leaue you to be as you may, and purpose my selfe to be as I list. Neuertheles, to your Maiestie, by whom I haue obtained this libertie, in token of my thankfulnes, I offer this simple work of mine owne hands, which you may weare as you please; but I made it after mine owne minde to be worne loose.

Const. And I who by your comming am not onely fet at libertie, but made partaker also of constancie, doe present you with as vnworthie a worke of mine owne hands, which yet I hope you will better accept, bicause it will serue to binde the loofnes of that inconstant dames token.

Inconst. To binde the loofnes, and that of an inconstant dame, say no more than you know, for you knowe not so much as I feele; well may we bewray our selues betweene our selues, as thinking we haue said nothing, vntill we haue faide all. But now, a greater power worketh in me, than your or my reason, which draweth me from the circle of my fancies to the center of constant loue, there representing vnto me what contentment it is to loue but one, and how desire is fatisfied with no number, when once it delighteth in more than one.

Const. I am not, I cannot be as I was, the leaue that I did take of my felfe, is to leaue my felfe, and to change, or rather to be changed to that estate which admitteth no change : by the secret power of hir, which though she were content to let me be caried almost out of breath with the winde of inconstancie, doth now in her silence put me to silence ; and by the glorie of hir countenance, which disperseth the flying cloudes of vaine conceites, commands me too with others, and to be my felfe as she is *Semper eadem.*

THE PREAMBLE TO N. B. HIS GARDEN PLOT.

Sweete fellow whom I fware, such fure affected loue,
As neither weale, nor woe, nor want, can from my minde
remoue ;
To thee, my fellow sweete, this wofull tale I tell,
To let thee see the darke distresse, wherein my minde doth
dwell.

On loathed bed I lay, my lustlesse lims to rest,
Where still I tumble to and fro, to seeke which side were best :
At last I catch a place, where long I cannot lie,
But strange conceits from quiet sleepes, do keepe awake
mine eie.

The time of yeere me fecmes, doth bid me (flouen) rise,
And not from shew of sweete delight, to shut my sleepe
eies :
But sorrow by and by, doth bid me (flaue) lie still,
And flug amonst the wretched fouls, whom care doth seeke
to kil.

For forow is my fpring, which brings forth bitter teares,
The fruits of friendship all forlorne, as feeble fancie feares.

A STRANGE DESCRIPTION OF A RARE GARDEN PLOT,
WRITTEN BY N. B. GENT.

My garden ground of grieve where felfe wils feeds are fowne,
Whereof comes vp the weedes of wo, that ioyes haue
ouergrown :

With patience paled round, to keep in secret fpight ;
And quickset round about with care, to keepe out all
delight.

Foure quarters squared out, I finde in fundrie fort ;
Whereof according to their kindes, I meane to make report :
The first, the knot of loue, drawne euen by defier,
Like as it were two harts in one, and yet both would
be nier.

The herbe is calde Ifop, the iuice of fuch a tafte,
As with the fowre, makes sweete conceits to flie away
too faft :

The borders round about, are fet with priuie sweete,
Where neuer bird but nightingale, prefumde to fet hir feete.

From this I ftept afide, vnto the knot of care,
Which fo was croft with ftrange conceits, as tong cannot
declare :

The herbe was called Time, which fet out all that knot ;
And like a Maze me thought it was, when in the crookes
I got.

The borders round about, are Sauerie vnsweete :
An herbe not much, in my conceit, for such a knot vn-
meete :

From this to friendships knot, I stept and tooke a view,
How it was drawne, and then againe, in order how it grew.

The course was not vnlike, a kinde of hand in hand :
But many fingers were away, that there should seeme to
stand :

The herbe that fet the knot, was Pennie Riall round :
And as me seem'd, it grew full close, and nere vnto the
ground :

And parched heere and there, so that it seemed not
Full as it should haue been in deed, a perfect friendship knot
Heerat I pawfd awhile, and tooke a little view
Of an od quarter drawne in beds, where herbs and flowers
grew.

The flowres were buttons fine, for batchelors to beare,
And by those flowres there grew an herb, was called
maiden hear.

Amid this garden ground, a Condit strange I found,
Which water fetcht from sorows spring, to water all the
ground :

To this my heauie house, the dungeon of distresse ;
Where fainting hart lies panting still, despairing of redresse.

Whence from this window loe, this sad prospect I haue,
A piece of ground wheron to gaze, would bring one to his
graue :

Lo thus the welcome spring, that other lends delight,
Doth make me die, to thinke I lie, thus drowned in
despight.

That vp I cannot rise, and come abroad to thee,
My fellow sweet, with whom God knowes, how oft I wish
to bee :
And thus in haste, adieu, my hart is growne so fore,
And care so crookes my fingers ends, that I can write
no more.

AN EXCELLENT DREAME OF LADIES, AND
THEIR RIDDLES : BY N. B. GENT.

In orchard grounds, where store of fruit trees grew,
Me thought a Saint was walking all alone,
Of euerie tree, she seemd to take hir view,
But in the end, she plucked but of one :
This fruit quoth she, doth like my fancie best :
Sweetings are fruit, but let that apple rest.

Such fruit (quoth I) shall fancie chiefly feede :
Indeede tis faire, God grant it prooue as good,
But take good heede, least all to late it breede
Ill humors such as may infect your blood :
Yet take, and taste, but looke you know the tree :
Peace, foole quoth she, and so awaked mee.

What was this ground, wherein this dame did walke ?
And what was she, that romed to and fro ?

And what ment I, to vse fuch kinde of talke?

And what ment she, to checke and snib me so?
But what meane I? alas, I was asleepe:
Awake I fweare, I will more filence keepe.

Well thus I wakte and fell asleepe againe:
And then I fell into another vaine.

Great wars me thought grew late by strange mishap,
Desire had stolne out of Dianaes traine,
Hir darling deere, and laid on Venus lap,
Who Cupid fware should neuer backe againe.
Ere he would so loose all his harts delight,
He vow'd to die, wherewith began a fight.

Diana shot, and Cupid shot againe:
Fame founded out hir trumpe with heauenly cheare:
Hope was ill hurt, despite was onely flaine:
Diana forst in fine for to retire.
Cupid caught fame, and brought hir to his frend;
The trumpet ceast, and so my dreame did end.

Thus scarce awake I fell asleepe againe,
And then I was within a garden ground,
Befet with flowres, the allies euen and plaine:
And all the banks beset with rofes round,
And fundrie flowres so super sweete of smell,
As there me thought it was a heauen to dwell.

Where walking long, anon I gan espie
Sweete pretie foules, that pluckt ech one a flowre:

When from their fight I hid me by and by,
 Behinde a banke within a brier bowre ;
 Where after walke, I faw them where they fat :
 Beheld their hues, and heard their pretie chat :

Sifter quoth one, how shall we spend this day ?
 Devise (quoth she) some pretie merie iest :
 Content quoth one, beshrew them that say nay :
 Some purposes or riddles I thinke best.
 Riddles cried all, and so the sport begun :
 Forfet a fillop, she that first hath done.

Loe thus a while was curtfey to propound ;
 Yet in the end this order did they take,
 By two and two, they should sit close and round ;
 And one begin, another answere make :
 Whose ridling sports in order as I can,
 I will recite, and thus the first began.

The first Riddle.

Within a gallant plot of ground,
 There growes a flowre that hath no name,
 The like whereof was neuer found,
 And none but one can plucke the fame :
 Now where this ground or flowre doth growe,
 Or who that one, tis hard to knowe.

The Answer.

Sifter (quoth she) if thou wouldst knowe
 This ground, this flowre, and happie man,

Walke in this garden to and fro :
Here you shall see them now and than :
Which when you finde to your delight,
Then thinke I hit your riddle right.

The second Riddle.

Within a field there growes a flowre,
That decks the ground where as it growes,
It springs and falls, both in an howre,
And but at certaine times it showes :
It neuer dies, and feldome feene,
And tis a Nofegay for a Queene.

The Answer.

This field is fauor, Grace the ground,
Whence springs the flowre of curtesie,
Soone growne and gone though somtime found,
Not dead, but hid, from flattrers eie,
That pickthanks may not plucke the fame :
Thus haue I red your riddle Dame.

The third Riddle.

Within a flowre a feede there growes,
Which somtime falls, but feldome springs,
And if it spring, it feldome blowes,
And if it blowe, no sweete it brings,
And therefore counted but a weede :
Now geffe the flowre, and what the feede.

The Answer.

In fancies flowre is forrowes feede,
 Which fomtimes fall, but springs but feeld,
 And if it spring, tis but a weede,
 Which doth no sweete, nor fauor yeeld:
 And yet the flowre, both faire and sweete,
 And for a Princes garden meete.

The fourth Riddle.

Within a feede doth poison lurke,
 Which onely Spiders feede vpon,
 And yet the Bee can wisely worke,
 To sucke out honie, poison gone:
 Which honie, poison, Spider, Bee,
 Are hard to geffe, yet eath to see.

The Answer.

In forrowes feede is secret paine,
 Which spite, the Spider, onely sucks,
 Which poison gone, then wittie braine
 The wilie Bee, his honie plucks,
 And beares it to hir hiue vnhurt,
 When spider trod, dies in the durt.

Gramercie, wench (quoth she) that first begoon,
 Each one me seemes hath quit hir selfe right well,
 And now since that our riddles all are doon,
 Let vs go sing the flowre of sweetest smell:
 Well may it fare, wherewith each tooke a part,
 And thus they foong, all with a merie hart.

Blest be the ground that first brought forth the flowre,
Whose name vntolde, but vertues not vnknowne :
Happie the hand whom God shall giue the powre,
To plucke this flowre, and take it for his owne :
Oh heauenly stalke, that stains all where it growes :
From whom more sweet, than sweetest hony flowes.

Oh sweete of sweetes, the sweetest sweete that is :
Oh flowre of flowres, that yeelds so sweete a sent :
Oh sent so sweete, as when the head shall misse :
Oh heauens what hart but that will fore lament :
God let thee spring, and flourish so each howre,
As that our sweetes may neuer turne to fowre.

For we with sweetes doe feede our fancies so,
With sweetes of fight, and sweetnes of conceit,
That we may wish that it may euer groe,
Amid delights where we desire to wait,
Vpon the flowre that pleaseth euerie eie,
And glads each hart ; God let it neuer die.

Wherewith me thought alowd I cride Amen,
And therewithall, I started out of sleepe :
Now what became of those faire Ladies then,
I cannot tell, in minde I onely keepe
These ridling toies which heere I doe recite :
Ile tell ye more perhaps another night.

THE CHESSE PLAY. VERY APTLY DEUISED
BY N. B. GENT.

A secret many yeeres vnseene,
In play at Chesse, who knowes the game,
First of the King, and then the Queene,
Knight, Bishop, Rooke, and so by name,
Of euerie Pawne I will descrie,
The nature with the qualitie.

The King.

The King himselfe is haughtie Care,
Which ouerlooketh all his men,
And when he seeth how they fare,
He steps among them now and then,
Whom when his foe presumes to checke,
His seruants stand, to giue the necke.

The Queene.

The Queene is quaint, and quicke Conceit,
Which makes hir walke which way she list,
And rootes them vp, that lie in wait
To worke hir treason, ere she wist:
Hir force is such, against hir foes,
That whom she meetes, she ouerthrowes.

The Knight.

The Knight is knowledge how to fight
Against his Princes enimies,

He neuer makes his walke outright,
But leaps and skips, in wilie wife,
To take by fleight a traitrous foe,
Might filie seeke their ouerthrowe.

The Bishop.

The Bishop he is wittie braine,
That chooseth Croffest pathes to pace,
And euermore he pries with paine,
To see who seekes him most disgrace :
Such straglers when he findes astraine,
He takes them vp, and throwes awaie.

The Rookes.

The Rookes are reason on both sides,
Which keepe the corner houses still,
And warily stand to watch their tides,
By secret art to worke their will,
To take sometime a theefe vnseene,
Might mischief meane to King or Queene.

The Pawnes.

The Pawne before the King, is peace,
Which he desires to keepe at home,
Practise the Queenes, which doth not cease
Amid the world abroad to roame,
To finde, and fall vpon each foe,
Whereas his mistres meanes to goe.

The Phoenix Nest.

Before the Knight is perill plaft,
 Which he by skipping ouergoes,
 And yet that Pawne can worke a cast,
 To ouerthrow his greateft foes ;
 The Bifhops, prudence, prieving ftill,
 Which way to worke his mafters will.

The Rookes poore Pawnes are fillie fwaines,
 Which feeldome ferue, except by hap,
 And yet thofe Pawnes, can lay their traines,
 To catch a great man, in a trap :
 So that I fee, fometime a groome
 May not be fpared from his roome.

The Nature of the Chesse men

The King is ftately looking hie ;
 The Queene doth beare like maieftie :
 The Knight, is hardie, valiant, wife :
 The Bifhop, prudent, and precise :
 The Rookes, no raungers out of raie,
 The Pawnes, the pages in the plaie.

Lenuoy.

Then rule with care, and quicke conceit,
 And fight with knowledge, as with force :
 So beare a braine, to dafh deceit,
 And worke with reafon and remorfe :
 Forgiue a fault, when yoong men plaie,
 So giue a mate, and go your way.

And when you plaie beware of Checke,
Know how to faue and giue a necke :
And with a Checke, beware of Mate ;
But cheefe, ware had I wist too late :
 Loose not the Queene, for ten to one,
 If she be lost, the game is gone.

A MOST RARE AND EXCELLENT DREAME,
LEARNEDLY SET DOWNE BY A WOORTHY GENTLE-
MAN, A BRAUE SCHOLLER, AND M. OF ARTES
IN BOTH VNIVERSITIES.

The while we sleepe whereof may it proceed,
Our minde is led with dreames of diuers forts,
Some fearfull things, and discontentment breede,
Some merriment, and pretie idle sports,
And some of future things prefage imports ;
 Some wounds the conscience with the former guilt,
 Of outrage, wrongs, and bloud vniustly spilt.

Some strange effects if not impossible,
As to be caried in the emptie aire,
Of transformations some incredible,
From forme to forme, and of their back repaire,
Some pleasant shewes presents, and some dispaire :
 Some grauer things a sleeping can discusse :
 And other, matters meere ridiculous.

Men diuerfly do argue of the cause
Of dreames : Some their occasions thus recites,

The while the bodie takes his needfull pause,
In sleepe to fresh and to restore the sprites,
Decaid by labor, or the daies delites,
The minde, the cogitations of the day do keepe,
And run them ouer when we are asleepe.

Others our meates do charge with those effects
That indigested in the stomacke lies :
Other celestial influence respects,
And fetch from them our sleeping fantasies :
The which they recommend as Prophefies :
For when our sprites are stirred with those charms,
We are foretold of good or future harmes.

But this coniecture cheefly I embrace,
Euen as the sea enraged with the winde,
After the storme alaid will mooue a space,
The selfe same reason may be well assignde
Vnto the nightly labors of the minde :
Who works in sleepe, our actions at a stay,
Vpon th' occasions of the passed day.

Vpon a dreame I had, I this prefer,
The which the sequell shall deliuer straite :
That Loue that first did make my reason erre,
Straitly one day commanded me to waite,
On paine to pine, and perish in conceite ;
Vpon my foueraigne, vnto whom I went,
As dutie wild, and Loues commandement.

Mine eies, the first intreating messengers,
By signes of forrow openly did speake,
After my toong the humble suite prefers
Of my poore hart, with torments like to breake :
But little of my suffrings doth she reake :
 Sooner the rocks their hardnes will forgo,
 Than she acknowledge that which she doth know.

In fine, vnto my chamber I retire,
A thousand fancies hamring on my wits,
Despaire, grieve, anguish, furie and desire,
Doe exercise in turne their Bedlem fits,
Whereof to speake, or heare, them best befits,
 That now enjoying, heretofore haue tride,
 The hell, and bitternes, of Loue deuide.

By this the night doth through the skie display
Hir fable robe, spangled with golden stars,
And voicelesse silence gan to chase away
Noyfes and sounds, with their molesting iars :
And so the place to needfull sleepe preparis ;
 Who Motherlike most tenderly asswages,
 The daies aggreeuances and damages.

Encumbred thus I went vnto my bed,
Loue knowes, with litle hope of taking rest,
Fancie and frenzie worketh on my head,
One while the one, then th' other gets the best :
Now eithers faction egarly addrest,
 To hostile conflict furiously discend,
 Of purpose strait to make a finall end.

Extremitie proceeding on so far,
When eithers forces equally were spent,
They stinted of themselues this raging war,
And left with victorie indifferent :
Slumber that found the time conuenient,
Seeing the slacknes of their wearied traine,
Vpon th' aduantage feased on my braine :

Who holding me vnder his shadie wings,
To mitigate the anguish of my thought,
Presented me with diuers pleasant things,
Amongst the rest, a Ladie faire he brought,
From heauen no doubt those features there are wrought,
Whose raies of beautie admirable bright,
Filled my chamber with a Sunshine light.

Hir Amber tresses on hir shoulders lies,
The which as she doth moue, diuided run,
About her bodie iust in circle wise,
Like to the curious web Arachne spun ;
Or else to make a fit comparison,
Like slender twist turned to shining fire,
Or flames by woonder wrought into a wire.

The forehead that confines these burnisht haies,
For whitenes striueth with vntouched snowe ;
For smoothnes with the Iuorie compares ;
And doth the Alablasters gliftring shoue,
Vnder this firmament you are to knowe,
Two powrfull stars which at their pleasure moue,
The variable effects that followes loue

Hir cheekes refembleth right a garden plot,
Of diuers sorts of rare Carnation flowres,
The which the scorching Sun offendeth not,
Nor boystrous winter with his rotting showres ;
Vncertaine Iuno thereon neuer lowres :

Heere Venus, with hir little loues repofes,
Amongft the lillies and the damafke rofes.

Hir lips compares with the Vermilion morne,
Hir equall teeth in femicircle wife,
For orientnes felected pearle may fcorne,
What may I of hir iffuing breath deuife,
That from this pearle and Synaber doth rife :
The framcumfense and myrr, that Inde presents,
Within this aire loofe their extolled fents.

The nofe, the chin, the ftraight erected necke,
Supporter to the head next fhoulders ftands,
The which difcends into the arme direct,
And terminates their length vpon the hands :
At each of thefe my wits amafed ftands :
For when I would their merits vtter foorth,
I finde all words inferior to their woorth.

The garments wherewithall fhe was attyrde,
But flender in account, and yet were more
Than her perfections needfully requyrde,
Whofe euery part hath of contentment ftore :
But as it was, thanks to my dreame therefore,
Who caufde the apparition to be wrought,
As all lay open to mine eies or thought.

There was, as I obseru'd next to her skin,
A snowe white lawne, transparent as the aire,
And ouer this a garment wondrous thin,
Of networke, wrought in blacke, exceeding faire ;
Whose masks were small, and thred as fine as haire,
Girt with a tawnie Cyprous were hir clothes,
And thus attirde, this Angel woman goes.

Hir mouing brefts as equall Promontories,
Diuided by an Indraft from the maine,
Doe imitate the gently moued Seas,
That rising fall, and falling rise againe :
As they, so did my life in euery vaine :
My spirit issued as they waxed hier,
And as they fetled, backe againe retier.

Next neighbor heervnto in due discent,
Her bellie plaine, the bed of namelesse blisse,
Wherein all things appeere aboue content,
And paradise is nothing more than this :
In which Desire was mou'd to doe amisse ;
For when his eies vpon this tree were cast,
O blame him not, if he requirde to taste.

What followed this I cannot well report :
The tawnie Cyprous that forehanging fell,
Restrained mine eies in most malicious fort,
Which of themfelues were else affected well,
Although as witnes nought thereof I tell :
I doubt not those that fine conceited be
Sees somewhat further, than mine eies might see.

But of her praises thus in generall,
Desirde perfection shewd in euerie part,
Yet all appeerd in each one feuerall,
Vnto the wonder of the eie and hart,
Of euery priuate part to write apart.
Were worke and argument for him that vses,
The daily conuersation of the Muses.

Who this should be, if any long to heare,
I say it is the portraict of the Saint,
Which deepe ingraued in my hart I beare,
The Mistres of my hope, my feare, and plaint,
And thou that with her praises I acquaint,
If thou canst nothing else, yet wish thou me,
Deliuerd of that beauties crueltie.

With vnperceiued motion drawing ny,
Vnto the bed of my distresse and feare,
She with hir hand doth put the curtaine by,
And fits hir downe vpon the one side there:
My wasted spirits quite amazed were,
To see the suddenn morning of those eies,
Within the darke thus unexpected rise.

Being abroad (quoth she) I lately hard,
That you were falne into a suddenn feuer,
And solitarie in your chamber bard,
From companie you did your selfe disseuer,
To charitie it appertaineth euer,
In duties to our neighbors for to sticke,
And visit the afflicted and the sicke.

Which Christian office hither hath me led,
Wishing I could recouerie to you bring,
Ladie (quoth I) as easly done as fed,
For you that haue my life in managing,
What need you wish, when you may doe the thing :
For if you be disposd to charitie,
Bestowe on me this wisht recouerie.

Is't in my garden that may doe thee good ?
(Quoth she) or in my closet of conferues,
Or may my kitchin any kinde of foode
Deuise, that to thy taste and fancie serues,
Ladie (saide I) no coolice, no conferues,
No herbe, no potion commeth nie that part,
— That suffereth this anguish and this smart.

When further I would fain haue spoken on,
With fearfulness I felt my toong restrained,
And shamefastnes with red Vermilion,
My shallow cheekes and countenance distained :
Now by this meanes my hart more deeply pained,
Sent out a flood of weeping to betoken,
The rest of that my toong had left vnspoken.

As soone as sighes had ouerblowne my teares,
And teares allaid my sighings vehemence,
Andacitie expulser of those feares,
Gaued to desire at last preheminnence,
Who saw it now to be of consequence,
Sauced his tale with dutie and respect,
And thus began, or to the like effect.

It is no feuer (Ladie) in the vaines,
Nor in the blood, of humors the exceffe,
Nor stomacks vapor, that annoies the braines,
Nor ill contagion of the arteries,
Nor any grieve that Phyficke remedies :
It is, &c. and heere my lips refusde to moue,
Stopping the sentence ere I came to Loue.

Haply (saide she) as I doe iudge thereon,
It is some toy or fancie in your head,
Some sicknes grounded on opinion,
Or else some error your conceit hath bred :
Then as suppose you to this anguish led,
By mine aduice, if you list ruled be,
For health sake doe suppose the contrarie.

Were it within the compas of my wits,
(Leader of my desires) thus I replide,
To remedie the outrage of those fits,
That from this bodie would my life diuide,
The rather should these cordials be applide,
That I might keepe my life in health, to doe,
The seruices that loue commands me to.

But out alas, that waied downe with paine,
With hands erected vp, that I should crie,
As doth the saylers blowne into the maine,
After the ship that fore the winde doth flie,
And yet in sight of helpe, must helpeles die :
So I, neere hir that can my woes appease,
Doe perish like the outcast in the Seas.

Are you the woorfer that I am so neere,
The Ladie said, and I not thereof ware?
Nay, happie then (quoth I) that you are heere,
And haples too, bicause you are so farre:
She aunswered hereunto, these riddles are:
Can neere be far, can happy haples be?
As well (quoth I) as fee, and not to fee.

What is he (Madame) that doth baite his eies,
Be he of mortall or immortall kinde,
Vpon the beauties which your vifage dies,
And drawes not present death into his minde,
Vnles your gracious lookes do prooue so kinde,
As with a yeelding fauour to preuent,
The dangers thereunto are incident.

Can it be possible you should not knowe
The powre and vertue of fweete beauties gift?
Can heauen and nature measureles bestowe
The things that you to Angels calling lift?
And you not vnderstand their purpos'd drift?
Might they aduance yee to a Goddesse feate,
And you be ignorant why they make yee great?

If this were true, which you of me suppose;
The praise of beautie, and commended parts,
I see no reason to esteeme of those,
That do complaine them of such pettie smarts,
Not incident to men of valiant harts:
The argument is dull, and nothing quicke,
Bicause that I am faire, you should be ficke.

Suppose I haue those graces and those flowres,
And all the vertues that you can recite,
You looke, you like, and you must haue them yours ;
Forsooth, bicause they moue your appetite :
I see no reason to impart my right,
Before that God and men agreed be,
To let all things run in communitie.

An easie thing for you to ouercome,
(Faire Ladie) him, that is so deepe your thrall :
For euery syllable from your lips that come,
Beares wit, and weight, and vehemence withall :
Vnder the which, my subiect spirits fall :
If you do speake, or if you nought expresse,
Your beautie of it selfe is Conquereffe.

With fauour (Ladie) giue me leaue to speake,
(If you will listen a condemneds tale)
No pettie wound can make my hart strings breake :
Nor might a trifle worke this deadly bale :
Your foueraigne beautie doth me hither hale :
The stronger doth, (euen by a common course)
Ouer the weaker exercise his force.

Ladie, in condescending vnto Loue,
You do not share nor yet your right forgo,
In that you shall your seruants sute approue,
And bleffe him with those fauours you can showe,
To higher place of dignitie you growe :
The sun were not in my opinion bright,
If there were not eie witnes of his light.

No abiect commons of those things he seekes,
Nor any way doth labor to induce
That liues to serue and honor hir he leekes,
In hope at last to make an happie truce,
And for this cause all other he refuse :
 To exercise those parts with serious care,
 Which to his Mistres fancie pleasing are.

But sir (quoth she) how can ye answere this ?
You men complaine, Loues torments to be great ;
Saying that he a mightie Tyrant is,
Such one as putteth reason from hir seat ;
Why wish ye to insnare me in this net ?
 Better it is you suffer that you doe,
 Then such extreames should happen vpon two.

When Loue (sweete Ladie) thorowly accords
The Louers and beloueds harts in one,
This amitie a perfect heauen affords,
Vpon the instant of this union :
Banisht is thence all sorrow, care, and mone,
 For they which in conspiring Loue abide,
 Liue in continuall ioies, vnfatisfide.

This is beleeu'd and knowne by common brute,
When of vs Dames ye hap to get a graunt,
You giue it to the cunning of your fute,
Vfing with your companions thus to vaunt :
These pretie fooles, tis nothing to enchaunt :
 As fishers vse for fish, with fish to bait,
 These faire ones, so, faire speeches catches strait.

Let not (fweete Loue) the fault of one or few,
Or finifter report of truthel effe fame,
Endamage the defart of him, can fhew
Many effects repugnant to the fame,
Vnworthie he of life, or Louers name,
Shall dare vnto hir honor, wrong, or fcathe,
Of whom both life, and happines he hathe.

It is a prooffe (faid fhe) of foolishnes
To fet that vpon chaunce which may be fure,
Exempt from Loue, I liue in happines,
In which condition I will yet indure :
Griefes come apace, we neede not them procure :
In the eftate I liue, I am content,
And minde not Loue, in dread of difcontent.

I know (quoth I) you can from Loue refraine,
Bicaufe he holds his ftate within your eies :
But I, the vaffal of his hard difdaine,
Am fo deiefted, as I cannot rife ;
Albeit my fute and feruice you difpife,
Yet giue me leaue to honor and admire,
Your beautie which afflicteth my defire.

Ther's little reafon (faid fhe then) to like
The thing which you affirme to vexe ye fo,
If your defire fuch difcontentment ftrike
Such war, fuch anguish, agonies and woe,
Let that fantaftike I aduife ye goe :
The man is much defirous of vnrefte,
That home intreates a knowne difquiet gueft.

Excepting Loue, demaund you at my hand,
What euer is in my abilitie :
And may with vertue, and mine honor stand,
Ladie (said I) Loue is the Maladie,
And vnto Loue, Loue 's th' onely remedie :
But fith you doe herein my fute detest,
Then grant me this, the last I shall request.

When haples Loue hath brought me to the graue,
If so at any time you passe that way,
Where my confuming bones their buriall haue
Vouchsafe yee then for pitties sake to fay,
As I remember, heere my seruant lay,
Long time a Louer in affection true,
Whom my disdaine and rigor ouerthrew.

Altho yee die (quoth she) I will not loue,
And for you will not loue (said I) I die :
Then presently my spirits failed to moue,
Retiring backe themselues successiuelie :
But when she did the signe of death espie,
She puld, she halde, seruant (said she) abide,
Let not thy mistres be thy homicide.

If thy affections doe from Loue proceede,
How canst thou die, and I thy liues life neere ?
If thou doost loue, and honor me indeede,
Why with this act doost thou defame me heere ?
If thou esteemst my Loue and honor deere,
O liue, and see my rigour overthrowne,
And come and take possession of thine owne.

And then vnable weeping to withholde,
She fundrie meanes affaies to make me liue,
My brefts she strikes, she rubs my temples colde,
And with such vehemence of labours striue,
As life vnto a Marble stone might giue :

My hand at last, she amorously doth straine,
And with a kisse drew vp my life againe.

This new sprong ioy, conceiued in my hart,
Of Loues assurance vnder hand and seale,
Dilated thence abroad to euery part,
Telling how graciouſlie my loue did deale,
My foule and spirit swelling with this zeale,
So rowfed sleepe, that he his holde forfooke,
And I through surfeit of my ioy awooke.

Awaked thus, I presently perceiu'd,
The vanitie and falshood of these ioyes ;
Finding that fond illusions had deceiu'd
My overwatched braine with idle toyes ;
Then I that freshly felt my first annoyes,
Their woonted rage within my thoughts to keepe,
Gan thus expostulate the cause with sleepe.

Thou ease of harts, with burth'nous woes opprest,
Thou pitier of the cares of busie daie,
Thou friend to louers, in their deepe vnrest,
Turning their anguiſhes another waie,
Why may not I continue with thee aie,
Sith that my destinie is so extreame,
As not to haue my good, but in a dreame.

Why art thou not (O dreame) the fame you feeme?
 Seeing thy visions our contentment brings;
 Or doe we of their woorthines misdeeme?
 To call them shadowes that are reall things?
 And falllie attribute their due to wakings?
 O doe but then perpetuate thy fleight,
 And I will sweare, thou workst not by deceit.

And now the Morning entring at the glasse,
 Made of these thoughts some intermission:
 Thus have I tolde what things in dreame did passe,
 Vpon the former daies occasion;
 And whence they come in my opinion;
 But whether they tell truth or nothing lesse,
 I shall resolue, vpon my dreames succeffe.

EXCELLENT DITTIES OF DIUERS KINDES
 AND RARE INUENTION: WRITTEN
 BY SUNDRY GENTLEMEN.

Weepe you my lines for forrow whilst I write,
 For you alone may manifest my grieffe,
 Your numbers must my endles woes recite,
 Such woes as wound my foule without reliefe,
 Such bitter woes, as who so would disclose them,
 Must cease to talke, for hart can scarce suppose them.

My restles braines deuour'd by many thoughts,
 Disclaiming ioies, doth make a heauen a hell,

And Idol of mislikes, a God of noughts,
Contrarious passions on my braine doth dwell,
They would haue ease, yet seeke for ceaselesse strife,
And make their cause of death, their meanes of life.

Mine eies are dim'd by two diuine delights
And through their fight, my hart hath caught a wound :
Their lids were shut amidst the lingring nights :
Their yeelding fountaines watring of the ground,
Doe ceasles run, and shroud their shining ioy,
And drowne Content in riuers of annoy.

I faine to smile, when as I faint for feare :
I dreame on ioy, when as I doubt of woe :
I burne in fire, yet still approach it neare :
I like of mirth, yet will no folace knowe :
I see content, yet neuer cease to figh :
I liue secure, yet danger passeth nigh.

I catch at hope, yet ouertake it neuer :
I feede on thought, yet thought doth force my end :
I craue repose, yet finde disquiet euer :
I scorne aduice, yet counsell is my frend :
I will be free, yet feede on thraldome still :
I honor wit, yet feede on foolish will.

Mine eies complaine the follies of my hart :
My hart laments the errors of mine eie :
My thoughts would burie endles things in art :
Mine eie, my hart, my thoughts, wend all awrie :
Yet of my harmes (ye heauens) the worst is this ;
I cannot censure what my forrow is.

My life is death, for no delights are in it :
My musike mone, and yet I never leaue it :
My succour hope, yet can I neuer win it :
My gaine's report, yet will I not perceiue it :
My foode suspect, and yet I cannot flie it :
My foe neglect, and yet I meane to trie it.

By day I freeze, I frie, I wish, I wait :
By night I loath my rest, and wish for day :
Both day and night, my hart with doubts I bait :
Weying delight from cause of my decaie :
The Vultures that consume my tender brest,
Is sweete desire, the cause of my vnrest.

Now what I am, my forie cheekes disclose :
Once what I was, my smiling eies bewraid :
Now what I want, coniecture by my woes :
Once what I scornd, hath now my hart betraid :
Wo's me, my want of helpe doth well approue,
The paines I feele, is euen the pangs of Loue.

Well, be it paine, Loues torments let it be :
Let endles thoughts consume my restless braines :
Let teares so choake mine eies, I may not see :
Let toong be mute, for to disclose my paines :
Let ioyes, let hope, let all contents surcease,
These bitter plagues, my fancies shall increase.

No paine, no fortune shall my Loue confound :
My spotles faith my simple truth shall proue,
That I my liking on no errors ground :

Thus will I liue, thus will I passe my Loue :
Repulse, contempt can neuer alter kinde ;
Loues triumph doth consist in constant minde.

With constant minde the poore remainder gift,
That Loue amongst his many spoyles hath left me,
Is that which to the heauens my face shall lift,
Though other hope by fortune be bereft me ;
And if I die, this praise shall me await,
My loue was endles, voide of all deceit.

FINIS.

Muses helpe me, forrow fwarmeth,
Eies are fraught with seas of languish,
Haples hope my solace harmeth :
Mindes repast is bitter anguish.

Eie of day regarded neuer,
Certaine trust in world vntrustie,
Flattring hope beguileth euer :
Wearie olde, and wanton lustie.

Dawne of day, beholdes inthroned,
Fortunes darling proud and dreadles :
Darksome night doth heare him moned,
Who before was rich and needles.

Rob the spheare of lines vnited ;
Make a sudder voide in nature :
Force the day to be benighted ;
Reaue the cause of time, and creature.

Ere the world will cease to varie :
This I weepe for, this I forrowe :
Muses if you please to tarie,
Further helpe I meane to borrow.

Courted once by fortunes fauor,
Compast now with enuies curses :
All my thoughts of sorrowes fauor,
Hopes run fleeting, like the fourfes

Aye me wanton scorne hath maimed
All the ioies my hart enjoyed :
Thoughts their thinking haue disclaimed,
Hate my hopes haue quite annoied.

Scant regard my weale hath scanted :
Looking coie hath forst my lowring :
Nothing likte, where nothing wanted,
Weds mine eies to ceasles showring.

Former loue was once admired,
Present fauor is estranged :
Loath'd the pleasure long desired ;
Thus both men and thoughts are changed.

Louely Swaine, with luckie speeding,
Once (but now no more) so frended :
Thou my flocks haft had in feeding,
From the morne, till day was ended.

Drinke and fodder, foode and folding,
Had my lambes and ewes togeather :

I with them was still beholding,
Both in warmth, and winter weather.

Now they languish since refused,
Ewes and lambes are pained with pining :
I with ewes and lambes confused,
All vnto our deaths declining.

Silence leaue thy caue obscured,
Daine a dolefull Swaine to tender,
Though disdaines I haue endured,
Yet I am no deepe offender.

Philips sonne can with a finger
Hide his scar, it is so little :
Little finne a day to linger,
Wise men wander in a tittle.

Trifles yet my Swaine haue turned,
Tho my sonne he neuer showeth :
Tho I weepe, I am not mourned,
Tho I want, no pitie groweth.

Yet for pitie, loue my muses,
Gentle silence be their couer,
They must leaue their wonted vses,
Since I leaue to be a Louer.

They shall liue with thee inclosed,
I will loath my pen and paper :
Art shall neuer be supposed,
Sloth shall quench the watching taper.

Kiffe them filence, kiffe them kindly,
Tho I leaue them, yet I loue them :
Tho my wit haue led them blindely,
Yet my Swaine did once approue them.

I will trauell foiles remoued ;
Night and morning, neuer merie ;
Thou fhalt harbor that I loued,
I will loue that makes me wearie.

If perchaunce the shepherd straieth,
In thy walks and shades vnhaunted,
Tell the Teene my hart betraieth,
How neglect my ioyes haue daunted.

T. L. Gent.

Striue no more,
Forfpoken ioyes to spring :
Since care hath clipt thy wing :
But stoope those lampes before :
That nurst thee vp at first with friendly smiles,
And now through scornes thy trust beguiles.

Pine away,
That pining you may please ;
For death betides you ease :
Oh sweete and kinde decay ;
To pine and die, whilst Loue giues looking on,
And pines to see your pining mone.

Dying ioyes,
Your shrine is constant hart,
That glories in his smart :
Your Tropheis are annoyes,
And on your tombe, by Loue these lines are plasste,
Loe heere they lie, whom sorne defaste.

T. L. Gent.

Of ceasles thoughts my mind hath fram'd his wings,
Wherewith he foares, and climes aboue conceit,
And midst his flight for endles ioy he sings,
To spie those double lampes, whose sweete receipt
Must be the heauen where as my soule shall rest,
Though by their shine my bodie be deprest.

Hir eies shrowd pitie, pietie, and pure,
Hir face shields Roscs, Lillies, and delight,
Hir hand hath powre, to conquere and allure,
Hir hart holds honor, loue, remorse, and right,
Hir minde is fraught, with wifdome, faith, and loue,
All what is hers, is borrowed aboue.

Then mount my minde, and feare no future fall,
Exceed conceit, for she exceeds conceit :
Burne louely lamps, to whom my lookes are thrall,
My soule shall glorie in so sweete receipt,
Tho in your flames my corse to cinders wend,
Yet am I proud to gaine a Phoenix end.

T. L. Gent.

When Pirrha made hir miracle of stones,
 The baser sort of flintie molde she fram'd,
 Whose course compact concealed all at once,
 All that in nature could imperfect be,
 So but imperfect perfect was the shape,
 And minde euen with the metall did agree.

The finer formes of Diamonds she made,
 A peereles substance matchlesse for the molde,
 Whence grew such shapes that heauen his pure forfook,
 To frame a minde agreeing to the forme.

This by my prooffe, I finde for certaine true,
 For why my mistres matchles in hir shape,
 For bodie farre exceeds my base report,
 For minde, no minde can craue more rare supplies,
 And last, I spie the Saphirs in hir eies.

T. L. Gent.

All day I weepe my wearie woes,
 Then when that night approcheth neere,
 And euery one his eies doth close,
 And passed paines no more appeere,
 I change my cheere.

And in the weepings of mine eie
 Loue bathes his wings, and from my hart
 Drawes fire his furie to supplie,
 And on my bones doth whet his dart.
 Oh bitter smart.

My fighes, within their clouds obscure,
Would blind mine eies, they might not see,
Thofe cruell pleafant lamps that lure :
My reafon faine would fet me free,
Which may not be.

The dried ftrawe will take the fire ;
The trained brache will follow game :
The idle thought doth ftill defire :
Fond will is hardly brought in frame :
The more my blame.

Thus fee I how the ftormes doe growe,
And yet the paine I ftill approoue :
I leaue my weale, I follow woe,
I fee the rocke, yet nill remooue :
Oh flie me Loue :

Then midft the ftormes I fhall preuent,
And by foresight my troubles ceafe :
And by my reafon fhun repent ;
Thus fhall I ioye, if Loue decreafe ;
And liue in peace.

T. L. Gent.

My fraile and earthly barke by reafons guide,
(Which holds the helme, whilst will doth yeld the faile)
By my defires the windes of bad betide,
Hath faild thefe worldly feas with fmall auaile,
Vaine obiefts ferue for dreadfull rocks to quaile,

My brittle boate, from hauen of life that flies,
To haunt the Sea of Mundane miseries.

My foule that drawes impressiōs from aboue,
And viewes my course, and fees the windes aspire,
Bids reason watch to scape the shoales of Loue,
But lawles will enflamde with endles ire,
Doth steere in poope whilst reason doth retire :
The storms increafe, my barke loues billowes fill ;
Thus are they wrackt, that guide their course by will.

T. L. Gent.

Midst lasting griefes, to haue but short repose,
In little ease, to feede on loath'd suspect,
Through deepe despite, assured loue to lose,
In shew to like, in substance to neglect :

To laugh an howre, to weepe an age of woe,
From true mishap to gather false delight,
To freeze in feare, in inward hart to glowe :
To read my losse within a ruthles sight :

To feeke my weale, and wot not where it lies,
In hidden fraud, an open wrong to finde,
Of ancient thoughts, new fables to deuise,
Delightfull smiles, but yet a scornfull minde :

These are the meanes that murder my releefe,
And end my doubtfull hope with certaine greefe.

T. L. Gent

Oh, woods vnto your walks my bodie hies,
To loofe the traitrous bonds of ticing Loue,
 Where trees, where herbes, where flowres,
 Their natiue moisture powres,
From foorth their tender stalks, to help mine eies,
Yet their united teares may nothing moue.

When I beheld the faire adorned tree,
Which lightnings force and winters frosts resists,
 Then Daphnes ill betide,
 And Phebus lawles pride,
Enforce me fay euen fuch my sorrowes be,
For felfe difdaine in Phebes hart confists.

If I behold the flowres by morning teares,
Looke louely sweete, ah then forlorne I crie :
 Sweete showres for Memnon shed,
 All flowres by you are fed :
Whereas my pitious plaint, that still appeares,
Yeelds vigor to hir scornes, and makes me die.

When I regard the pretie greeffull burd,
With tearfull (yet delightfull) notes complaine,
 I yeeld a tenor with my teares,
 And whilst hir musicke wounds mine eares,
Alas fay I, why nill my notes affoord
Such like remorse, who still beweepe my paine.

When I behold vpon the leaueles bow,
The haples bird lament her Loues depart,
 I drawe hir biding nigh,
 And fitting downe I figh ;

And fighting say Alas, that birds auow
A fetled faith, where Phebe scornes my smart.

Thus wearie in my walks, and woefull too,
I spend the day forespent with daily griefe :

Each obieſt of diſtreſſe

My ſorrow doth expreſſe :

I doate on that which doth my hart vndoe,
And honor hir that ſcornes to yeeld reliefe.

T. L. Gent.

Accurſt be loue, and they that truſt his traines,

He taſtes the fruite, whiſt others toyle :

He brings the lampe, we lend the oyle :

He ſowes diſtres, we yeeld him foyle :

He wageth warre, we bide the foyle :

Accurſt be Loue, and thoſe that truſt his traines :

He laies the trap, we ſeek the ſnare :

He threatneth death, we ſpeake him faire :

He coyneſ deceits, we foſter care :

He favoreth pride, we count it rare.

Accurſt be Loue, and thoſe that truſt his traines,

He ſeemeth blinde, yet wounds with Art :

He vowes content, he paies with ſmart :

He ſweares reliefe, yet kils the hart :

He calſ for truth, yet ſcornes deſart.

Accurſt be loue, and thoſe that truſt his traines,

Whoſe heauen, is hell ; whoſe perfect ioyes, are paines.

T. L. Gent.

Now I finde, thy looks were fained,
Quickly loft, and quicklie gained :
Softe thy fkin, like wooll of Wethers,
Hart vnstable, light as feathers :
Toong vntrustie, subtill fighted :
Wanton will with change delighted,
 Sirene pleasant, foe to reason :
 Cupid plague thee, for this treafon.

Of thine eies I made my myrror ;
From thy beautie came mine error :
All thy words I counted wittie :
All thy fmlies I deemed pittie :
Thy falfe teares, that me agreeued,
First of all my trust deceiued.
 Sirene pleasant &c.

Fain'd acceptance when I asked,
Lonely words with cunning masked ;
Holie vowes, but hart vnholie :
Wretched man my trust was follie :
Lillie white, and pretie wincking,
Solemne vows, but sorie thinking.
 Sirene pleasant &c.

Now I see, O seemely cruell,
Others warme them at my fuell :
Wit fhall guide me in this durance,
Since in Loue is no affurance :
Change thy pasture, take thy pleasure,
Beautie is a fading treasure,
 Sirene pleasant &c.

Prime youth lasts not, age will follow,
And make white these tresses yellow :
Wrinkled face, for looks delightfull,
Shall acquaint the dame despitefull :
And when time shall date thy glorie,
Then too late thou wilt be forie.

Sirene pleasant &c.

T. L. Gent.

The fatall starre that at my birthday shined,
Were it of Ioue, or Venus in hir brightnes,
All sad effects, fowre fruits of loue diuined,
In my Loues lightnes,

Light was my Loue, that all too light beleued :
Heauens ruthe to dwell in faire alluring faces,
That loue, that hope, that damned, and repreeued
To all disgraces.

Loue that misled, hope that deceiu'd my seeing :
Loue, hope no more, mockt with deluding object :
Sight full of sorow, that denies the being,
Vnto the subiect.

Soul leaue the feat, wher thoughts with endles swelling,
Change into teares, and words of no perswasion :
Teares turn to tongs, and spend your tunes in telling,
Sorowes inuasion.

Wonder vaine world at beauties proud refusal :
Wonder in vaine at Loues vnkinde deniall,
Why Loue thus loftie is, that doth abuse all :
And makes no triall.

Teares, words, and tunes all signifie my sadnes :
My speechles griefe, looke pale without dissembling :
Sorow fit mute, and tell thy torments madnes,
With true harts trembling.

And if pure vowes, or hands heau'd vp to heauen,
May moue the Gods to rue my wretched blindnes,
My plaints shall make my ioyes in measure euen,
With hir vnkindnes.

That she, whom my true hart hath found so cruell,
Mourning all mirthles may pursue the pleasure,
That scornes hir labors : poore in hir ioyes iewell,
And earthly treasure.

T. L. Gent.

Faine to content, I bend my selfe to write,
But what to write, my mind can scarce conceiue :
Your radiant eyes crave obiects of delight,
My hart no glad impressions can receiue :
To write of griefe, is but a tedious thing :
And wofull men, of woe must needly sing.

To write the truce, the wars, the strife, the peace,
That Loue once wrought in my distempred hart :

Were but to cause my wonted woes encrease,
 And yeeld new life to my concealed smart :
 Who tempts the eare with tedious lines of griefe,
 That waits for ioy, complains without reliefe.

To write what paines supplanteth others ioy,
 For-thy is folly in the greatest wit,
 Who feeles, may best decipher the annoy,
 Who knowes the griefe, but he that tasteth it ?
 Who writes of woe, must needes be woe begone,
 And writing feeles, and feeling write of mone.

To write the temper of my last desire,
 That likes me best, and appertains you most :
 You are the Pharos whereto now retire
 My thoughts, long wandring in a forren coast ;
 In you they liue, to other ioyes they die,
 And liuing draw their foode from your faire eie.

Enforst by Loue, and that effectual fire
 That springs from you to quicken loiall harts :
 I write in part the prime of my desire,
 My faith, my feare, that springs from your defarts ;
 My faith whose firmnes neuer shunneth triall ;
 My feare, the dread and danger of deniall.

To write in briefe, a legend in a line,
 My hart hath vow'd to draw his life from yours ;
 My lookes haue made a Sunne of your sweete eie,
 My foule doth draw his essence from your powres :
 And what I am, in fortune or in loue,
 All those haue sworne, to serue for your behoue.

My senses sucke their comforts from your sweete ;
My inward minde, your outward faire admires ;
My hope lies prostrate at your pities feete,
My hart, lookes, foule, fence, minde, and hope desires ;
Beleeve, and fauour, in your louely sight,
Els all will cease to liue, and pen to write.

T. L. Gent.

Full fraught with vnrecomptles sweete
Of your faire face that stole mine eie,
No gladsome day my lookes did greete,
Wherein I wisht not willingly ;
Mine eies were shut I might not see
A Ladie of lesse maiestie.

What most I like, I neuer minde,
And so on you haue fixt my thoughts,
That others fights doe make me blinde,
And what I see but you is noughts ;
By vse and custome thus you see,
Another nature liues in mee.

The more I looke, the more I loue,
The more I thinke, the more I thriue,
No obiect can my looke remoue,
No thought can better thoughts reuiue,
For what I see or thinke, I finde,
Exceedeth fight or thought of minde.

Since then your lookes haue stolne mine eies,
And eies, content to nourish loue,

And loue doth make my thoughts arise,
And thoughts are firme, and will not moue,
Vouchsafe to knit by powre vnknowne,
Our eies, our loues, our thoughts in one.

T. L. Gent.

Like defart woods, with darksome shades obscured,
Where dredful beafts, with hateful horror raigneth
Such is my wounded hart whom forrow paineth.

The trees are fatall shafts, to death inured,
That cruell Loue within my brest maintaineth,
To whet my griefe, when as my forrow waineth.

The gastly beafts, my thoughts in cares affured,
Which wage me warre, whilst hart no succor gaineth,
With false suspect, and feare that still remaineth.

The horrors, burning fighes by cares procured,
Which forth I fend, whilst weeping eie complaineth,
To coole the heate, the helples hart containeth.

But shaftes, but cares, fighes, horrors vnrecured,
Were nought esteemde, if for these paines awarded,
My faithfull Loue by you might be rewarded.

T. L. Gent.

For pitie pretie eies surcease,
To giue me warre, and graunt me peace,
Triumphant eies, why bear you Armes

Against a hart that thinkes no harmes.
A hart alreadie quite appalde,
A hart that yeelds, and is enthrald,
Kill Rebels prowdly that resist,
Not those that in true faith persist.
And conquered serue your Deitie,
Will you alas commaund me die?
Then die I yours, and death my crosse,
But vnto you pertains the losse.

T. L. Gent.

My bonie Lasse thine eie,
 So flie,
Hath made me forrowe so :
Thy Crimfen cheekes my deare,
 So cleere,
Haue so much wrought my woe.

Thy pleasing smiles and grace,
 Thy face,
Haue rauisht so my sprights :
That life is growne to nought,
 Through thought,
Of Loue which me affrights.

For fancies flames of fire,
 Aspire,
Vnto such furious powre :
As but the teares I shed,
 Make dead,
The brands would me deuoure.

I should confume to nought,
Through thought,
Of thy faire fhining eie :
Thy cheekes, thy pleasing smiles,
The wiles,
That forst my hart to die.

Thy grace, thy face, the part,
Where art,
Stands gazing still to see :
The wondrous gifts and powre
Each howre,
That hath bewitched me.

T. L. Gent.

Alas my hart, mine eie hath wronged thee,
Presumptuous eie, to gaze on Phillis face ;
Whose heauenly eie, no mortall man may see,
But he must die, or purchase Phillis grace ;
 Poore Coridon, the Nymph whose eie doth moue thee,
 Doth loue to draw, but is not drawne to loue thee.

Hir beautie, Natures pride, and Shepherds praise,
Hir eie, the heauenly Planet of my life,
Hir matchles wit, and grace, hir fame displaies,
As if that Ioue had made hir for his wife ;
Onely hir eies shoote firie darts to kill,
Yet is hir hart, as cold as Caucase hill.

My wings, too weake, to flie against the Sunne,
Mine eies vnable to sustaine hir light,

My hart doth yeeld, that I am quite vndoon,
Thus hath faire Phillis flaine me with hir fight :
My bud is blasted, withered is my leafe,
And all my corne is rotted in the sheafe.

Phillis, the golden fether of my minde,
My fancies Idoll, and my vitall powre ;
Goddesse of Nimphes, and honor of thy kinde,
This Ages Phenix, Beauties brauest bowre ;
Poore Coridon for loue of thee must die,
Thy Beauties thrall, and conquest of thine eie.

Leaue Coridon, to plough the barren feeld,
Thy buds of hope are blasted with disgrace ;
For Phillis lookes no hartie loue doe yeeld,
Nor can she loue, for all her louely face,
Die Coridon, the spoyle of Phillis eie,
She can not loue, and therefore thou must die.

What cunning can expresse
The fauor of hir face,
To whom, in this distresse,
I doe appeale for grace,
A thousand Cupids flie
About hir gentle eie.

From whence each throwes a dart,
That kindleth soft sweete fier :
Within my fighting hart,
Possessed by desier :
No sweeter life I trie,
Than in hir loue to die.

The Lillie in the fiede,
That glories in his white :
For purenes now must yeelde,
And render vp his right :
Heau'n pictur'de in hir face,
Doth promife ioy and grace.

Faire Cinthias filuer light,
That beates on running streames ;
Compares not with hir white,
Whose haire are all sunbeames ;
Hir vertues so doe shine,
As daie vnto mine eie.

With this there is a Red,
Exceeds the Damaske Rose ;
Which in hir cheekes is spred ;
Whence euery fauor goes,
In skie there is no starre,
That she surmounts not farre.

When Phœbus from the bed,
Of Thetis doth arise,
The morning blushing red,
In faire carnation wife,
He shewes it in hir face,
As Queene of euery grace.

This pleafant Lillie white,
This taint of roseat red,

This Cinthias filuer light,
This sweet faire Dea spread,
These funbeames in mine eie,
These beauties make me die.

E. O.

A MOST EXCELLENT PASSION. SET DOWNE
BY N. B. GENT.

Com yonglings com, that seem to make such mone,
About a thing of nothing God he knowes :
With sighs and sobs, and many a greivous grone,
And trickling teares, that secret sorrow shewes,
Leaue, leaue to faine ; and here behold indeed,
The onely man, may make your hearts to bleed.

Whose state to tell ; no, neuer tongue can tell :
Whose woes are such ; oh no, there are none such :
Whose hap so hard ; nay rather halfe a hell :
Whose griefe so much : yea God he knowes too much :
Whose wofull state, and greivous hap (alas)
The world may see, is such as neuer was.

Good nature weepes to see his selfe abused ;
Ill fortune shewes his furie in his face :
Poore reason pines to see his selfe refused :
And dutie dies, to see his fore disgrace.
Hope hangs the head, to see dispaire so neere ;
And what but death can end this heauie cheere ?

Oh curfed cares, that neuer can be knowne :
Dole, worfe than death, when neuer tong can tell it :
The hurt is hid, although the forrow showne,
Such is my paine, no pleasure can expell it.
In fumme I fee, I am ordained I :
To liue in dole, and fo in forow die.

Behold each teare, no token of a toy:
But torments fuch, as teare my hart afunder:
Each fobbing figh, a figne of fuch annoy,
That how I liue, beleaue me 'tis a wonder.
Each grone, a gripe, that makes me gaspe for breath:
And euerie ftraine, a bitter pang of death.

Loe thus I liue, but looking ftill to die:
And ftill I looke, but ftill I fee in vaine:
And ftill in vaine, alas, I lie and crie:
And ftill I crie, but haue no eafe of paine.
So ftill in paine, I liue, looke, lie and crie:
When hope would helpe, or death would let me die.

Sometime I fleepe, a flumber, not a fleepe:
And then I dreame (God knowes) of no delight,
But of fuch woes, as makes me lie and weepe
Vntill I wake, in fuch a pitious plight;
As who beheld me fleeping or awaking,
Would fay my hart were in a heauie taking.

Looke as the dew doth lie vpon the ground,
So fits the fweate of forow on my face:
Oh deadly dart, that ftrooke fo deepe a wound,

Oh hatefull hap, to hit in such a place :
The hart is hurt, and bleedes the bodie ouer :
Yet cannot die, nor euer health recouer.

Then he or she, that hath a happie hand,
To helpe a hart, that hath no hope to liue :
Come, come with speede, and do not staying stand :
But if no one, can any comfort giue,
Run to the Church, and bid the Sexton toule
A solemne knell, yet for a filie foule.

Harke how it sounds, that sorow lasteth long :
Long, long : long, long : long, long, and longer yet :
Oh cruell Death : thou doost me double wrong,
To let me lie so long in such a fit :
Yet when I die, write neighbors where I lie ;
Long was I dead, ere death would let me die.

These lines I fend by waues of woe,
And bale becomes my boate :
Which fighes of sorowes still shall keepe,
On floods of feare afloat.

My fighes shall serue me still for winde,
My lading is my smart,
And true report my pilot is,
My hauen is thy hart.

My keele is fram'd of crabbed care,
My ribs are all of ruthe :

My planks are nothing else but plants,
With treenailes ioynde with truthe

My maine mast made of nought but mone,
My tackling trickling teares :
And Topyard, like a troubled minde,
A flagge of follie beares.

My Cable is a constant hart,
My Anckor luckles Loue :
Which Reasons Capstones from the ground,
Of grieve can not remoue.

My Decks are all of deepe disgrace,
My Compas discontent ;
And perill is my Northern Pole,
And death my Orient.

My Saylers are my forowing thoughts,
The Boatswane bitter fence :
The Master, miserie ; his mate
Is dolefull diligence.

Sir W. H.

Feede still thy selfe, thou fondling with belife,
Go hunt thy hope, that neuer tooke effect,
Accuse the wrongs that oft hath wrought thy grieve,
And reckon sure where reason would suspect.

Dwell in the dreames of wish and vaine desire,
Pursue the faith that flies and seekes to new.

Run after hopes that mocke thee with retire,
And looke for loue where liking neuer grew.

Deuise conceits to ease thy carefull hart,
Trust vpon times and daies of grace behinde,
Presume the rights of promise and defart,
And measure loue by thy beleeuing minde.

Force thy affects that spite doth daily chace,
Winke at the wrongs with wilfull ouersight,
See not the foyle and staine of thy disgrace,
Nor recke disdaine, to doate on thy delite.

And when thou seeest the end of thy reward,
And these effects ensue of thine assault,
When rashnes rues, that reason should regard,
Yet still accuse thy fortune for the fault.
And crie, O Loue, O death, O vaine desire,
When thou complainst the heate, and feeds the fire.

My first borne loue vnhappily conceiued,
Brought foorth in paine, & christened with a curse
Die in your Infancie, of life bereaued,
By your cruell nurse.

Restlesse desire, from my Loue that proceeded,
Leaue to be, and seeke your heauen by dieng,
Since you, O you? your owne hope haue exceeded,
By too hie flieng.

And you, my words, my harts faithfull expounders,
No more offer your Iewell, vnesteeded ;
Since those eies my Loues life and liues confounders,
Your woorth misdeemed.

Loue leaue to desire, words leaue it to vtter,
Swell on my thoughts, till you breake that contains you
My complaints in those deafe eares no more to mutter,
That so disdaines you.

And you careles of me, that without feeling,
With drie eies, behold my Tragedie smiling,
Decke your proude triumphes with your poore slaues yeelding
To his owne spoyling.

But if that wrong, or holy truth dispised,
To iust reuenge, the heauens euer moued,
So let hir loue, and so be still denied,
Who she so loued.

The brainficke race that wanton youth enfues,
Without regard to grounded wisdomes lore,
As often as I thinke thereon, renues
The fresh remembrance of an ancient fore :
Reuoking to my pensive thoughts at last,
The worlds of wickednes that I haue past.

And though experience bids me bite on bit,
And champe the bridle of a bitter smacke,
Yet costly is the price of after wit,

Which brings so cold repentance at his backe :
And skill that 's with so many losses bought,
Men say is little better worth than nought.

And yet this fruit, I must confesse, doth growe
Of follies scourge : that though I now complaine
Of error past, yet henceforth I may knowe
To shun the whip that threatens the like againe :
For wise men though they smart a while, had leuer
To learne experience at the last, than neuer.

Those eyes which fet my fancie on a fire,
Those crisped haire, which hold my hart in chains,
Those daintie hands, which conquer'd my desire,
That wit, which of my thoughts doth hold the reins.

Those eyes for cleerenes doe the stars surpass,
Those haire obscure the brightnes of the Sunne,
Those hands more white, than euer Iuorie was,
That wit euen to the skies hath glorie won.

O eyes that pearce our harts without remorse,
O haire of right that weares a roiall crowne,
O hands that conquer more than Cæsars force,
O wit that turns huge kingdoms upside downe.

Then Loue be Iudge, what hart can thee withstand :
Such eyes, such haire, such wit, and such a hand.

Praisd be Dianas faire and harmles light,
Praisd be the dewes, wherwith she moistes the ground;
Praisd be hir beames, the glorie of the night,
Praisd be hir powre, by which all powres abound.

Praisd be hir Nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Praisd be hir knights, in whom true honor liues,
Praisd be that force, by which she moues the floods,
Let that Diana shine, which all these giues.

In heauen Queene she is, among the spheares,
In ay she Mistres like makes all things pure,
Eternitie in hir oft chaunge she beares,
She beautie is, by hir the faire endure.

Time weares hir not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortalitie belowe hir orbe is plaste,
By hir the vertue of the starrs downe slide,
In hir is vertues perfect image cast:

A knowledge pure it is hir worth to kno,
With Circes let them dwell that thinke not so.

Like to a Hermite poore in place obscure,
I meane to spend my daies of endles doubt,
To waile such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but Loue shall euer finde me out.

My foode shall be of care and forow made,
My drink nought else but teares false from mine eies,
And for my light in such obscured shade,
The flames shall serue, which from my hart arise.

A gowne of graie, my bodie shall attire,
My staffe of broken hope whereon Ile staie,
Of late repentance linckt with long desire,
The couch is fram'de whereon my limbes Ile lay,

And at my gate dispaire shall linger still,
To let in death when Loue and Fortune will.

Like truthles dreames, so are my ioyes expired,
And past returne, are all my dandled daies :
My loue misled, and fancie quite retired,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

My lost delights, now cleane from sight of land,
Haue left me all alone in vnknowne waies :
My minde to woe, my life in fortunes hand,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

As in a countrey strange without companion,
I onely waile the wrong of deaths delaies,
Whose sweete spring spent, whose sommer wel nie don,
Of all which past, the sorow onely staies.

Whom care forewarnes, ere age and winter colde,
To haste me hence, to finde my fortunes folde.

A secret murder hath bene done of late,
Vnkindnes founde, to be the bloudie knife,
And shee that did the deede a dame of state,
Faile, gracious, wife, as any beareth life.

To quite hir felfe, this answere did she make,
Mistrust (quoth she) hath brought him to his end,
Which makes the man so much himfelfe mistake,
To lay the guilt vnto his guiltles frend.

Ladie not so, not feard, I found my death,
For no defart thus murdered is my minde,
And yet before I yeeld my fainting breath,
I quite the killer, tho I blame the kinde.

You kill vnkinde, I die, and yet am true,
For at your fight, my wound doth bleede anew.

Sought by the world, and hath the world disdain'd,
Is she, my hart, for whom thou doost endure,
Vnto whose grace, sith Kings haue not obtain'd,
Sweete is thy choise, though losse of life be sowre :
Yet to the man, whose youth such pains must proue,
No better end, than that which comes by Loue.

Steere then thy course vnto the port of death,
Sith thy hard hap no beter hap may finde,
Where when thou shalt vnlade thy latest breath,
Enuie hir felfe shall swim to saue thy minde,
Whose bodie funke in search to gaine that shore,
Where many a Prince had perished before.

And yet, my hart it might haue been foreseene,
Sith skilfull medcins mends each kinde of grieve,
Then in my breast full safely hadst thou beene,

But thou, my hart wouldst neuer me beleue,
Who tolde thee true, wheu first thou didst aspire,
Death was the end of euery such desire.

Hir face, So faire, First bent, Mine eie,	Hir tong, So sweete, Then drew, Mine eare,	Hir wit, So sharpe, Then hit, My hart.
Mine eie, To like, Hir face, Doth lead,	Mine eare, To learne, Hir tong, Doth teach,	My hart, To loue, Hir wit, Doth moue.
Oh face, With frownes, Wrong not, Mine eie,	Oh, tong, With checke, Vexe not, Mine eare,	Oh, wit, With smart, Wound not My hart.
Mine eie, To learne, Hir face, Doth lead,	Mine eare, To knowe, Hir tong, Doth teach,	My hart To feare, Hir wit, Doth fweare.

Calling to minde mine eie long went about,
T'entice my hart to seeke to leaue my brest,
All in a rage I thought to pull it out,
By whose deuice I liu'd in such vnrest,
What could it say to purchase so my grace?
Forfooth that it had seene my Mistres face.

Another time I likewise call to minde,
 My hart was he that all my woe had wrought,
 For he my brest the fort of Loue, resignde,
 When of such warrs my fancie neuer thought,
 What could it say, when I would him haue flaine?
 But he was yours, and had forgone me cleane.

At length when I perceiu'd both eie and hart,
 Excusde themselues, as guiltles of mine ill,
 I found my felfe was cause of all my smart,
 And tolde my felfe, my felfe now slay I will:
 But when I found my felfe to you was true,
 I lou'd my felfe, bicause my felfe lou'd you.

What else is hell, but losse of blisfull heauen?
 What darknes else, but lacke of lightsome day?
 What else is death, but things of life bereauen?
 What winter else, but pleasant springs decay?

Vnrest what else, but fancies hot desire,
 Fed with delay, and followed with dispaire?
 What else mishap, but longing to aspire
 To striue against, earth, water, fire and aire?

Heauen were my state, and happy Sunshine day,
 And life most blest, to ioy one howres desire,
 Hap, blisse and rest, and sweete springtime of May,
 Were to behold my faire consuming fire.

But loe, I feele, by absence from your sight,
 Mishap, vnrest, death, winter, hell, darke night.

Would I were chaung'd into that golden showre,
That so diuinely streamed from the skies,
To fall in drops vpon the daintie floore,
Where in her bed, she solitarie lies,
Then would I hope such showres as richly shine,
Would pearce more deepe than these waste teares of mine.

Or would I were that plumed Swan, snow white,
Vnder whose forme, was hidden heauenly power,
Then in that riuer would I most delite,
Whose waues doe beate, against hir stately bower,
And in those banks, so tune my dying song,
That hir deafe ears, would think my plaint too long.

Else would I were, Narcissus, that sweete boy,
And she hir selfe, the sacred fountaine cleere,
Who rauisht with the pride of his owne ioy,
Drenched his lims, with gazing ouer neere :

So should I bring, my foule to happie rest,
To end my life, in that I loued best.

Who plucks thee down from hie desire, poor hart ?	Care.
Who comforts thee, in depth of thy distresse ?	Care.
Amid contents, who breeds thy secret smart ?	Care.
Who seekes the meane, thy sorrowes may be lesse ?	Care.

Who calls thy wits together to their worke :	Care.
Who warnes thy will, to followe warie wit ?	Care.

Who lets thee see in loue what sorrowes lurke?	Care.
Who makes thee fee the force of fancies fit?	Care.
Who taught thee first to trie before thou trust?	Care.
Who bids thee keepe a faithfull tried freend?	Care.
Who wils thee say, loue wantons he that lust?	Care.
Who winnes the wish, that hath a happie end?	Care.

Care then to keepe, that faithfull friend in store,
Whose loue commands, that thou shalt care no more.

Those eies that holds the hand of euery hart,
Those hands that holds the hart of euery eie,
That wit that goes beyond all natures art,
That fence, too deepe, for wisdome to descrie,
That eie, that hand, that wit, that heauenly fence,
All these doth show my Mistres Excellence.

Oh eies that perce into the purest hart,
Oh hands that hold, the highest harts in thrall,
Oh wit that weyes the deapth of all defart,
Oh fence that shoves the secret sweete of all, [thee,
The heauen of heauens, with heuenly powrs preferue
Loue but thy selfe, and giue me leaue to serue thee.

To serue, to liue, to looke vpon those eies,
To looke, to liue, to kisse that heauenlie hand,
To found that wit, that doth amaze the wife,
To knowe that fence, no fence can vnderstand,
To vnderstande that all the world may know,
Such wit, such fence, eies hands, there are no moe.

Who list to heare the sum of sorrowes state,
The depth of dole, wherein a minde may dwell,
The loathed life, that happie harts may hate,
The saddest tale, that euer toong could tell,
But reade this verse, and say who wrote the same,
Doth onely dwell, where comfort neuer came.

A carefull head, first crost with crooked hap,
A wofull wit, bewicht with wretched will,
A clyming hart, false downe from Fortunes lap,
A bodie borne, to loose his labour still,
A mourning minde, fore mated with despite,
May serue to shewe, the lacke of my delite.

Yet more than this, a hope still found in vaine,
A vile dispaire, that speakes but of distresse,
A forst content, to suffer deadly paine,
A paine so great, as can not get redresse,
Will all affirme, my sum of sorrow such,
As neuer man, that euer knew so much.

As rare to heare, as seldome to be seene,
It can not be, nor euer yet hath beene,
That fire should burne, with perfect heate and flame,
Without some matter for to yeeld the same.

A straunger case, yet true by prooffe I knowe,
A man in ioye, that liued still in woe,
Burnt with desire, and doth posses at will,
Enioying all, yet all desiring still.

Who hath ynough, yet thinks he liues without,
To want no loue, and yet to stand in doubt,
What discontent, to liue in such desire,
To haue his will, yet euer to require.

The time, when first I fell in Loue,
Which now I must lament ;
The yeere, wherein I lost such time,
To compasse my content :

The day, wherein I sawe too late,
The follies of a Louer,
The hower, wherein I found such losse,
As care cannot recouer :

And last, the minute of mishap,
Which makes me thus to plaine,
The dolefull fruits of Louers futes,
Which labor lose in vaine :

Doth make me solemnly protest,
As I with paine doe proue,
There is no time, yeere, day, nor howre,
Nor minute, good to loue.

When day is gone, and darknes come,
The toying tired wight,
Doth vse to ease his wearie bones,
By rest in quiet night.

When storme is staied, and harbor woon,
The Sea man set on shore,
With comfort doth requite the care,
Of perils past before.

When Loue hath woon, where it did woo,
And light where it delites,
Contented minde, thenceforth forgets,
The frowne of former spites.

Though neither teares nor torments can be thought,
Nor death it selfe too deere to be sustained,
To win those ioyes so woorthie to be fought,
So rare to reach, so sweete to be obtained.

Yet earnest Loue, with longing to aspire,
To that which hope holds in so high regarde,
Makes time delaid, a torment to desire,
When Loue with hope forbears his iust rewarde.

Then blessed hope haste on thy happie daies,
Saue my desire, by shortning thy delaies.

A NOTABLE DESCRIPTION OF THE WORLD.

Of thick and thin, light, heauie, darke and cleere, Mixtures.
White, black, and blew, red, greene & purple die : Coulors.
Gold Siluer, Brasse, Lead, Iron Tin and Copper, Mettals.

Moist aire, hot fire, cold water, earth full drie : Elements.
 Blood, Choler, Flegme, and Melancholie by, Complexions.
 A mixed masse, a Chaos all confusde, Chaos.
 Such was the world till God diuision vfde.

In framing heau'n and earth, God did diuide	
The first daies light, and darkth, to night and day.	1
The second, he a firmament applide,	2
Third, fruitfull earth appeerd, Seas tooke their way,	3
Fourth, Sun and Moone with Stars in skies he fixt,	4
Fift, Fish and Foule the Sea and land possfest,	5
And God made Man, like to himselfe, the sixt :	6
The seauenth day, when all things he had blest :	7
He hallowed that, and therein tooke his rest.	

W. S. Gent.

By wracke late driuen on shore, from Cupids Crare,
 Whose failes of error, fighes of hope and feare,
 Conueied through seas of teares, and sands of care,
 Till rocks of high disdaine, hir sides did teare,
 I write a dirge, for dolefull doues to sing,
 With felfe same quill, I pluckt from Cupids wing.

Farewell vnkinde, by whom I fare so ill,
 Whose looks bewicht my thoughts with false surmise,
 Till forced reason did vnbinde my will,
 And shewed my hart, the follie of mine eies,
 And faide, attending where I should attaine,
 Twixt wish and want, was but a pleasing paine.

Farewell vnkinde, my floate is at an ebbe
My troubled thoughts, are turnd to quiet wars,
My fancies hope hath spun and spent hir webbe,
My former wounds are clofed vp with skars,
As ashes lie, long since consumed with fire,
So is my loue, so now is my desire.

Farewell vnkinde, my first and finall loue,
Whose coie contempts, it bootes not heere to name,
But gods are iust, and euery star aboue,
Doth threat reuenge, where faiths reward is blame,
And I may liue, though your despised thrall,
By fond mischoyce, to see your fortunes fall.

Farewell vnkinde, most cruell of your kinde,
By whom my worth, is drowned in disdaines,
As was my loue, so is your iudgement blinde,
My fortune ill, and such hath bene my gaines,
But this for all, I list no more to saie,
Farewell faire proude, not lifes, but loues decaie.

The gentle season of the yeere,
Hath made my blooming branch appeere,
And beautified the land with flowres,
The aire doth fauor with delight,
The heauens doe smile, to see the sight,
And yet mine eies, augments their showres.

The meades are mantled all with greene,
The trembling leaues, have cloth'd the treene,

The birds with feathers now doe sing,
But I poore foule, when wrong doth wrack,
Attyres my selfe in mourning black,
Whose leafe doth fall amid his spring.

And as you see the skarlet Rose,
In his sweete prime, his buds disclose,
Whose hewe with Sun reuiued,
So in the Aprill of mine age,
My liuely colours doe affwage,
Because my Sunshine is depriued.

My hart that wonted was of yore,
Light as the winde abroad to fore,
Amongst the buds when beautie springs,
Now onely houers ouer you,
As doth the bird thats taken new,
And mourns when all hir neighbours sings.

When euery man is bent to sport,
Then pensiue I alone resort
Into some folitarie walke,
As doth the dolefull Turtle doue,
Who hauing lost his faithfull loue,
Sits mourning on some withered stalke.

The[re] to my selfe, I doe recount,
How far my woes, my ioyes surmount,
How Loue requiteth me with hate :
How all my pleasures end in paine,
How hate doth say, my hope is vaine,
How fortune frownes vpon my state.

And in this moode, charg'd with despaire,
With vapored fighes, I dim the aire,
And to the Gods make this request :
That by the ending of my life,
I may haue truce with this strange strife,
And bring my foule to better rest.

A COUNTERLOUE.

Declare, O minde, from fond desires excluded,
That thou didst find erewhile, by Loue deluded.

An eie, the plot, whereon Loue sets his gin,
Beautie, the trap, wherein the heedles fall,
A smile, the traine, that drawes the simple in,
Sweete words, the wilie instrument of all,
Intreaties posts, faire promises are charmes,
Writing, the messenger, that wooes our harmes.

Mistresse, and seruant, titles of mischaunce :
Commaundments done, the act of flauerie,
Their coulors worne, a clownish cognifaunce,
And double dutie, pettie drudgerie,
And when she twines and dallies with thy locks,
Thy freedome then is brought into the stocks.

To touch hir hand, hir hand bindes thy desire,
To weare hir ring, hir ring is Nessus gift,
To feele hir brest, hir brest doth blowe the fire,

To see hir bare, hir bare a baleful drift,
To baite thine eies thereon, is losse of fight,
To thinke of it, confounds thy senses quite.

Kisses the keies, to sweete consuming sin,
Clofings, Cleopatras adders at thy brest,
Fained resistance then she will begin,
And yet vnfatiable in all the rest,
And when thou doost vnto the act proceede,
The bed doth grone, and tremble at the deede.

Beautie, a filuer dew that falls in May,
Loue is an Egshell, with that humor fild,
Desire, a winged boy, comming that way,
Delights and dallies with it in the field,
The fire Sun, drawes vp the shell on hie,
Beautie decaies, Loue dies, desire doth flie.

Vnharmd giue eare, that thing is hap'ly caught,
That cost some deere, if thou maist ha't for naught.

As ioy of ioyes, and neuer dying blis,
Is to behold that mightie powre diuine,
Nor may we craue more blessednes than this,
With face to face, to see his glorie shine,
So heere on earth, the onely good I finde
Is your sweete fight, my whole content of minde.

If to the hart, mine eie doth truthe impart,
More faire of late, than erst before you feeme,

Which beautie, though it breede my endles smart,
Yet still I loue and worthily esteeme,
And if those beames, would shine vpon me still,
Then had I heauen, and happines at will.

Some things by smelling liue, as fame report,
And some the water ioy, to their desire,
The subtile ayre, contents another fort,
And other some by taste and touch of fire,
If such can liue with things of small delight,
Much more should I, enioying of your fight.

Set me where Phœbus heate, the flowers flaieth,
Or where continuall snowe withstands his forces,
Set me where he his temperate raies displaieth,
Or where he comes, or where he neuer courses.

Set me in Fortunes grace, or else discharged,
In sweete and pleasant aire, or dark and glooming,
Where daies and nights, are leffer or enlarged,
In yeeres of strength, in failing age, or blooming.

Set me in heauen, or earth, or in the center,
Lowe in a vale, or on a mountaine placed,
Set me in daunger, perill, and aduenture,
Graced by Fame, or infamie disgraced.

Set me to these, or anie other triall,
Except my Miftres anger and deniall.

I fawe the eies, that haue my feeling bounde,
I harde the toong, that made my speech to staie,
Hir wit, my thoughts did captiue and confounde,
And with hir graces, drew my life away,
Vnto hir life, in whom my fences liues,
My spirit vp himfelfe, for tribute giues.

She fawe mine eies, and they recouer'd light,
She spake to me, and I had powre to speake,
She graced me, and I regained spright,
She freed my hart, that readie was to breake,
My life, that erst beginning had in me,
Now by hir being, doth begin to be.

Mine eies, behold the beautie raignes in hir,
Speake toong of hir, that nothing is but wonder,
To honor hir, my spirits onely stir,
Serue hir my hart, or hart deuide afunder ;
And life, liue in the fauor she hath showne,
Whereby thou hast more strength than was thine owne.

Mistres, this grace vnto your seruant giue,
Thus for to liue, or not at all to liue.

Narcissus neuer by desire distressed,
Electd for the solace of his dwelling,
The diuers coulerd Medowe liuely dressed,
And fed with current fresh, of waters swelling.

The while he liues in libertie, thrife bleffed,
Loue fees and enuieth his life excelling,
And in the waters streight, a shape expreffed,
The poyfon of his life, and freedoms quelling.

So carelefse I, that romed foorth vnarmed,
Not dreading Loue, who watches rebels narrow,
No fooner fawe hir eies, than inlie warmed,
With vnperceiued flames within the marrow.

And yet of both, my felfe moft deeply harmed,
With waters? he I with a burning arrow,
He drown'd in waues, the which his teares did cherifh,
I liue in fire, and die; and yet not perifh.

The firmament with golden ftars adorned,
The Saylers watchfull eies, full well contenteth,
And afterward with tempeft ouerspred,
The abfent lights of heauen, he fore lamenteth.

Your face, the firmament of my repofe,
Long time haue kept my waking thoughts delighted,
But now the clouds of forrow ouergoes
Your glorious fkies, wherewith I am affrighted.

For I that haue my life and fortunes placed,
Within the fhip, that by thofe planets faileth,
By enuious chaunce, am ouermuch difgraced,
Seeing the Loadftar of my courfes faileth.

And yet, content to drowne, without repining,
To haue my ftars affoord the world their fhining.

Cease restles thoughts, furcharg'd with heauines,
Loue, fortune, and disdaine, with their endeuer,
The forces of my life will soone disseuer,
Without the sting of your vnquietnes.

And thou oh hart, guiltie of my distresse,
To harbor these faire foes, doost still perseuer,
Whereby thou shewst false traitor, thou hadst leuer
Their conquest, than mine ease and happines.

In thee, Loues messengers haue taken dwelling,
Fortune in thee, hir pompe triumphant spreadeth,
Disdaine hath spent on thee hir, bitter swelling,
Thus thou the root, from whence my woes proceedeth.

Cease then vaine thoughts, no more my forows double.
Loue, fortune, and disdaine, ynough of trouble.

Thinking vpon the name, by Loue engraued,
Within my hart, to be my liues directer,
The value of the whole entirely faued,
I reade vpon the fillables this lecter,
Maruell, the first into my spirits foundeth,
And maruelling at hir, the maruell woundeth.

I seeke to Gaine, as by the second's ment,
An interest in this admired maruaile,
But cannot finde a meane sufficient,
So hie a rated Gem to counteruaile,
There is no weight in fire ordaind to shine,
Nor counterworth of any thing diuine.

The last doth giue me counsell to Retire,
And rest content, that Loue hath blest my fight,
And toucht my fancie with th' immortall fire,
Of this diuine and precious Margaret,
And thanke my fortune of exceeding fauour,
As to be thrall'd to so sweete behauour.

O see my hart, vncertaine what effect,
Shall finally ensue so high a scope,
See what it is, a Master to neglect,
To haue a Mistres entertaind on hope,
He whom it was thy fortune first to serue,
As she doth now, could neuer see thee sterue.

There, meanly lodg'd, yet mery were thy daies,
Here, high conceited intermixt with feare,
There, words and works all one, here great delaies,
There, things were in their kinde, here as they were,
Thy hopes there small, but yet assured Loue,
And here, though great, God knowes if any proue.

Yet must I not discourage thine intent,
All paines and torments suffred for hir fake,
May be in fine well answerd by euent,
If so thy fute in time effect may take.
But tell hir what thy former Master saies
Curfed is he that dieth through delaies.

To make a truce, sweete Miftres with your eies,
How often haue I proffred you my hart,
Which profers vnefteemed you despise,
As far to meane, to equall your defart,
Your minde, wherein, all hie perfections flowe,
Deignes not the thought, of things that are so lowe.

To striue to alter his desires were vaine,
Whose vowed hart, affects no other place,
The which since you despise, I doe disdaine,
To count it mine, as erst before it was :
For that is mine, which you alone allow,
As I am yours, and onely liue for you.

Now if I him forsake, and he not finde,
His wretched exile, succord by your eies,
He can not yeeld, to serue anothers minde,
Nor liue alone, for nature that denies,
Then die he must, for other choise is none,
But liue in you, or me, or die alone.

Whose haples death, when Fame abroad hath blowne,
Blame and reproch, procures vnto vs both,
I, as vnkinde, forsaking so mine owne,
But you much more, from whom the rigour groweth,
And so much more, will your dishonour be,
By how much more, it loued you than me.

Sweete Ladie then, the harts misfortune rue,
Whose loue and seruice euermore was true.

Seeing those eies, that with the Sun contendeth,
For maiestie of light, and excellence,
A quickning pleasure secretly descendeth
Into my hart, by subtile influence.

Not feeling them, horror my blisse depriueth,
And I, as one, by publike lawe conuicted,
Whom rigorously, the hedsman onward driueth
To shamefull death, most heauily afflicted :

I onely liue, when I behold your shining,
Bright stars, rare lights, sweete authors of my gladnes,
Absent from you, my hart in forrow pining,
Doth feede on teares, on anguish, grieve, and sadnes.

Then maruell not, if I desire accessse,
Vnto the fountaine of my happines.

To shun the death, my rare and chosen Iuell,
That couertly, within your eies sojourneth,
I flie, and flying feele the fire, more cruell,
Wherewith offended, loue my spirits burneth.

A death most painefull, and the paine more bitter,
Then I returne, resolued in opinion,
Since I must die, neere, or farre of, tys fitter,
To end my life, within her eies dominion.

O then displaie (faire Eies) your influence,
That I, into the deeper flames ascending,

Fall foone to ashes, by hir excellence,
And better be contented with my ending.

And, all remooued, that my quiet hinders,
Rake vp both loue, and life, within those cinders.

Of all the woes my pensiue hart endureth,
It greeues me most, when I my sorrowes frame,
I knowe not what, this wretchednes procureth,
Nor whereupon I am to cast the blame.

The fault is not in hir, for well I fee,
I am vnworthy of hir grace, in this,
Nor yet in loue, who hath vouchsafed me,
To knowe within this life so rare a blisse.

To grieue me of my fight, then comes the minde,
As head and author of my haples woes :
But better afterward aduifde, I finde,
That onely from hir lookes, all sweetnes floes.

And when iust cause of sorrowing doth faile,
I waile, in fine, bicause I cannot waile.

Diuide my times, and rate my wretched howres,
From day to month, from month to many yeeres,
And then compare my sweetest to my sowres,
To see which more in equall view appeeres,

And iudge, if for my daies and yeeres of care,
I haue but howres of comfort to compare.

Iust and not much it were, in these extreemes,
So hard a touch, and torment of the thought,
For any minde, that any right esteemes,
To yeeld so small delite, so deerely bought,
But he that liues but in his owne despite,
Is not to finde his fortune by his right.

The life that still runs forth hir wearie waies,
With sowre to sawce the dainties of delite,
And care to choake the pleasure of hir daies,
And no rewarde, those many wrongs to quite,
No blame to holde such irksome time in hate,
As but to losse, prolongs a wretched state

And so I loath, euen to behold the light,
That shines without all pleasure to mine eies,
With greedie wish, I wait still for the night,
Yet neither this I finde, that may suffice,
Not that I holde, the day in more delight,
But that alike, I loath both day and night.

The day I see, yeelds but increase of care,
The night that should by nature serue to rest,
Against hir kinde, denies such ease to spare,
As pitie would affoord the soule opprest,
And broken sleepes oft times present in sight
A dreaming wish, beguild with false delight.

The sleepe, or else what so for sweete appeares,
Is vnto me but pleasure in despite;
The flowre of age, the name of yonger yeeres,
Doe but vsurpe the title of delite,
For carefull thought and sorow fundry waies,
Consumes my youth, before my aged daies.

The touch, the sting, the torment of desire,
To striue beyond the compas of restraint,
Kept from the reach whereto it would aspire,
Giues cause (God knowes) too iust to my complaint,
Besides the wrongs, which now with my distresse,
My meaning is, in silence to suppress.

Oft with my selfe, I enter in deuise,
To reconcile these wearie thoughts to peace:
I treat for truce, I flatter and entice,
My wrangling wits, to worke for their release,
But all in vaine, I seeke the meanes to finde,
That might appease, the discord of my minde.

For when I force a fained mirth in shew,
And would forget, and so beguile my greefe,
I cannot rid my selfe of sorow so,
Altho I feede vpon a false beleefe,
For inward touch of vncontented minde,
Returns my cares by course vnto their kinde.

Wainde from my will, and thus by triall taught,
How for to holde, all fortune in regard,
Though heere I boast, a knowledge deerely bought,

Yet this poore gaine, I reape for my reward,
I learne hereby, to harden and prepare,
A readie minde, for all assaults of care.

Whereto as one, euen from my cradle borne,
And not to looke for better to enfue,
I yeeld my felfe, and wifh these times outworne,
That but remaine my torments to renue,
And leaue to thofe, these daies of my despite,
Whofe better hap, may liue to more delite.

A DESCRIPTION OF LOUE.

Now what is Loue, I praie thee tell,
It is that fountaine and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell,
It is perhaps that fauncing bell,
That tols all in to heauen or hell,
And this is Loue, as I heare tell.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee faie ?
It is a worke, on holie daie,
It is December matcht with Maie,
When luftie blouds, in fresh araie,
Heare ten months after of the plaie,
And this is Loue as I heare faie.

Yet what is Loue, I praie thee, faine ?
It is a Sunfhine mixt with raine,

It is a tooth ache, or like paine
 It is a game, where none doth gaine,
 The Lasse faith no, and would full faine,
 And this is Loue, as I heare faine.

Yet what is Loue, I pray thee fay,
 It is a yea, it is a nay,
 A pretie kinde of sporting fray,
 It is a thing will foone away :
 Then take the vantage while you may,
 And this is Loue, as I heare fay.

Yet what is Loue I pray thee shooe,
 A thing that creepes, it cannot goe,
 A prize that passeth to and fro,
 A thing for one, a thing for mo,
 And he that proues must finde it so,
 And this is Loue (sweet friend) I troe.

THE DESCRIPTION OF IEALOUSIE.

A feeling friend, yet enimie to rest,
 A wrangling passion, yet a gladfom thought,
 A bad companion, yet a welcom guest,
 A knowledge wifht, yet found too soone vnsought,
 From heauen supposde, yet sure condemn'd to hell,
 Is Iealousie, and there forlorne doth dwell.

And thence doth fend fond feare and false suspect,
 To haunt our thoughts bewitched with mistrust,

Which breedes in vs the issiue and effect,
Both of conceits and actions far vniust,
The grieve, the shame, the smart, wherof doth proue,
That Iealoufie 's both death and hell to Loue.

For what but hell moues in the iealous hart,
Where restles feare works out all wanton ioyes,
Which doth both quench and kill the louing part,
And cloies the minde with worse than knowne annoyes,
Whose preffure far exceeds hells deepe extreemes,
Such life leads Loue entangled with misdeemes.

Ah poore Conceit, delite is dead,
Thy pleasant daies are doon,
The shadie dales must be his walke,
That cannot see the funne.

The world I now to witnes call,
The heauens my records be :
If euer I were false to Loue,
Or Loue were true to me.

I know it now, I knew it not,
But all too late I rew it,
I rew not that I knew it not,
But that I euer knew it.

My care is not a fond conceit,
That breedes a fained smart,

My griefes doe gripe me at the gall,
And gnaw me at the hart.

My teares are not those fained drops,
That fall from fancies eies,
But bitter streames of strange distresse,
Wherein discomfort lies.

My fighes are not those heauie fighes,
That shoves a sickly breath,
My passions are the perfect signes,
And very paines of death.

In sum to make a dolefull end,
To see my death so nie,
That sorow bids me sing my last,
And so my senses die.

Short is my rest, whose toile is ouerlong,
My ioyes are darke, but cleere I see my woe,
My safetie small: great wracks I bide by wrong,
Whose time is swift, and yet my hap but floe,
Each grieve and wound, in my poore hart appeeres,
That laugheth howres, and weepeth many yeeres.

Deedes of the day, are fables for the night,
Sighes of desire, are smoakes of thoughtfull teares,
My steps are false, although my paths be right,
Disgrace is bolde, and fauor full of feares,
Disquiet sleepe, keepes audit of my life,
Where rare content, doth make displeasure rife.

The dolefull bell, that is the voice of time,
Cals on my end, before my haps be seene,
Thus fals my hopes, whose harmes haue power to clime,
Not come to haue that long in wish hath beene,
I seeke your loue, and feare not others hate,
Be you with me, and I haue Cæsars state.

THE PRAISE OF VIRGINITIE.

Virginitie refembleth right the Rose,
That gallantly within the garden growes,
Whilst in the mothers bodie it doth stand,
Of nibling sheepe vntoucht, or shepherds hand.
The aire thereon, and ruddie morne doth smile,
The earth and waters, fauours it that while,
Braue lustie youth, and the inamord Dame,
Euen so doth age, and temples craue the fame.

But when from naturall stalke, it is remou'd,
And place where it, so highly was belou'd,
The grace that earth, and heauen thereon did cast,
With beautie, fauor, loue, and all is past.
Euen so the Maid, when once hir flowre is lost,
More deere than eie, or life, or what is most,
The loue and liking, which she had before,
Forgoeth quite, and she esteem'd no more.

Ladies *Lenuoy* to you that haue this prize,
I reed ye hold your owne, if you be wife.

O Night, O ielious night, repugnant to my pleasures,
O night so long desir'd, yet crosse to my content,
Ther's none but onely thou that can performe my pleasures,
Yet none but onely thou that hindereth my intent.

Thy beams, thy spiteful beams, thy lamps that burn to
brightly,
Discover all my traines, and naked lay my drifts,
That night by night I hope, yet faile my purpose nightly,
Thy enuious glaring gleame defeateth so my shifts.

Sweet night withhold thy beams, withhold them til to
morrow,
Whose ioyes in lack so long, a hell of torments breedes,
Sweete night, sweete gentle night, doe not prolong my
forow,
Desire is guide to me, and Loue no Loadstar needes.

Let Sailers gaze on stars and Moone so freshly shining,
Let them that misse the way be guided by the light,
I knowe my Ladies bowre, there needes no more diuining,
Affection fees in darke, and Loue hath eies by night.

Dame Cinthia couch awhile, holde in thy hornes for shining,
And glad not lowring night, with thy too glorious raies,
But be she dim and darke, tempestuous and repining,
That in hir spite, my sport may worke thy endles praise.

And when my will is wrought, then Cinthia shine good
Ladie,
All other nights and daies, in honour of that night,
That happie heauenly night, that night so darke and shadie,
Wherein my Loue had eies, that lighted my delight.

Sweete Violets, (Loues paradise) that spred
Your gracious odours, which you couched beare,
Within your palie faces,
Vpon the gentle wing of some calme breathing winde,
That plaies amidst the plaine,
If by the fauour of propicious stars you gaine
Such grace, as in my Ladies bosome place to finde,
Be proud to touch those places,
And whē hir warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby hir daintie parts are sweetly fed,
Your honors of the flowrie meads I pray,
You pretie daughters of the earth and Sun,
With milde and seemly breathing straight display
My bitter sighes that haue my hart vndoone.

Vermilion Roses that with new daies rife,
Display your Crimsen folds, fresh looking faire,
Whose radiant bright, disgraces
The rich adorned raies of Roseat rising morne,
(Ah) if hir virgins hand
Doe pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
And vaile your gracious pomp in louely natures scorne,
If chaunce my Mistris traces,
Faste by your flowres to take the Sommers aire,
Then wofull blushing tempt hir glorious eies,
To spread their teares Adonis death reporting,
And tell Loues torments sorowing for hir frend,
Whose drops of blood within your leaues consorting
Report faire Venus mones withouten end.

Then may remorse (in pitying of my smart)
Drie vp my teares, and dwell within hir hart.

Aurora now, began to rise againe,
From watrie couch, and from old Tithons fide,
In hope to kisse vpon Acteian plaine,
Yong Cephalus, and through the golden glide,

On Easterne coast, the cast so great a light,
That Phœbus thought it time to make retire,
From Thetis Bowre, wherein he spent the night,
To light the world againe with heauenly fire.

Nor fooner gan his winged steedes to chafe
The Stigian night, mantled in duskie vale,
But poore Amyntas, hasteth him apace,
In defarts thus, to weepe a wofull tale.

Now silent shades, and all that dwell therein,
As Birds, or Beasts, or Wormes that creepe on ground,
Dispose your selues to teares, while I begin,
To rew the grieffe, of mine eternall wounde.

And dolefull ghosts, whose nature flies the light,
Come feate your selues with me on eu'ry fide,
And whilst I die for want of my delight,
Lament the woes that Fancie me betide.

Phillis is dead, the marke of my desire,
My cause of loue, and shipwracke of my ioyes,
Phillis is gone, that fet my hart on fire,
That clad my thoughts with ruinous annoyes.

Phillis is fled, and bides I wot not where,
Phillis (alas) the praise of woman kinde,
Phillis, the Sun of this our hemisphere,
Whose beames made me and many others blinde.

But blinded me (poore man) aboue the rest,
That like olde Oedipus, I liue in thrall,
Still feele the worst, and neuer hope the best,
My mirth is mone, my honie drownd in gall.

Hir faire, but cruell eies, bewicht my fight,
Hir sweete, but fading speech, enthrald my thought,
And in hir deeds I reaped such delight,
As brought both will, and libertie to nought.

Therefore, all hope of happines adue,
Adue desire the source of all my care,
Dispaire me tels my weale will nere renue,
Till this my foule, doth passe in Charons Crare.

Meane time, my minde must suffer Fortunes fkorne,
My thoughts ftill wound, like wounds that ftill are green
My weakned lyms, be laide on beds of thorne,
My life decaies, although my death foreseene.

Mine eies, now eies no more, but seas of teares,
Weepe on your fill, to coole my burning brest,

Where Loue did place desire, twixt hope, and feares,
(I say) desire, the author of vnrest.

And (would to gods) Phillis where ere thou be,
Thy foule did see, the fowre of mine estate,
My ioyes eclipsd, for onely want of thee,
My being with my selfe at foule debate.

My humble vowes, my sufferance of woe,
My fobs, and sighes, my euerwatching eies,
My plaintife teares, my wandring to and froe,
My will to die, my neuer ceasing cries.

No doubt but then, thy sorrows would perswade
The doome of death to cut my vitall twist,
That I with thee, amidst th' infernall shade,
And thou with me, might sport vs as we list.

O if thou waite on faire Proserpines traine,
And hearest Orpheus, neere th' Elisian springs,
Entreat thy Queene, to free thee thence againe,
And let the Thracian guide thee with his strings.

T. W. Gent.

Away, dispaire, the death of hopeles harts,
For hope and truth, assure me long agoe,
That pleasure is the end of lingring smarts,
When time, with iust content, rewardeth woe.

Sweet vertues throne is built in labours towre,
Where Lawrell wreath's are twift for them alone,
Whose gals are burft with often tasted fowre,
Whose blis from bale is fprong, whose mirth frō mone.

I therefore ftriue by toyles, to raife my name,
And Iafon like, to gaine a golden fleece,
The end of eu'ry worke doth crowne the fame,
As witnes well, the happie harmes of Greece :
For if the Greekes, had foone got Pryams feat,
The glory of their paines, had not been great.

T. W. Gent.

I hope and feare, that for my weale or woe,
That heau'nly lampe, which yeelds both heat & light,
To make a throne, for gods on earth belowe,
Is cut in twaine, and fixt in my delight,
Which two faire hemispheres, through light & heat,
Planting defire, driue reafon from hir feate.

No, no, my too forgetfull toong blaspheames,
I fhould haue faide, that where thefe hemispheres
In harts, through eies, fixe hot and lightfome beames,
There reafon works defire, and hopes breed feares,
O onely obiect, for an Eagles eie,
Whose light and heate, make men to liue and die.

Twixt thefe, a daintie paradife doth lie,
As sweete as in the Sunne the Phenix Bowre.

As white as snowe, as smooth as Iuorie,
As faire, as Psyches bosome, in that howre,
When she disclosde the boxe of Beauties Queene,
All this and more, is in Sibilla seene.

T. W. Gent.

Sir painter, are thy colours redie set,
My Mistresse can not be with thee to day,
Shee's gone into the field to gather May,
The timely Prymrose, and the Violet:
Yet that thou maist, not disappointed bee,
Come draw hir picture by [my] fantasee.

And well for thee, to paint her by thine eare,
For should thine eie, vnto that office serue,
Thine Eie and Hand, thy Art & Hart would fwerue,
Such maiestie hir countenance doth beare,
And where thou wert Apelles thought before,
For failing so, thou shouldst be praist no more.

Draw first hir Front; a perfect Iuorie white,
Hie, spacious, round and smooth on either side,
Hir temples brancht with vains, blew, opening wide,
As in the Map Danubius runs in fight:
Colour her femicircled browes with iet,
The throne where Loue triumphantly doth set.

Regard hir Eie, hir eie a woondrous part,
It woundeth deepe, and cureth by and by,

It driues away, and draweth curteously,
It breeds and calmes, the tempest of the hart,
And what to lightning Ioue, belongeth too,
The fame hir lookes, with more effect can doe.

Hir Cheeke, refembleth euerie kinde of way,
The Lillie stainde, with sweet Adonis blood,
As wounded he strai'd vp and downe the wood,
For whom faire Venus languisht many a day,
Or plainly more to answere your demaune,
Hir cheekes are Roses, ouercast with lawne.

Hir louely Lip, doth others all excell,
On whom it please (ay me) a kisse bestoe,
He neuer tasteth afterward of woe,
Such speciall vertue in the toutch doth dwell:
The colour tempred of the morning red,
Wherewith Aurora doth adorne hir head.

Hir ample Chest, an heauenly plot of ground,
The space betweene, a Paradise at least,
Parnassus like, hir twifolde mounting breast,
Hir heauenly graces, heapingly abound,
Loue spreads his conquering colours in this field,
Whereto the race of Gods and men doe yeeld.

The other parts, which custom doth conceale,
Within a farcenet vaile thou must conuay,
So due proportion well discerne I may,
What though the garment doe not all reueale,
The shadow of a naked thigh may freight
His head brim full, hath any fine conceit.

Before hir Feete, vpon a Marble stone,
Inflamed with the Sunbeames of hir eie,
Depaint my hart that burneth passionately,
And if thy penfill can fet downe such mone,
Thy picture selfe, will teeling semblance make,
Of ruthe and pitie for my torments fake.

How now Apelles, are thy senses tane?
Hast drawne a picture, or drawne out thy hart?
Wilt thou be held a Master of thine art,
And temper colours tending to thy bane?
Happie my hart, that in hir Sunshine fries;
Above thy hap that in hir shadow dies.

I pray thee Loue, say, whither is this posting,
Since with thy deitie first I was acquainted,
I neuer saw thee thus distracted coasting,
With countenance tainted.

Thy conquering arrowes broken in thy quiuer,
Thy brands that woont the inward marrow funder,
Fireles and forceles, all a peeces shiuer,
With mickle wonder.

That maketh next my staylesse thoughts to houer,
I cannot found this vncouth cause of beeing,
The vaile is torne that did thy visage couer,
And thou art feeling.

A stranger, one (quoth Loue) of good demerit,
Did fute and seruice to his Soueraine proffer,
In any case she would not seeme to heare it,
But scornd the offer.

And very now vpon this Maying morrow,
By breake of day, he found me at my harbour,
I went to him, to vnderstand his sorrow,
Vnto hir Arbour.

Where he Loue torments dolefully vnfolded,
With words that might a Tigers hart haue charmed,
His fighes and teares, the mountaine yee had moulted ;
And she not warmed.

Hir great disdaine against hir Louer proued,
Kindled my brand, that to hir brest I seated,
The flames betweene hir paps, them often moued,
Nor burnt, nor heated.

My arrowes keene I afterward affaied,
Which from hir brest without effect rebounded,
And as a ball, on Marble floore they plaied,
With force confounded.

The brand that burnt, old Priams Towe to ashes,
Now first his operation, wants it than,
The darts that Emerald skies in peeces dashes,
Skornd by a woman.

Thus while I faide, she toward me arriued,
And with a tutch of triumph, neuer doubted,
To teare the vaile, that vse of fight bereaued,
So Loue was louted.

The vaile of error, from mine eies bereaued,
I fawe the heauens hope, and earth hir treasurie,
Well maist thou erre said I, I am deceiued,
Bent to pleasure thee.

Cease haples man, my succors to importune,
Shee onely thee, my stratagemes repelleth,
Vainly endeuer I, to tempt hir Fortune,
That so excelleth.

Content thee man, that thou didst see and suffer,
And be content to suffer, see, and die,
And die content, bicause thou once didst mooue hir,
She displeasd thereby.

And herewithall I left the man a dyeng,
For by his passions I perceiu'd none other,
I hie me thus ashamd with speedie flyeng
To tell my Mother.

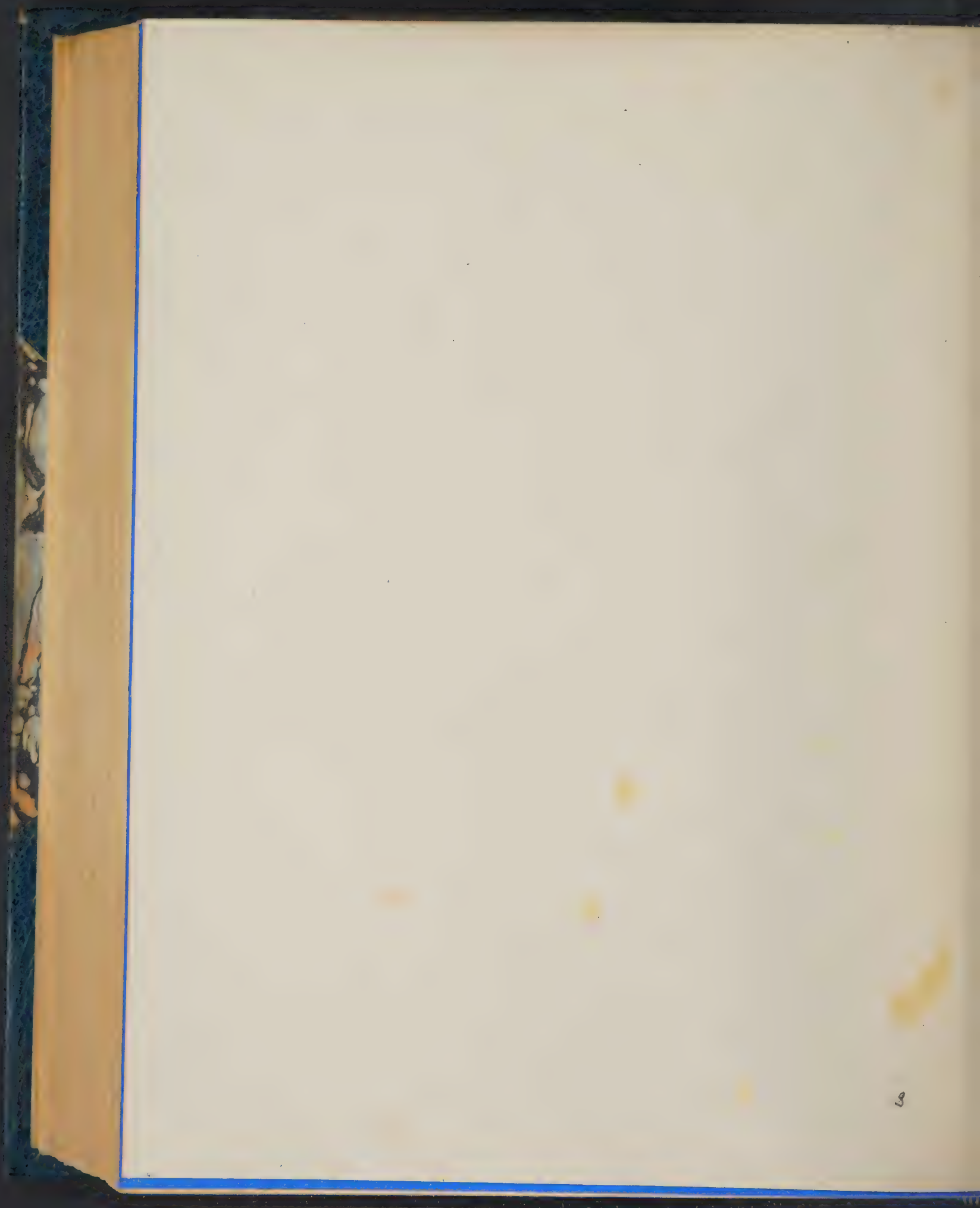
FINIS.





Churchyard's Charge.

1580.









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